NANTUCKET
HEROES OF THE SEA
THEY SAVED LIFE
THEY GAVE LIFE

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

VOLUME ONE

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NANTUCKET HEROES OF THE SEA

They saved life
They gave life

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

1955

PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

THIS MEMORIAL BOOK preserves for future generations the records of brave deeds by Nantucketers who battling wind and wave risked life to save life and never thought of honors and rewards.

Contributions are desired from those who have treasured in attics and drawers and safe deposit boxes pictures, newspaper clippings, letters, citations and medals which too often are lost to sight and memory.

Any man or woman who spent time in Nantucket and risked life on the sea to save life, has a place in this Memorial.

The President of the Nantucket Historical Association will receive items for this Memorial.

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Island Shipwrecks, Rich Salvage And Heroism Recalled In Historical Talk

The days of full-rigged sailing ships when Nantucketers and Boston tugs vied for rich salvage and heroism was commonplace were recaptured Tuesday afternoon when Dr. William E. Gardner, Island historian, lectured at Friends Meeting House on "Nantucket Heroes of the Sea." The lecture was the first of a series to be given by the Historical Association during the Summer.

The hour-session featured a tape-recording arranged by Robert W. Stark of an interview between Dr. Gardner and Chester Pease, one of the last men who actually engaged in thrilling sea rescues from the Island shore.

Dr. Gardner told the large audience how his interest in the heroes of the sea first became aroused. In 1886 he had witnessed the rescue attempts of Nantucketers to save the crew of a three-masted schooner which was breaking up off South Shore. Two of the crew were saved in the below-freezing weather and the incident left an indelible impression, Dr. Gardner said.

Dr. Gardner showed a scrapbook, a memorial to Nantucket heroes of the sea, which he is compiling. It began with newspaper accounts, medals and citations awarded Walter Wilson Chase for an arduous rescue of seven seamen from the rigging of their ship on Rose and Crown Shoals. A modern sea hero in the scrapbook is Johnny Walling, a submarine commander in World War II, who was lost when his underseas craft went down with all hands.

The tape recording of conversation between Mr. Pease and Dr. Gardner consisted largely of Mr. Pease's recollections of sea rescues off Nantucket. He told of the rescue of the crew of the Schooner Vulcan on Oct. 23, 1891 after the ship struck shoals just outside the end of the eastern jetties. Mr. Pease said the ship had been loaded with lime and for yards around, the boiling sea was white with the chemical and each man engaged in the rescue was thoroughly "white-washed" before reaching shore. He told of the salvage of a schooner off the South Shore which required some 30 miles of rowing to reach. The boat was deserted by her crew, but being loaded with lumber, stayed afloat and was claimed for salvage by the rescuers.

tar, then hired the skipper to tow them to Boston. Still helpless, they had their prize towed into Boston, received their salvage money and watched the tugboat skipper dance with impotent rage when he realized he had been taken.

After the tape recording, which ended with the roar of breakers and the cry—Wreck offshore!—Dr. Gardner spoke on some other Nantucket sea heroes. He said that Island lifesavers are reticent persons who would rather talk about money they made or the prizes they salvaged rather than the people they rescued from death. He mentioned George Ed Coffin who leaped from a plunging boat to the rigging of a sinking ship with a lifeline tied around his waist, Reuben Chase who served on John Paul Jones' Bonhomme Richard during its valiant duel with the Serapis and Reuben Coffin who commanded the steamer which brought the Monitor to Norfolk, Va. where it clashed with the Confederate Merrimac ending Southern dreams of breaking the Union blockade.

Dr. Gardner, a retired Episcopal minister, is the author of "Three Bricks and Three Brothers," the story of the fascinating Starbuck family, "The Coffin Saga," and "The Clock That Talks," a story of the Folgers.

The old mariner said the Boston Marine Underwriters maintained two boats for wrecking on Nantucket and whoever reached them first went out after a ship in distress. A percentage of the salvage ship went to its rescuers and the rest to owners and insurance.

Boston tugboat skippers plagued the Nantucketers in their salvage operations, but, on at least one occasion, were outsmarted by Island ingenuity, Mr. Pease said. He and other men boarded a coastwise schooner adrift off Great Point which had lost her anchor. To keep the tugboat captain from realizing the ship's helplessness, the Nantucketers fashioned a wooden anchor and colored it with

9 N 3

WALTER NELSON CHASE

1852 - 1928

WALTER NELSON CHASE

1825 – 1858

WALTER NELSON CHASE

1852 - 1929

Edwin B. Robinson, Nantucket, Mass.

Keeper of Coskata
Life-saving Station
Selectman of Town of
Nantucket
Boatman and Wheelwright

Heroes, Every One.

Public Presentation of Medals to the Coskata Life-saving Crew.

JESSE H. ELDREDGE.
CHARLES B. CATHCART.
GEORGE J. FLOOD.

KEEPER WALTER N. CHASE.

ROLAND H. PERKINS.
JOSIAH B. GOULD.
JOHN NYMAN.

VOL. [illegible] NO. 29. NANTUCKET, MASS.,

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 18[illegible]

—The crowded seating capacity of the Unitarian Church, last Monday morning, when the public presentation of medals to the life-saving crew of the Coskata station took place, was evidence of the just pride Nantucketers feel in the heroic deeds of their fellow townsmen. And it is not too much to add that the exercises were of such a highly creditable character as to afford a proper appreciation of the noble work of the life-saving crews.

These men who h ve imperiled their own lives to save those who most certainly would have perished but for their aid, are most worthy of honor. The soldier of the civil war, who did his best to shoot his fellow-countrymen when they rose in rebellion against as good a government as ever existed on this earth, salutes you. He yields to you the meed of honor higher than he deserves or can claim. He yields to you, the saviours of men, the laurel crown of victors in the arena where men must struggle with adverse forces, whether those forces marshall themselves in the winds and waves and the powers of inanimate nature or in the lawlessness of passionate human nature."

Miss Emma L. Nickerson then recited the following poem in a manner that elicited warm applause:

A RACE FOR LIFE.

(From Temple Bar.)

A gun is heard at the dead of night,
"Life-boat ready!"
And every man to the signal true
Takes his place in the eager crew,
"Now, lads, steady!"
First a glance at the shuddering foam,
Then a look at the loving home,
Then together, with bated breath,
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
Through blinding spray;
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,
"Up with her, lads, and lift her
All together!"

They see the ship in a sudden flash,
Sinking ever;
And grip their oars with a deeper breath,
Now it's come to a fight with death;
Now or never!
Fifty strokes and they're at her side,
If they live in the boiling tide,
If they last through the awful strife:
Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
Through blinding spray;
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,
"Up with her, lads, and lift her
All together!"

And loving hearts are on the shore
Hoping, fearing,
Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
Then the click of the oars you hear
Homeward steering.
Ne'er thought of the danger past,
Now the lads are on land at last;
What's a storm to a gallant crew
Who race for life, and who win it, too?
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
Through blinding spray;
Hear the skipper cheer, and say,
"Up with her lads, and lift her
All together!"

J. L. Molloy.

Lieutenant Dennett then presented the medals, addressing the men as he called them forth as follows:

"It is one of the pleasant duties of my connection with the Life Saving Service which I have to perform to day. The Hon. Secretary of the Treasury and the General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, have placed in my hands these medals for presentation to the Coskata Crew, as a recognition of their skill and bravery in rescuing the crew of the British Schooner, H. P. Kirham, wrecked last winter on 'Rose and Crown' shoal. You have heard the story of that night, and from every person acquainted with the circumstances of the event, comes the unvarying testimony that it was a brave deed of brave and faithful men who well merit the honors which the government has bestowed."

Lieut. Dennett then called the parties forward, and as he affixed the medals, addressed each recipient in turn as follows:

KEEPER CHASE,

Your courage and devotion to duty prompted you to start on that forlorn hope. Your discipline and skill brought your boat with its load of suffering humanity, back in safety, against difficulties which would have overcome ordinary men.

SUFMAN ELDREDGE,

Standing as you did next to your captain, you nobly aided and supported him, and when in the darkest hours of that night of toil and suffering, he asked your opinion upon some points, doubtful in his mind, you gave it cheerfully and loyally, like the brave man that you are.

SURFMAN NYMAN,

You did just what I should expect you to do. A well disciplined sailor, you were ready at all times to follow your captain and obey his orders faithfully and patiently.

SURFMAN CATHEART,

Though physically ill and suffering, by sheer force of will, you kept your place at your oar and manfully did your duty through it all.

SURFMAN GOULD,

Though a substitute, no regular could have given more cheerful, ready obedience and honest service than did you, in that time which tried the manhood.

Of the two not present to receive their medals he said:

SURFMAN FLOOD.

Though but a boy in years and strength, gave all that any man could give, his best, and if his oar was not pulled as strongly as a larger man could have done, it never missed its stroke.

SURFMAN PERKINS

Is not here to receive his medal. The brave, faithful soul has gone home. True in life to those he loved, and to his duty, during the long hours of that voyage to rescue, his courage and cheerfulness never faltered. In the fatal illness which followed, he was the same brave, patient hero. No higher eulogy of his character and his conduct can be given than that already recorded. He lay down his life for others Mr. Arthur Folger will please receive the medal on behalf of Surfman Perkins' mother."

As the "boys" stepped forward to have the medals fastened to their guernseys, they were applauded until their ears tingled. As the last medal was presented, and the recipient took his seat, Keeper Chase stepped forward and in behalf of himself and men extended thanks to the friends, one and all, who had thus honored them, and then the vast audience arose, and the arched ceiling of the church reëchoed the three hearty cheers that were given with a will, while the ladies fluttered their kerchiefs in token of their recognition of the heroic service.

The following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. Louise S. Baker, was then sung by choir and congregation:

THE LIFE-BOAT.

The night fell swift and sure upon our island coasts.
All dark and peaceful lay the old, gray-shingled town,
Save where the glimmering lights chased off the windy ghosts
Of shadows playing here and yonder, roughly blown.

Then one by one these flickered out and desolate
The gloom that gathered while the unconscious people slept.
Brant Light and Great Point lit the waters wide, while fate
Its path pursued, and on the ocean white waves crept.

Sleep on, all dreamless, ye who dwell within your doors!
A watch is in the tower, one keeps the lonely street,
While heroes bravely guard your long, outlying shores,
And through the dreary night the patrol holds his beat.

No vision in your dreams of wintry seas, nor sight
Of yonder boat upon its devious, toilsome way,
That left its station on the beach in dull twilight
Soon after day-dawn broke the dark to fragments gray.

E'er since the morning swept the shore, this little bark
Has bravely fought in rescue, dared the biting cold,
And famished hours manned by a royal crew with mark
Of coronation on their brows brighter than gold.

Yon dangerous shoal a vessel clutched within its maw.
And there the little life-boat slowly made its way,
Gathered its precious burden from the hungry jaw
Of death, and headed homeward through the sharp noon-day.

With grip of steel the oars were plied against the wind,
Hour after hour, and but a weary mile attained.
Heave out the anchor, boys, and rest until we find
New strength," the Captain cried, when all were overstrained.

With ardor fresh, their muscles faint and worn with toil,
They seized their oars again to grapple with the tide.
Low to the water's edge the little craft—the boil
Of surging, hissing waves was heard both far and wide.

Hour after hour, slow-following, through the piercing night,
Th's gallant crew the ocean rode; the quivering sea
Was lighted with its glowing crests of foaming white,
The skies looked down, and on its bluff burned Sankaty.

And while they wrought so long, a woman kept her watch
At station or at light-house near, with heart of prayer
And self-forgetting love (the keeper's wife) the latch
Oft lifted on the door of secret Altar-stair.

MEDALS.—The medals recently awarded Capt. Thomas F. Sandsbury, and the crew who assisted him (J. C. Sandsbury, George E. Coffin, Henry C. Coffin, Marcus W. Dunham, John B. Dunham, Edwin R. Smith and Andrew Brooks) in saving life from wrecks about Tuckernuck, during the storm of March 31st and April 1st, 1879, arrived here Saturday. Collector W. P. Hiller, knowing of the act of Congress of June 20, 1874, authorizing the coinage of these medals, and that its conditions applied to cases such as this, interested himself to obtain one for each, and it is through his active exertions that Secretary Sherman has issued them to these deserving parties, who may feel justly proud when they learn that they are among the few which have been awarded by the Government. The one presented Capt. Sandsbury is of gold, two inches in diameter, enclosed in a fine morocco case. Upon the margin of the face is the inscription, "In testimony of heroic deeds in saving life from the perils of the sea." In the centre is a tablet, surmounted by the American eagle, upon which is neatly inscribed, "Capt. Thomas F. Sandsbury, wrecks of schooner Emma G. Edwards and schooner John W. Hall, April 1, 1879." Upon the left of the tablet is a figure representing the muse of Fame, with pencil in hand, viewing the work she has just completed. On the margin of the opposite side, "Life-saving medal of the first class. United States of America." In the centre is a boat's crew in the act of rescuing a woman from drowning. This medal was accompanied by a letter from Secretary Sherman, which is published in full below. The other seven medals are of silver, two and one-half inches in diameter, and alike with the exception of the names of the parties to whom they are awarded. In the centre of a wreath on the face of each is an inscription like that on the gold one. On the reverse side, Hope is represented hovering over a drowning man, and extending him a cord, for which he eagerly reaches his hands. These, like the other, are enclosed in Morocco cases, and are accompanied by a letter to each recipient, a copy of one being given below, the others being precisely similar.

Nov. 21st, 1879.

CAPT. THOMAS F. SANDSBURY, Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:—I have the honor to transmit herewith a gold life-saving medal, which has been awarded to you under authority of the act of Congress, approved June 20, 1874, in recognition of your services in rescuing a number of persons imperilled by shipwreck. The evidence presented to the Department in this case refers to the memorable storm of March 31st and April 1st, 1879, in which a large number of vessels were disabled, and several lives lost upon the coast of Massachusetts. It appears that on the morning of April 1st, the fact that several vessels were in distress was reported at Nantucket, whereupon you collected a crew of seven persons, hired a team, drove to a point six miles from the town, and with their aid launched a dory, rowed out through a heavy sea to Tuckernuck island, there re-embarked in a whaleboat, and pulling out to the schooner "John W. Hall," took her crew from the rigging and landed them on the island. The schooner "Emma" was next visited, and her crew found to be in no immediate peril. Your boat then rowed out four miles to the schooner "Emma G. Edwards," which was capsized, full of water, rolling with every sea, and so thrashing the water with her topmasts that it was almost impossible to get near her. A man, still alive, feebly motioning with his hand, was lashed to the cross-trees, and two persons already dead, were fastened to the rigging below. After long manœuvring, the boat being in constant danger of being stove, the living man was finally reached by one of your men jumping to him from the boat, with a rope around his body, and unloosening and lowering him to the sea, where the boat's crew hauled him in. The dead bodies were obtained in the same manner, and the man who had released them regained the boat by being hauled in by the rope. Unable to reach Tuckernuck against wind and wave, the boat was pulled eleven miles to Nantucket, From thence you and your men again teamed a whaleboat six miles from the town, launched and rowed to Muskeget island, arriving at midnight, and waiting on the beach until daybreak made objects distinguishable, when the boat was once more launched and rowed out to the vessels in succession, each of which was fortunately found to be in no need of assistance. Upon its return, the boat took in the men from the schooner "Emma," gained Tuckernuck, where the crew of the "J. W. Hall" were also taken in, and started for Nantucket, where it arrived by three o'clock in the afternoon. These exertions were continued without intermission for thirty-two hours. They bear throughout the features of the most generous heroism,—voluntary effort, persistence, unflagging zeal, patient endurance of hardship and fatigue, and unflinching bravery in the face of danger. It gives me sincere pleasure to transmit to you as the manly leader of such an enterprise, the medal by which the law recognizes its nobility. I have the honor to be

Very Respectfully,
JOHN SHERMAN,
Secretary.

—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Nov. 21, 1879.

MARCUS W. DUNHAM, ESQ., Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:—I have the honor to transmit herewith a silver life-saving medal, which has been awarded to you under authority of the acts of Congress, approved June 20, 1874, and June 18, 1878, severally, in recognition of your services in assisting to rescue a number of persons from the perils of the sea, in the severe storm upon the coast of Massachusetts, on March 31st and April 1st, 1879. The evidence presented to the Department in this matter shows that you were one of a crew of seven men who accompanied Capt. Thomas F. Sandsbury on the 1st of April last in the gallant effort to deliver a number of crews upon wrecked vessels in the waters around Nantucket. It is shown that you and your comrades rowed out through a heavy sea from Nantucket to Tuckernuck island, re-embarked there, pulled to the schooner "John W. Hall," and taking her crew from the rigging, landed them on Tuckernuck. Your boat was then rowed out to the schooner "Emma," whose crew were found in comparative safety. It was next headed for the schooner "Emma G. Edwards," which lay upon her beam ends, at a distance of four miles. Upon coming alongside, she was found capsized, rolling with every sea, and thrashing the water with her topmasts, so that it was dangerous to come near her. A man, still alive, and feebly motioning, was lashed to the cross-trees. Below him were two persons, already dead. After long manœuvring, the living man was reached, by one of the boat's crew jumping to him from the boat, with a rope around his body, and lowering him into the sea, when he was hauled into the boat. The dead bodies were obtained in the same way. Unable to regain Tuckernuck, on account of the wind and sea, the boat was pulled eleven miles to Nantucket. There a whaleboat was again teamed six miles from the town, launched and rowed to Muskeget island, which was reached by midnight. The darkness was thick, and the boat's crew waited upon the beach until day-break, when they rowed out to two vessels in succession, neither of which, fortunately, needed assistance. The boat returned, took in the men from the schooner "Emma," gained Tuckernuck, and took in the crew of the "J. W. Hall," and was rowed to Nantucket, where it arrived by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The entire adventure occupied thirty-two hours. Its humanity and the courage and constancy with which it was conducted, merit the highest praise, and it is with sincere pleasure that I transmit to you the medal which at once recognizes and commemorates an action altogether worthy. I have the honor to be

Very Respectfully,
JOHN SHERMAN,
Secretary.

Morning again! the awful shoals were somehow passed,
And 'Sconset beach was stretched before their wistful eyes.
There waited eager hearts and willing hands at last,
This precious human freight, the life-boat's prize.

All hail! the Captain and his noble, faithful men!
All hail to him who since has crossed the harbor bar
To unseen port! And when life's sea is passed, oh, then
May all their anchor cast 'neath Heaven's bright morning star.

The exercises closed with singing "America," when it was announced that the crew would hold an informal reception in front of the pulpit, and the opportunity to congratulate them was generally embraced, after which, by invitation of Mrs. C. H. Mowry, the men repaired to The Springfield and dined, after first sitting for their photographs.

The medals are nearly two inches in diameter, that of Keeper Chase being of gold and inscribed on the obverse side:

United States of America,
Act of Congress, June 20, 1874.

On the reverse side:

In testimony of heroic deeds in saving life from the perils of the sea.
to
Walter N. Chase,
Keeper
Coskata
Life Saving Station.
District 2.
Wreck of British
Schooner H. P. Kirkham,
January 21,
1892.

Those of the crew differ only in being of silver and having the word "surfman" substituted for "keeper."

In connection with the recent celebration in honor of the Coskata crew, it may not be generally known that at the time, necessary expenses were incurred to quite an amount outside the general scope of the government appropriation. It being too late in the session to introduce new business in the Legislature, our Representative at that time moved a suspension of the rules that an appropriation might be obtained to reimburse the town. A question being raised as to the advisability of suspending the rules, he proceeded to tell the simple story of the rescue, and at its close, the sentiment was expressed by another member that he hoped the motion for the appropriation would be passed without a dissenting voice, and it was done. The eloquence of the deed itself carried the hour.

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Treasury Department,

October 6. 1892

Mr. Walter N. Chase,
Keeper, Coskata Life-Saving Station,
Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Sir:

I transmit herewith a gold life-saving medal of honor awarded to you under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 20, 1874 and June 18, 1878, in recognition of your heroic services in saving life from the perils of the sea on the occasion of the wreck of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham", January 20, 1892.

The circumstances of the wreck and rescue appear from evidence on file in this Department to have been as follows: The "H. P. Kirkham", a three-masted schooner, carrying a crew of seven men all told, sailed from Halifax,

Nova Scotia, her home port, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1892, bound for New York City. She had a good run until the following Wednesday night, January 20th, when thick weather came on, accompanied with sleet and snow, and during a dense and violent squall she stranded at about seven o'clock, P. M., on the Rose and Crown Shoal, about fifteen miles south-east of the Coskata Life-Saving Station. A high sea was running and within an hour a portion of the vessel's bow was torn away and she was filled with water. Signals of distress were burned, but the crew were soon driven to the rigging, helplessly hoping and waiting for relief.

As morning broke on the 21st, the Keeper of the Saukaty Light-house discovered the wreck, which was not visible from the life-saving station, and immediately telephoned the information to you. You speedily transported your surf-boat

to the outside beach and set sail with your crew for the point where, as nearly as you could judge, the vessel must be. You did not sight her until within five miles, and it was eleven o'clock, A.M., before you reached her. It was impossible to go on board and you therefore ran as close as practicable, anchored, and carefully dropped down between seas until you were able to throw a heaving stick with a small line attached into the rigging of the wreck. By this a larger line was obtained from the sailors with which and with the oars, you were able to approach still closer, and as near as safety would permit. You then threw the end of a spare line with a bowline on board, which a sailor placed around his body, jumped overboard and was pulled into the surf-boat. Being now compelled to slack away a little, you again, as soon as possible, in the lull of wind and sea, worked back and another man was rescued. In this way under very perilous conditions the entire crew were

taken one by one into your boat from the rigging where they had held on for over fifteen hours in the piercing north wind. In less than an hour after the last man was saved, the wreck went totally to pieces.

The dangers of the situation were now hardly less serious than before. The surf-boat was only twenty-three feet in length over all, and carried a crew of seven men. To these were added the crew of the "Kirkham," making fourteen in all. It was doubtful whether she could live with so great a burden. However, when all were on board, you raised your anchor and headed for the land, the top of Saukaty light tower - the only visible object - answering for your guide. The crowded condition of the boat compelled you to throw overboard the mast and sail, now useless on account of the direction of the wind, which was dead against you and so heavy that at about two o'clock, P.M., you

were forced to anchor, but not until you had weathered the tempestuous shoal.

At dark six hours had elapsed since you left the wreck, and you had accomplished only one mile of the fifteen that lay between you and the land, but the gale then slackened a little and you began pulling again. After several hours of toilsome struggle the wind became too strong for you and once more the anchor was let go. The condition of affairs was now most disheartening. The thermometer stood at twenty degrees below the freezing point, the rescued men were almost lifeless and your crew so thoroughly worn out that they could scarcely be kept awake. You allowed them to sleep by turns, waking them at the end of fifteen minutes each to prevent their freezing to death.

From ten o'clock at night you were obliged to lie to until three the next morning. The wind

had gradually decreased and you again resumed the oars, pulling steadily for seven hours, and finally landing about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 22d at Siasconset, almost eight miles to leeward of your station, thoroughly exhausted, but rewarded with the profound gratitude of the hapless men you had saved, and with the enthusiastic commendation of your friends and neighbors, whose hopes and fears had followed you through all the perils of your adventurous experience.

For more than twenty-four hours, day and night, you and your crew, bravely battled with the winter storm. At every point you displayed superb seamanship, unerring judgment and dauntless courage. I am assured by sea-faring persons competent to judge of your great work that it was one of the most remarkable in the history of such achievements. It therefore affords

me extraordinary pleasure to be the medium of the award of this medal, designed to bear testimony to your skill and good judgment, your unfaltering fidelity to duty, and your heroic disregard of danger.

Respectfully yours,

Charles Foltz

Secretary.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ACT OF CONGRESS JUNE 10, 1874.

THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

IN TESTIMONY OF HEROIC DEEDS IN SAVING LIFE FROM THE PERILS OF THE SEA

FIVE MEMBERS OF CREW OF COSKATA LIFE STATION IN 1893.

St. ding—Jesse H. Eldredge, Josiah B. Gould. Sitting—John Nyhan, Capt Walter S. Chase, Charles B. Cathcart.

From CENTURY MAGAZINE
by
GUSTAV KOBBE

Thrilling Experiences of Heroes of the Service.

The following interesting article on "Heroes of the Life-Saving Service" was written by Gustav Kobbe (whom many Nantucketers will pleasantly recall) and was published in the Century Magazine several years ago. It is a story which is always good reading, however.

By Gustav Kobbe in the Century Magazine.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham," by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalemen had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had stove boat"; Rescued crew,

Rip reached time. From st seen, five he Rose and ed Keeper st dangerous ing shoals; keeper head- en the life- they could ging to the d schooner, eady worked treacherous he port rail

broke high l over deck

red, a haw- d, carefully l the long pped down he wreck, the keep- r by word e might Carefully t became heaving- hed into ine was schoon- ife-boat, thwart; v began wreck. ne dra- . Th y upon auling ne, at ng the

"Make that line fast!" shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was demoralized and undisciplined, and no attention was paid to to the command.

Keeper Chase passed his knife to the stroke-oarsman. "I have charge here," he shouted. "Pull this boat another foot nearer that wreck, and the line shall be cut!"

Keeper Chase stands six feet four inches in his boots, and he has a six-foot-four-inch voice. He towered above the seas in the eyes of the shipwrecked crew, and his command rang in their ears above the storm; and there stood the stroke-oarsman, knife in hand, ready to sever the line. The little wave-tossed boat at the end of that line was their only hope of safety; and so they made fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as caution would permit. One after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours almost certain death had been staring them in the face.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold and exhausted, drenched with icy seas, and pierced with the north wind, were worse than useless—mere dead weight in the boat. In fact, it would be little less than a miracle if they reached shore alive. So they were simply stowed away lengthwise in the bottom of the boat. From the deeply laden craft no land could be seen. Only the tall red-and-white tower on Sankaty, Nantucket's boldest headland, was now and then barely discernible as the boat rose on the crest of a high sea.

Mast and sail, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard. The anchor was lifted, and the boat headed shoreward. Wind and current combined to force it toward the breaking shoal, which was weathered only after three hours of the hardest pulling. It was impossible to make further headway at that time, and the boat was again anchored, to await the turn of the tide, which might aid in reaching land.

a

Other accounts of the wreck of the

H.P.KIRKHAM

Wrecks Around Nantucket
Compiled by Arthur H.Gardner 1915
New edition 1954 with additional records.
Page 112

Storms and Shipwrecks of New England
by Edward Rowe Snow
Page 147

From CENTURY MAGAZINE by GUSTAV KOBBE

Thrilling Experiences of Heroes of the Service.

The following interesting article on "Heroes of the Life-Saving Service" was written by Gustav Kobbe (whom many Nantucketers will pleasantly recall) and was published in the Century Magazine several years ago. It is a story which is always good reading, however.

By Gustav Kobbe in the Century Magazine.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham," by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid the tide-rips and riotous cross-seas of the Nantucket shoals.

An overcast sky, with occasional snow-squalls, the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing-point, an icy norther whistling over the sand-dunes—such was the night preceding this rescue.

The Coskata patrols went over their dreary beats, returning to the station chilled and worn with their long trudge through the heavy snow and sand.

At daybreak wind and sea were still rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but no vessel was visible. Just then there was a ring at the station telephone, and the lighthouse-keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes offshore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out. Keeper Chase again made a careful search. There was no vessel in sight. She must be outside even of Bass Rip. The crew was quickly mustered, and Sankaty Head was called up.

"Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes; still there."

"All right. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven, and, if there's a tug in port, ask the master to run off toward Great Rip. Tell him a vessel somewhere beyond there may need a tug; that we've gone out to her; and that, if he can't render assistance to her, we'll probably need him to get back against wind and sea."

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalemen had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had been, "Dead whale, or stove boat"; with the sons it was, "Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers."

Sail was made, and Bass Rip reached in a comparatively short time. From there the vessel was first seen, five miles farther out. "On the Rose and Crown Shoal!" exclaimed Keeper Chase. This is the most dangerous of the numerous outlying shoals; but, nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat for it. When the life-savers got near enough they could make out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull of which had already worked itself so deep into the treacherous shoal that only part of the port rail could be seen. The sea broke high over the bow, and swirled over deck and stern.

The life-boat was anchored, a hawser taken over the bow, and, carefully steadied by the oars and the long steering-sweep, the boat dropped down with the current toward the wreck, the life-savers intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture. One mis-stroke might mean failure and death. Carefully working in between seas, it became at last possible to hurl a heaving-stick with a small line attached into the rigging. A heavier line was "bent" on to the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast to the after thwart; and then two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

And now occurred one of the dramatic incidents of the rescue. The half-frenzied sailors, intent only upon saving their own lives, began hauling rapidly on their end of the line, at the imminent danger of swamping the life-boat.

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At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had split up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the fifteen toward shore. To be at anchor in such seas meant no rest. Rolling and pitching, the boat was shipping water with almost every wave, and the utmost exertion was required to keep it even comparatively free. The southern tide was due at 9 p. m., but the fierce norther had caused such a set that, after an hour's pull, the crew was obliged to anchor again. The rescued men weighted the boat and added to the danger of swamping; one of them was moaning piteously; and the bow-oarsman of the rescuing crew was also overcome for a while.

At last one of the life-savers, Perkins, or, as his boat-mates called him, "Perkie," said, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right." So the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only a few minutes at a time, for fear of freezing.

The boat had been launched at eight o'clock one morning; it was three o'clock of the next. At last the southern tide made up, wind and sea moderated somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they beached the boat at Siasconset, on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, some eight miles across the island from the station, to which they were too exhausted to return until the afternoon.

When the crew started from Coskata, they left behind them in the station a woman, Keeper Chase's wife. As hour after hour wore away, she watched and waited, hoping against hope. When the crew reached the station, she came out, stood up on tiptoe, drew the keeper's bearded face down to hers, and kissed him.

There are times when the tension upon the emotions is so great that the least giving way results in a total collapse; and perhaps this is the reason Keeper Chase—his voice a bit husky, it is true—merely turned to his crew and called out:

"Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out." And so the routine was quietly resumed.

From the time the life-boat left the wreck until at sunrise the next morning the imperiled life-savers had kept a constant lookout for any tug that might have put out to their aid from Vineyard Haven. Did a tug start in response to the message from Sankaty? Yes; it stood offshore some five or six miles, and then, afraid to proceed farther in such seas and gale, ran for shelter!

The medals which were awarded to this valiant crew arrived too late for one of its members, the cheerful "Perkie." He had been weakened by an attack of pneumonia the previous winter, and the exposure of those terrible twenty-six hours brought on consumption. He knew the medals had been awarded; and when the keeper visited him shortly before his death, he asked, "Captain, haven't those stove-covers come yet?"

"Perkie" was the sole joy and support of an aged mother, and the medal which came too late for him was the only consolation of this poor sorrowing soul.

b.

Nantucket Yacht Club

Theatre

WELCOME, good friends and fellow members of the Nantucket Yacht Club. We hope that the summer of 1927 will be a pleasant one for you and your children and that you will go back to "America" bearing affection in your hearts for the island which holds so many happy memories for us all.

Leeds Mitchell, Commodore.

Nantucket

First in the dawn, last in the beaconing night,
The wave-worn Ages' mother, sweetheart, friend,
Hedged by wild roses and dim wings in flight,
"The Little Grey Lady" dreams at the world's end.

Percy MacKaye

Note—Nantucket was called by her sailors
"The Little Grey Lady."

YACHT CLUB FOLLIES - 1927

Past and Present

The Nantucket Yacht Club, twenty-one years old, if you must have a date, is not too old for FOLLIES, or even folly, perchance. But our Follies are only shoals, making a ripple of fun now and then on the depths of our reverence for this home port and our reasons for making this, rather than some other haven, our mooring ground.

All the way from Maine to Florida, from San Diego to Seattle, the water is as salt, the winds as fair and, perhaps, the harbors as good as inside Brant Point. But we want more than all that and here we have the more. It is something to go up harbor in cockle shells from the same old wharves and anchorages whence men went down to the sea in ships. As we make for the outer mark off Monomoy on race days to win a silver cup or a bit of bunting we cross the ancient wakes of ships that went out for four years to bring home the oil and bone.

We know it, Nantucket. That is why we have dropped anchor here. We listen to the stories of your ninety sail of ship and brig and bark in the Island's golden age of whaling and it gives new meaning to our seventy sail of cat and skiff and big and little rainbow. Does that seem absurd to any old deep water man of Nantucket today? Let him remember how he felt sixty years back when he was afloat alone for the first time in his father's dory, when in spite of his small arms and his heavy oars he pulled safely across the tide and back. Did he hear the noon bell in South Tower and remember that he had forgotten to split the kindling, that he already was late for dinner? Of course not. He was a harpooner, a boat steerer. He was aloft. Hussey Shoal buoy was the spout of a whale. That boy was everything and saw everything he had heard his father talk about when home from a voyage.

It is the same today, afloat. Change has not removed the perfume from tarred rope nor the imagination from boys. (All members of the Yacht Club are boys from June to September). Strange as it may seem the dreams may come in a highly varnished boat with a sky blue sail as readily as in a battered dory. For here is the stuff of which the dreams are made. Even across our tennis courts fall the afternoon shadows of the old candle house where the sperm oil was made into light for the homes of captains and crews, where Nantucket is soon to have its Whaling Museum, its Hall of Fame, where Yacht Club skippers of the future will get even truer bearings on traditions of the sea and the Island.

In the meatime the Yacht Club salutes the Pacific Club, the Captains' Room, that meeting place of the old masters who taught the world the ways of whaling and discovered the islands of the South Seas. It sends us ambassadors tonight to give a suggestion of the ancient realities to our very Follies. And, also on this evening of mimicry we mimic seamen salute the sailors of the old time, both the Quaker and the worldly, the men aft and in the fo'c'sles, the oil merchants in their counting houses, the workers in the sail lofts and rope walks, the makers of casks and the fashioners of harpoons; the women on house-top walks looking out to sea for a home-bound sail.

C. A. Selden.

The Nantucket Yacht Club was organized in 1906. In 1890 the Nantucket Athletic Club was incorporated and used the present location for headquarters. During the War the property was taken over by the U. S. Naval Reserve and used as a training station. After the War in 1920 the Yacht Club was re-organized and took over the land and building.

Commodores who have served—H. Holton Wood, Edwin W. Morse, Henry Lang, Breckenridge Long, James M. Andrews.

Such public spirited men as Mr. Charles Minshall and Mr. Henry Lang will always be remembered for what they have done to make the Club what it is today.

OFFICERS FOR 1927.

Commodore—Leeds Mitchell.

Vice Commodore—Uberto C. Crosby.
Rear Commodore—Austin Strong.
Secretary—Harry R. Brayton.
Treasurer—Henry Lang.
Assistant Treasurer—W. S. Walsh.
Fleet Captain—William Applebye-Robinson.

NANTUCKET YACHT CLUB THEATRE
JULY 29 and 30, 1927

AUSTIN STRONG

PRESENTS

"The Nantucket Follies of 1927"

ASSISTED BY

FREDERICK KITSON COWLEY

AND HIS NOBLE CREW OF HAND-PICKED
STAGE HANDS.

ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER
Karl E. Satler

PROPS
Richard Jamison Jack Walling

CURTAIN MAN
Roger Williamson

ELECTRICIAN
Wallace Thorssen

CREW

Don Gifford
Bobsie Hills
Peter H. Wilson
William Harshe
Albert A. May
Ellery L. Wilson Jr.

No encores will be given owing to the length of the programme.

OVERTURE—"The Days of Old Nantucket", arranged by Art Taylor.

"Art Taylor's Orchestra", is from Rochester and is composed of eight men trained in various conservatories. They come from the Damrosch Conservatory, the New England Conservatory and other well-known schools of music. Mr. Taylor studied the piano with Godowsky and the organ with Courboin and Bonnet. The other players are Elmer Simon, violin; Lloyd Maas, first saxophone; Donald MacIntyre, second saxophone; David Diffin, third saxophone; Albert Cannon, banjo; Dorn Francis, drums; and Howard Rekers, bass.

RAINBOW PAGES .....Virginia and Caryl Nicolson

CITATIONS

YACHT CLUB FOLLIES - 1927

1

"THE JOLLY ROGER"

BY

FREDERICK KITSON COWLEY

SCENE—A Well-known Pirates' Den.

THE JOLLY ..... Roger
SWEETNESS ..... Miss Louise Burchell
GROUCHO ..... John F. Lougee
VAMP ..... Miss Dorothy Jones
WISE CRACK ..... Mr. Frank Malsbenden
MAGGIE ZEEN ..... Mrs. Karl Adams
FORGETME KNOTT ..... Mrs. Malsbenden
LUCKY STRIKE ..... Master George Fraker
HIGH BROW ..... Mr. George Atchison
CLAM ..... Master Jack Walling
MADAMOISELLE QUIVIVE ..... Miss Nancy Robb
N. Y. N. H. & H. ..... Mrs. G. H. Walling
A SWELL ..... Mr. George Dyer
MRS. COOF (*A Very Off-Islander*) ..... F. Casee
C. O. D. ..... "Babe" Himself

TIME—ANY

QUAINT NANTUCKET CHARACTERS—Miss Alice Corse; Tammy; Jim Holmes; Mrs. Daisy Parrish; Poillu; John the Greek; Boys; Girls; Dogs; Beachcombers; Wharf Rats and Odds and Ends.

2

Hornpipe - - - - Miss Florence Ingall

3

"William Chase's Sailor Boys"

By pupils of

THE ELIZABETH STUDIO

Under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Sylvia

CAST—Florence Ingall, Annette Wood, Annette Moore, Francis Killen, Mary Killen, Eileen Glidden, Katherine Glidden, Katherine Hatch, Margaret Roberts, Elsie Stig.

Scene by Mrs. Hiram Barney.—Costumes by Mrs. Hogan.
Hats by Miss Emma Fraser.

4

"Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet"

Presenting the plan and deed of the Coffin School
to the Citizens of Nantucket. 1827.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN ..... Gustavus Kirby
THE QUAKER ..... Frederick Kitson Cowley
HIS SON ..... Paul Dickson
AID TO ADMIRAL COFFIN ..... Frank Gilbreth
STAFF CAPTAIN ..... George Dyer
PAGE ..... Joseph Rutter
SAILOR IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY ..... Donald Smith

Ladies and girls of Nantucket wearing the colors of the Admiral of the Blue: Mrs. Boxall Boyd, Virginia Chambers, Wilhelmine Kirby, Caroline Lindsey, Nancy Robb, Allison Rutter, Ruth Rutter, Ysabel Stearns, Sally Stearns.

5—The Sailor's Farewell Mr. Donald Smith and Miss Peggy Warner
(*Scenery by Mr. Stanford Stevens*)

6—"Nantucket Sirens" Miss Barbara West and Miss Marjorie Dyer
(*At Royal's Bathing Beach—August 1st, 1927.*)

7—Tony Sarg In Person

8—"Sisters in Song" Eleanor Short and Dolly Hewitt

9—"The Walk" Mrs. Malsbenden
(*Scene built by Earle W. Cutler—Painted by Mr. Stanford Stevens*)

10—Robert Benchley In Person

11—"Thar She Blows" George A. Grant

12—The Jerusalem Lullaby Henry C. Smith

13—"The Nantucket Cradle Song" Mrs. Earle W. Cutler

14—"A Little Milne" (*By the charming diseuse*) Eleanor Short

---

15

"The Captain's Return"

SCENE—The Captain's House, on the water front facing Brant Point, 1830.

MRS. STARBUCK (The Captain's Wife) ..... Mrs. Earle W. Cutler
CAPTAIN STARBUCK ..... Mr. Austin Strong
NANCY (His Daughter) ..... Miss Anne Cutler
PRISCILLA ..... Miss Jean Fitz-Randolph
(*His Baby Daughter born to him while away at sea*)
DAVID (His Son) ..... Master Newton Cutler
THE MAID ..... Miss Peggy Little
OLD DOCTOR MACY ..... Mr. E. S. Tirrell
THE REV. MR. STARK ..... Mr. Fred V. Fuller
THE CAPTAIN'S AUNT ..... Mrs. Stokeley Morgan
HIS COUSIN ..... Miss Miriam Catherine Clark
HIS SISTER ..... Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow

A NEIGHBOR ..... Miss A. W. Bodfish
MRS. STARK ..... Mrs. Whittemore Gardner
THE BOY WHO WINS THE SILVER DOLLAR Master Norval Nichols

NOTE—It was a Nantucket custom for the returning Captain's wife to give the boy who first brought the news of the sighting of her husband's ship a silver dollar, which was always kept on her mantle-piece.

The authentic furniture lent by Mr. Clark. The costumes for the ladies and children lent by Mrs. Benjamin Sharp and from attics of Nantucket.

INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES

16—Song Mr. Henry Clapp Smith
17—The Pocket Pavlova Miss Pauline Francis Killen
18—The Midshipmite Miss Barbara West

Percy MacKaye

19

Captain Joy and His Crew of Real Deep Water Men
IN
"THE DOG WATCH"

SCENE—The quarter deck of the "St. Nicholas".

THE MASTER ..... Captain B. Whitford Joy
The last square rigger captain in the port of Nantucket. He was master of the ships "Samuel D. Carleton", "Richard Parsons" and "St. Nicholas".

THE MATE ..... George A. Grant
Was born in Apia, Samoa, and brought aboard his father's ship wrapped in a banana leaf. Sailed on the "Niger" and many other vessels. His father, Captain Charles Grant, was one of Nantucket's greatest whaling captains.

THE COOK ..... Benjamin F. Williams
Sailed on the whaler "Milton" from New Bedford. Was with Capt. Grant on a whaling voyage.

THE BOS'N ..... William Applebye-Robinson
Sailed on "Drum Rock", "Bothwell" and "Empress of China".

THE BOS'N'S MATE ..... John S. Cross
Son of a Church of England Minister who preached at the Seamen's Bethel, New Bedford. Sailed on the "Joseph Barker" and the whaler "Golden City".

CREW

A. B.—Charles Lamb—Sailed on the "George and Mary".
A. B.—Nelson Ewer—Sailed on the "Osprey" and "Sunbeam".
A. B.—Nelson Dunham—Sailed on the "Era".
A. B.—Edgar F. Wyer—Sailed on the "James Foster".
A. B.—Arthur W. Jones—Sailed on the "Lucille" from Bath, Maine.
A. B.—Archibald Cartwright—Sailed on "Sunbeam" and "Vineta".
A. B.—Wallace N. Long—Sailed on "Macerata and "Charles G. Rice".
A. B.—Joseph Fisher—Sailed on the whaler "A. B. Bradford".

NOTE—*The rigging and mast made by Peder Pederson, himself a deep water man in sailing ships. The wheel lent by Mr. Sidney Mitchell was from a sailing ship.*

20

A Group from the Concord Players

IN

"PINAFORE'N'AFT"

Being a few Moments of Violence done to a certain Immortal Work of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

BUTTERCUP ..... Mrs. Ralph E. Hewitt
RALPH RACKSTRAW ..... Mr. George F. Root
CAPTAIN ..... Mr. Mason Garfield
SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B. ..... Mr. Samuel Merwin
JOSEPHINE ..... Mrs. Seabury T. Short
DICK DEADEYE ..... Mr. Ralph E. Hewitt
FAIRLY ABLE SEAMEN ..... Mr. Ripley Gage and Mr. Seabury Short

SCENE—On the deck of the H. M. S. "Pinafore".
Mrs. Samuel Merwin at the piano.

21

The Magical Man - - - William E. Chamberlain

His Merry Assistant **Miss Sarg**

22

The U. S. Life Saver - - - - Capt. Walter Nelson Chase

23

"PONY BALLET"

By "The Dancers"—Organized by Mrs. Frank Malsbenden.

Misses Irene Chase, Florence Richards, Lucille Miller, Irma Baker, Clara Larrabee, Elizabeth Gardner, Florence Crocker, Florence Warren, Lillian Worth, Doris Lake, Alma Killen, Charlotte Worth, Alma Ottison, Frances Chase, Louise Coffin, Dorothy Jones, Kathryn Kilbury, Dorothy Boyer, Doris Burchell and Lois Jackson.

Screens designed and executed by Mrs. Hiram Barney.

CITATIONS

YACHT CLUB
FOLLIES -1927

23

Austin Strong and His New York Company

IN THE PANTOMIME

"A Day in the Life of a Young Man About Town"

"Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale".—Pericles.

POPO ..... Mr. Austin Strong
TOTO ..... Mr. Theodore E. Steinway
DODO ..... Mr. Henry Clapp Smith
SOSO (at the piano) ..... Mr. Henry Bennett

AND

"THE THREE TOMBALES"

"Skillful to their strength
Fierce to their skill".
—Troilus and Cressida.

The Costumes by Mr. Jules Guerin.

Finale . ˙ . ˙ ∴ . ˙ National Anthem

A Word From the Man Who Started the Trouble

Mr. Austin Strong has so many people to thank for their loyal support and assistance that he does not know where to begin. He was both surprised and touched at the way everyone came running to help him; from children to grandmothers; from the Town Treasurer to the Island's Representative; from deep water men to his fellow "Wharf Rats"; from friends, acquaintances and perfect strangers.

Above all he wants to thank Mr. Frederick Kitson Cowley, who came to him out of a clear sky and offered his services whole-heartedly. Mr. Cowley is a stage director and pageant master of distinction. He was instructor of Dramatic Arts at the University of Minnesota and the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

As there are no more synonyms for gratitude, Mr. Strong can only paw the air with appreciation for the work of Mrs. Hiram Barney, Miss Arvia MacKaye, Mr. Sarg and Mr. Stevens.

To James Holmes and his men, from patient Charlie Duce to the unfailing Frank Dunham, Mr. Strong presents his compliments.

If there is any one forgotten please forgive the director, for he is well nigh demented in trying to put on a show under restricted conditions.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Merwin have come all the way from Concord, Mass., with a group of ladies and gentlemen from the famous Concord Players. They have been rehearsing six weeks to give us the pleasure of seeing an original production especially prepared for these Follies. What can Mr. Strong do to show his feelings, but stand on his head? The Governors and officers of the Club profoundly thank them for their generosity and good will.

As for the noble stage hands—Mr. Strong takes off his hat. They have stood his abuse with seeming good temper and performed their superhuman labors with dash and intelligence. Mr. Strong anxiously hopes they will not kill him after the last performance.

Thanks are due to Mr. Walsh for his unfailing good temper and assistance, to Miss Corse for her co-operation, and to Mr. Jerome, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Turner, for their work in advertising and preparing this souvenir programme, which is the generous gift of Commodore Leeds Mitchell to the audience.

CITATIONS

YACHT CLUB
FOLLIES - 1927

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR PRESS
NANTUCKET, MASS.

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Treasury Department

United States Life Saving Service **Washington, D. C., Oct. 5, 1892**

Mr. Walter N. Chase,
Keeper of Coskata Life-Saving Station, Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:

I transmit herewith a gold life-saving medal of honor, awarded to you under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 20, 1874, and June 18, 1878, in recognition of your heroic services in saving life from the perils of the sea on the occasion of the wreck of the British schooner H. P. Kirkham, January 20, 1892. The circumstances of the wreck and rescue appear from evidence on file in this Department to have been as follows: The H. P. Kirkham, a three-masted schooner carrying a crew of seven men all told, sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, her home port, on Saturday, the 16th of January, 1892, bound for New York city. She had a good run until the following Wednesday night, January 20th, when thick weather came on, accompanied with sleet and snow, and during a dense and violent squall she stranded at about seven o'clock p. m. on the Rose and Crown Shoal about fifteen miles southeast of the Coskata life-saving station.

A high sea was running and within an hour a portion of the vessel's bow was torn away and she was filled with water. Signals of distress were burned, but the crew were soon driven to the rigging, helplessly hoping and waiting for relief.

As morning broke on the 21st the keeper of the Sankaty light-house discovered the wreck, which was not visible from the life-saving station, and immediately telephoned the information to you. You speedily transported your surf-boat to the outside beach and set sail with your crew for the point where, as nearly as you could judge, the vessel must be. You did not sight her until within five miles, and it was eleven o'clock a. m., before you reached her.

It was impossible to go on board and you therefore ran as close as practicable, anchored and carefully dropped down between seas until you were able to throw a heaving stick with a small line attached into the rigging of the wreck. By this a larger line was obtained from the sailors, with which and with oars you were able to approach still closer, and as near as safety would permit. You then threw the end of a spare line with a bowline on board which a sailor placed around his body, jumped overboard and was pulled into the surf-boat.

Being now compelled to slack away a little, you again as soon as possible, in the lull of wind and sea, worked back and another man was rescued. In this way, under very perilous conditions, the entire crew were taken, one by one, into your boat from the rigging where they had held on for over fifteen hours in the piercing north wind. In less than an hour after the last man was saved the wreck went totally to pieces.

The dangers of the situation were hardly less serious than before. The surf-boat was only twenty-three feet in length over all, and carried a crew of seven men; to these were added the crew of the "Kirkham", making fourteen in all. It was doubtful whether she could live with so great a burden. However, when all were on board, you raised your anchor and headed for the land, the top of Sankaty light tower the only visible object answering for your guide.

The crowded condition of the boat compelled you to throw overboard the mast and sail, now useless on account of the direction of the wind, which was dead against you and so heavy that at about two o'clock p. m. you were forced to anchor, but not until you had weathered the tempestuous shoal.

At dark six hours had elapsed since you left the wreck and you had accomplished only one mile of the fifteen that lay between you and the land, but the gale then slackened a little and you began pulling again. After several hours of toilsome struggle the wind became too strong for you and once more the anchor was let go.

The condition of affairs was now most disheartening. The thermometer stood at twenty degrees below the freezing point, the rescued men were almost lifeless and your crew so thoroughly worn out that they could scarcely be kept awake. You allowed them to sleep by turns, waking them at the end of fifteen minutes each to prevent their freezing to death.

From ten o'clock at night you were obliged to lie to until three the next morning. The wind had gradually decreased and you again resumed the oars, pulling steadily for seven hours and finally landing about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 22d at Siasconset, almost eight miles to leeward of your station, thoroughly exhausted, but rewarded with profound gratitude of the hapless men you had saved, and with the enthusiastic commendation of your friends and neighbors, whose hopes and fears had followed you through all the perils of your adventurous experience.

For more than twenty-four hours, day and night, you and your crew bravely battled with the winter storm. At every point you displayed superb seamanship, unerring judgment and dauntless courage. I am assured by sea-faring persons competent to judge of your great work that it was one of the most remarkable in the history of such achievements. It therefore affords me extraordinary pleasure to be the medium of the award of this medal, designed to bear testimony to your skill and good judgment, your unfaltering fidelity to duty and your heroic disregard of danger.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Charles Foster, Secretary.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR PRESS
NANTUCKET, MASS.

CITATIONS

YACHT CLUB
FOLLIES - 1927

BOULDER FROM THE COMMONS

by the

Hon. Breckinridge Long

25

4.

WALTER NELSON CHASE
1852 — 1928
AS KEEPER OF COSKATA L.S.S. HE LED
HIS MEN IN THE MEMORABLE RESCUE
OF CREW OF H.P. KIRKHAM, WRECKED
ON ROSE AND CROWN SHOALS
JAN. 20 1892. RECIPIENT OF GOLD MEDAL
FROM THE GOVERNMENT FOR OUTSTANDING
BRAVERY.
HE WAS ONE OF "NATURE'S NOBLEMEN"

THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

ST. LOUIS OFFICE
LIBERTY CENTRAL TRUST BLDG.

CABLE ADDRESS
"BRECKLONG"
"A B C" CODES

LAW OFFICES
BRECKINRIDGE LONG
26 JACKSON PLACE
WASHINGTON

Sept. 30, 1924

My dear Mrs Giffin -

On my arrival in Washington this morning I received your Telegram at the house advising of the passing of my old friend Capt. Chas. It is too late today to send flowers or messages of condolence but it is still time to express my sincere regret at the death of a great character and to thank you for your thought in telegraphing me. The same end is the lot of us all, but few of us can review a lifetime in which honest effort, brave heart and sterling character have been so consistently manifested as in the life of Walter Chas.

His was a great soul, may God

its just reward, but his example will continue in the memories of those who knew him — a guide and an inspiration to them through life.

And I subscribe myself one of his great admirers.

Sincerely

Breckinridge Long

Mr. Thomas F. Giffin
Manchester Mass.

ST. LOUIS OFFICE
LIBERTY CENTRAL TRUST BLDG.

CABLE ADDRESS
"BRECKLONG"
"A B C" CODES

LAW OFFICES
BRECKINRIDGE LONG
26 JACKSON PLACE
WASHINGTON

January 21, 1930

Mrs. T. H. Giffin
14 Hussey Street
Nantucket, Mass.

My dear Mrs. Giffin:

I have your letter of December 28 but it reached me a little late owing to the holidays and my absence from the office. Since receiving it I have waited to answer until I could think over what to say. I know that my indebtness to Captain Chase cannot be measured by $80.00. I owe him more money. How much more I have no idea nor have I any way of computing the amount. But I would not feel satisfied to make a payment of $80.00 and have it considered paid in full. So I have been thinking over what to do about it and I am as undetermined as ever as to just what to do. Perhaps you and Mr.Giffin could give me some idea.

Various things enter into my thoughts. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I intrude a little into his personal affairs because I am sure you know that I am actuated by very friendly interest. I considered Captain Chase a real friend. I was very fond of him. The relationship which we had concerned largely my poor boat and it was simply the means of bringing us in contact. Through that agency I enjoyed his friendship and formed a very deep regard for the sterling character and real manhood which he exemplified. He was a great product of the human race and one of whom the people of Nantucket ought to be proud. His memory ought to be revered. The moral of his life ought to continue as an example to the others of Nantucket--both young and old and in some fitting manner, there should be a marker or a monument at his grave which would continue to exist past the time when those of us who knew him can tell what he was so that it could continue through future generations as a spokesman for us and in our stead.

I have been wondering if there was a suitable marker or if one is contemplated. I should be glad to join with some others to place a marker of endurable character and properly inscribed, in case there has been no provision made already.

Page #2--Mrs. T.H. Giffin

This enters into my thought on the subject of my obligation to his estate. And while I realize that the sum which you have suggested is quite inadequate and whereas I have no means of estimating the amount of my indebtness, I would be glad to have you consider how I might either directly to the estate or in association with others, irrespective of the estate, make some contribution which would speak, not in the terms of indebtness, but as an expression of friendship and regard.

Perhaps you would prefer that a larger amount be paid to the estate. If you will deliberate as to what I should do or as to what you would like me to do, I will be glad to entertain any suggestion you may make and will see how far I can adjust myself to fulfilling this suggestion.

I tried to find Charlie Cash before I left the island last September but I failed to locate him. I sent my chauffeur several times with some money to try to locate him because I was conscious of the fact that he had done work on my boat and had not been paid. I probably should have written also but the fact is that after I left the island, the matter entirely escaped my attention. If you should see him I hope you will tell him that I did not run away without paying him, intentionally. If you and Mr. Giffin will consider the contents of this letter and will write me I will be glad indeed to hear from you. And if you do not have any specific suggestion I shall have to be guided by some other thought.

With kind regards to both you and Mr. Giffin, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

Edward Bok

Breckinridge Long.

re Walter N. Chases
death - + memorial
plaque on
grave.

d. 25

CABLE ADDRESS
"BRECKLONG"
"A B C" CODES

LAW OFFICES
BRECKINRIDGE LONG
744 JACKSON PLACE
WASHINGTON

October 25, 1932

Mrs. T. H. Giffin

14 Hussey Street

Nantucket, Massachusetts

My dear Mrs. Giffin:

I was glad to get your letter and have been unable to answer it, partly because I have been in the hospital with a very bad arm and secondly because I have been so occupied in the campaign in my effort to help elect Mr. Roosevelt.

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Giffin has got a boulder over the grave of my dear friend, Captain Chase. I agree with you that a simple boulder from his own loved commons was far more fitting than anything man could shape. I am glad you have given me an opportunity to help, and I submit the enclosed text. It is far from perfect and expresses neither my own feeling nor the nobility of his character. If you can improve on it or if you can get a better one, I would be delighted.

But I hope that you will give me the privilege of furnishing the bronze tablet which will go on the stone. After the text is agreed upon and you have ordered the tablet, I will be glad if you will instruct them to send the bill to you and you will then send it to me and I will pay it.

c.

25

Mrs. T. H. Giffin October 25, 1932

I am sorry Mr. Giffin has not been well, but I hope he has now finally recovered. I was in Nantucket for only a few brief moments last summer. My interest in this campaign is so great that I have sacrifised everything to it, and I am returning to New York in a rather crippled condition to carry on until the eighth of November. As a matter of fact I shall probably be with the Governor by the time you receive this letter.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely

Breckinridge Long

per H. A.

Yours very sincerely

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as a matter of fact I shall probably be able to come up for the
rmonth starting beginning of April, and I am returning to New York in a
week's time, if I can get anything done at all. Yes interested in what
I am sorry Mr. GRIFFIN that I have not been well, but I hope to be
fully recovered. I saw in Manufacturer for only a few brief moments

Mr. J. H. GRIFFIN October 25, 1921

"A strong rugged soul was his, yet gentle. One of Nature's noblemen. Esteemed by all who knew him. A physical and moral bravery demonstrated when occasion demanded compelled the admiration of mankind. A prince among men, with a sense of rectitude supreme. Strong in body, in heart, and in mind. God returned his body to Nature; the influence of his character still remains; and his soul has been taken home."

Walter's Grandfather

OWEN CHASE

Survivor from the "Essex"

THE CHASE FAMILY and KEEPER CHASE'S GRANDFATHER
CAPTAIN OWEN CHASE

The Chase family is large and its many branches can boast of more than a hundred whaling masters and sailors of the sea.

Among all the stories of the sea none is more thrilling than that of Keeper Chase's grandfather: Captain Owen Chase, survivor after ninety days in an open boat, their whaleship the ESSEX having been destroyed by a mad whale.

After his rescue Owen Chase wrote the story of the disaster and published it under the following title:

> "Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale Ship ESSEX of Nantucket; Which was Attacked and Finally Destroyed by a Large Spermaceti Whale in the Pacific Ocean; with an Account of the Unparalleled Sufferings of the Captain and Crew During a Space of Ninety-three Days at Sea in Open Boats in the Years 1819 and 1820 by Owen Chase of Nantucket, First Mate of Said Vessel."

This pamphlet is very rare but the Inquirer and Mirror has published much of it in the pamphlet The Loss of the Essex, written by Edouard A. Stackpole, Curator of the Marine Historical Association, Mystic, Connecticut, and author of Sea Hunters.

This pamphlet contains thirty pages of description and quotations from Owen Chase's rare pamphlet and is on sale at the Whaling Museum.

The clipped story on the next pages is one which the Inquirer and Mirror frequently publishes on request.

The Loss of Ship "Essex."

Although the story of the loss of ship "Essex" may have been often told before, it is one of those tales which always bear repetition—one which, in particular, is of interest to the people of Nantucket. Years ago the story was a familiar one in every family, but the present generation may be interested in reading of the incidents which followed the departure of the "Essex" from Nantucket ninety one years ago, and of the hardships which the survivors of the crew endured before reaching civilization again—even being obliged to resort to the horrors of cannibalism in order to sustain life. Some months ago one of our readers suggested that we print the details of the "Essex" story this winter, "when news is scarce," voicing the opinion that it would prove interesting reading to a large number of our subscribers.

It was on the 12th of August, 1819, that the staunch ship "Essex" sailed away from Nantucket, under command of Capt. George Pollard, Jr., with a total crew of twenty—brave and hardy Nantucketers. The ship had a good passage "round the Horn," touched at the Galapagos Islands and one or two places on the Chilian coast, and on the 20th of November, 1820, was in latitude 40 minutes south and longitude 119 degrees west. The weather was fine and everybody was on the look-out for whales—not one having been captured since leaving Nantucket—and just before 8 o'clock in the morning a school of big fellows hove in sight far to the westward. Every boat was lowered in pursuit. The first mate, Owen Chase, was the first to fasten to a whale, which in its struggles, stove the boat. By stuffing their jackets into the hole Chase and his men succeeded in making their way back to the ship, which was hove to not far away. The captain and second mate continued in pursuit and struck another whale, and as they were to the leeward, Mate Chase took the helm of the ship and bore down to them, and then set to work making repairs on his boat. While so occupied, one of his men noticed a large whale lying quietly off the ship's bow and called the mate's attention to it. It was this whale which wrecked the "Essex" and brought the voyage to an abrupt ending. Here are Owen Chase's own words, as he described the incident several years after his return home:

"The whale spouted two or three times and then disappeared. In a few seconds he came up again about a length of the ship off and made directly for us at the rate of about three knots. The ship was going at about the same rate. His appearance and attitude did not cause us any alarm, but as I stood on the deck watching him, he suddenly headed for us with great celerity. I ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid the whale, but the words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came at full speed and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the fore chains. He gave us such an appalling jar as to throw all hands off our feet, and the ship brought up as if she had struck a rock, trembling like a leaf. We looked at each other with amazement, deprived of speech, and many minutes elapsed before we realized the dreadful accident which had befallen us. During this time the whale had passed under the ship, grazing the keel, and came up to leeward, where it lay for the space of a minute, apparently stunned. He then started off to leeward.

After recovering in a measure from the consternation that had seized us, I concluded that the whale had stove a hole in the ship and I must set the pumps to work. The men had not been long at it when I saw that the ship was settling by the head, so I ordered the recall signal for the boats. I had scarcely done this when I saw the whale, apparently in convulsions, about a hundred rods to leeward. He was continually thrashing around and smiting his jaws together, as if in anger. Remaining thus for a short time, he then started off to windward across our bows. By this time the ship had settled down, and I gave her up as lost, but kept the pumps going.

I turned my attention to clearing away the boats and getting ready to embark in them, and while thus employed I was aroused by the cry that the whale was coming for us again. He was about a hundred rods ahead, coming for us full speed, and this time he struck the ship under the cathead, and completely stove in the bow, so that the ship commenced to fill at once. The whale passed under the ship to leeward and was seen no more."

This occurred in mid-ocean, more than a thousand miles from the nearest land. Mate Chase cut the spare boat adrift and prepared to launch her. The steward had been sent into the cabin, and he was able to save two quadrants, two navigators and two trunks belonging to the captain and mate, and two compasses were snatched from the binnacle. The crew were able to save no more articles, because the ship was filling so rapidly, and Mate Chase and his men hurriedly launched their boat and pulled away from the ship just before she fell over on her beam end.

The boats of the captain and second mate had now come upon the scene, and the ship's masts were cut away, whereupon she partially righted. A hole was cut through the deck just above where some casks of bread were stowed, and from them about six hundred pounds of dry bread was obtained. Water was secured by scuttling other parts of the deck, so that each boat took aboard about sixty-five gallons. The men also procured some powder, a musket, a few files, rasps, nails, etc., and some turtle that had been taken from the Galapagos Islands.

The weather became rugged, the wind blowing freshly, with the three boats moored to the wreck of the ship. The following day (November 21) the crew again visited the ship, and materials for rigging the boats were secured, and also some cedar boards to fit for wash-boards for the deeply laden boats. On the 22d consultation was held as to the best course to pursue, it being decided to endeavor to steer clear of the trade winds and head for the coast of America. The boats left the scene of disaster at noon on the 22d and set sail to the south-southeast This was in latitude 13 minutes north, longitude 120 degrees west. It was agreed that the three boats should keep company together as long as possible, the allowance of food being one biscuit and a half a pint of water a day for each man.

In Owen Chase's chest many useful things were found, among them being writing paper, pencils, fish-hooks, a knife and a whetstone. The captain's chest contained a pistol and some ammunition.

Three days passed without incident and the men continued to keep the boats together. On the 25th, Chase's boat sprung aleak, but after lightering her with the help of the other boats the leak was stopped in a degree, so that one man bailing constantly could keep her free. The weather was rough, the deeply laden boats shipped water, and some of the bread was spoiled. During the night of the 27th the captain's boat was struck by some unknown fish and seriously damaged. By lightering her it was possible to reach the injured part and the leak was partially stopped, but in consequence of eating some of the water-soaked bread, the men were overcome with thirst, and from that time their extreme sufferings commenced.

They longed for fresh meat, and schools of dolphins playing near-by tantalized them, but all efforts to catch one failed. Three days later they killed a Galapagos turtle and had a feast. Their supply of bread that had been wet lasted until the third of December, and during the next night the boat of the second mate was lost sight of, but the little fleet was a few hours later reunited, and these spells of separation were thereafter quite frequent. Flying fish, which struck against the boats' sails at intervals, were pounced upon by the men as they dropped into the boat and were quickly devoured, bones, scales and all.

Miles and miles were covered by the boats during the month they were tossed about by the elements, before land hove in sight, and the feelings of the ship-wrecked men can well be imagined when they set foot on dry land December 20th, after such an experience. But the days and weeks which followed were by far the worst that human beings have been called upon to endure. Owen Chase, as soon

"We knew not to whose lot it would fall next, either to die or be shot," wrote Chase. "Humanity can but shudder at my recital of these distressing events. The next morning after Cole died we found the flesh spoiling, and were obliged to cook it all, that not a morsel might be lost to us. For six or seven days thereafter we lived on it, not using of our remnant of bread. On the 15th of February, however, our supply of flesh was exhausted and we were down to our last morsel of bread, consisting of two cakes. Our limbs had become swelled and pained us excessively. We knew we were still over three hundred miles from land."

"On the 7th," continued Chase, "We saw indications of land, which we hoped might be Massafuero. The next morning a boy named Thomas Nicholson lay down to die. I endeavored to convince him that it was wicked to abandon reliance in Providence while the least hope remained, and had difficulty to prevail upon him to listen to my suggestions."

At 7 a. m. the next day there was a cry of "Sail ho!" and a vessel was

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The last of January another colored man died, named Stephen Shepherd, the negroes being unable to live upon short rations as well as could the white men. Shepherd's body was also used as food, but a few days later, when the last bit of flesh had been devoured, the captain and the three men left with him realized that they must draw lots to see which should be the one to suffer death that his companions might live. The fate fell to Owen Coffin, who, with great fortitude and submission, accepted the verdict. Lots were drawn to see who should be his executioner, and the hard task fell on Charles Ramsdelle.

On February 11th, Barzilla Ray died, and on his body and that of Coffin, Captain Pollard and Ramsdelle, the only survivors of the boat's crew, subsisted until the morning of the 23d, when they were picked up by the Nantucket ship Dauphin, Capt. Zimri Coffin, in latitude 37 degrees south, off the island of St. Mary's. A touching incident of the dreadful tragedy enacted in Captain Pollard's boat was when the lot fell to Coffin to die. He was a cousin of Captain Pollard and the latter wished to take his place, but Coffin claimed the right to be sacrificed to save his companions. On the 17th of March Captain Pollard and

Ramsdelle were landed at Valparaiso two weeks after Owen Chase and his men reached there. Five men, all Nantucketers, held one of the most touching reunions on record, and it was with tears in their eyes that Captain Pollard and Mate Chase joined hands and recited to each other the horrors they had been through, each having the thought of having been forced by circumstances into cannibalism to face throughout the remainder of his life.

An English ship being bound to Australia, the captain agreed to stop at Ducie's island, and, if the three men left there were still living, to take them off. This he did, taking them to Sydney and thence to London, making a total of eight men who lived to tell the tale of the loss of the ship Essex, with her crew of twenty who set sail from Nantucket on the 12th of August, 1819.

* * * * *

Upon his return to Nantucket, Captain Pollard took command of the ship Two Brothers, which, five months out, struck a reef somewhere to the westward of the Sandwich Islands and was lost. He never went to sea again, dying in 1860, at the age of eighty-one.

Owen Chase, on the other hand, was always fortunate. In 1832 a new ship, the Charles Carroll, was built for him on Brant point, Nantucket, and he filled her twice, each time with twenty-eight hundred barrels of sperm oil.

* * * * *

Nantucket had another staunch ship which was sunk by a whale—the Union, which sailed in 1807, under command of Capt. Edmund Gardner. When 12 days out the vessel was attacked by a large whale and had her bows smashed in, so that she soon after sank. The captain and crew reached the Azores, after being in the boats seven days and eight nights.

There have been several other occasions when whales have attacked ships at sea. In 1826, the United States sloop-of-war Peacock, while under sail, going seven or eight knots, ran against a whale basking on the surface of the water. The whale turned on the ship and inflicted serious injuries, causing her to leak.

In 1856 ship Cuban, while on a passage from Demerara to Greenock, in latitude 43 degrees 89 minutes, longitude 26 degrees 50 minutes west, was struck by a whale "so powerful as to heel her over say [illegible] and stop her head-way." The whale appeared to be stunned by the blow, but after approaching the ship, as if for another attack, wheeled around in the opposite direction, and smashed her side in with his tail, then diving from sight.

Many a Nantucket ship had its boats smashed both by the jaws of the whale and by its tail, and many a man lost his life at such times, but never was there anything in the annals of the whale fishery which equalled the loss of the Essex.

as he landed, took an observation and found they were in latitude 24 degrees 40 minutes south, longitude 120 degrees 40 minutes west, and from these observations he concluded they were on land called Ducie's Island.

After several days' search for water, a spring was found which could only be made available at low water. Some fish and a few birds were caught, and a few birds' eggs were found amid the clefts of the rocks, but everything eatable was speedily devoured uncooked. The boats were hauled up on the beach and made as seaworthy as possible with the limited supply of tools which the men had. The island was found to be entirely barren of vegetable growth, except for a small quantity of "pepper-grass." Realizing that they could not keep alive on such a barren spot, which was far from the haunts of ships, they decided to set sail again. At the last moment three of their number concluded they would remain on the island, rather than face an uncertainty, and on the 27th of December, the remainder of the crew took farewell of their comrades and set forth, with the island of Juan Fernandez as the fixed destination. There were three colored men in the crew.

On the 7th of January, Chase's journal recorded that they were in latitude 30 degrees 18 minutes south, longitude 117 degrees 29 minutes west. Three days later the first death occurred—that of Second Mate Joy. On the 12th a severe storm came up and the boats became separated, and were never again brought together. The allowance of bread in Chase's boat was the next day reduced to one and one-half ounces per day. One day the boat was attacked by a large shark, which followed their progress for miles, and his presence so preyed on the mind of one of the colored men that he became insane and died on the 20th, his body being committed to the sea.

Mr. Chase, in his journal, says: "Our sufferings were now drawing to a close. A terrible death awaited us and hunger became extreme. Our speech and reason became impaired. A man named Isaac Cole became mad and soon died. The next day we made preparations for his burial, but a consultation was held and the terrible verdict rendered was that the body of our ship-mate must be served as food for his companions. We separated his limbs from the body, cut off all the flesh, took out the heart, sewed up the remains in canvas, and committed it to the deep. We then made a fire, cooked the flesh and partook of it, our extreme condition causing us to enjoy with a relish our first taste of fresh meat for days, even if it was the flesh of our dead comrade. The painful recollection of this experience in after years became, to my mind, the most revolting ideas that it is capable of conceiving."

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* * * * *

Upon his return to Nantucket, Captain Pollard took command of the ship Two Brothers, which, five months out, struck a reef somewhere to the westward of the Sandwich Islands and was lost. He never went to sea again, dying in 1860, at the age of eighty-one.

Owen Chase, on the other hand, was always fortunate. In 1832 a new ship, the Charles Carroll, was built for him on Brant point, Nantucket, and he filled her twice, each time with twenty-eight hundred barrels of sperm oil.

* * * * *

Nantucket had another staunch ship which was sunk by a whale—the Union, which sailed in 1807, under command of Capt. Edmund Gardner. When 12 days out the vessel was attacked by a large whale and had her bows smashed in, so that she soon after sank. The captain and crew reached the Azores, after being in the boats seven days and eight nights.

There have been several other occasions when whales have attacked ships at sea. In 1826, the United States sloop-of-war Peacock, while under sail, going seven or eight knots, ran against a whale basking on the surface of the water. The whale turned on the ship and inflicted serious injuries, causing her to leak.

In 1856 ship Cuban, while on a passage from Demerara to Greenock, in latitude 43 degrees 89 minutes, longitude 26 degrees 50 minutes west, was struck by a whale "so powerful as to heel her over several streaks and stop her head-way." The whale appeared to be stunned by the blow, but after approaching the ship, as if for another attack, wheeled around in the opposite direction, and smashed her side in with his tail, then diving from sight.

Many a Nantucket ship had its boats smashed both by the jaws of the whale and by its tail, and many a man lost his life at such times, but never was there anything in the annals of the whale fishery which equalled the loss of the Essex.

as he landed, took an observati
found they were in latitude 24 de
40 minutes south, longitude 120
grees 40 minutes west, and from th
observations he concluded they we
on land called Ducie's Island.

After several days' search for
water, a spring was found which could
only be made available at low water.
Some fish and a few birds were caught,
and a few birds' eggs were found
amid the clefts of the rocks, but every
thing eatable was speedily devoured
uncooked. The boats were hauled up
on the beach and made as seaworthy
as possible with the limited supply of
tools which the men had. The island
was found to be entirely barren of
vegetable growth, except for a small
quantity of "pepper-grass." Realiz-
ing that they could not keep alive on
such a barren spot, which was far
from the haunts of ships, they decided
to set sail again. At the last moment
three of their number concluded they
would remain on the island, rather
than face an uncertainty, and on the
27th of December, the remainder of
the crew took farewell of their com-
rades and set forth, with the island of
Juan Fernandez as the fixed destina-
tion. There were three colored men
in the crew.

On the 7th of January, Chase's
journal recorded that they were in
latitude 30 degrees 18 minutes south,
longitude 117 degrees 29 minutes west.
Three days later the first death oc-
curred—that of Second Mate Joy. On
the 12th a severe storm came up and
the boats became separated, and were
never again brought together. The
allowance of bread in Chase's boat
was the next day reduced to one and
one-half ounces per day. One day the
boat was attacked by a large shark,
which followed their progress for
miles, and his presence so preyed on
the mind of one of the colored men
that he became insane and died on the
20th, his body being committed to the
sea.

Mr. Chase, in his journal, says:
"Our sufferings were now drawing to
a close. A terrible death awaited us
and hunger became extreme. Our
speech and reason became impaired.
A man named Isaac Cole became mad
and soon died. The next day we made
preparations for his burial, but a con-
sultation was held and the terrible
verdict rendered was that the body
of our ship-mate must be served as
food for his companions. We separated
his limbs from the body, cut off all
the flesh, took out the heart, sewed
up the remains in canvas, and com-
mitted it to the deep. We then made
a fire, cooked the flesh and partook of
it, our extreme condition causing us
to enjoy with a relish our first taste
of fresh meat for days, even if it was
the flesh of our dead comrade. The
painful recollection of this experience
in after years became, to my mind,
the most revolting ideas that it is
capable of conceiving."

seen about seven miles off, which proved to be the brig Indian, Capt. William Crozier, of London. Owen Chase and his men were rescued in latitude 33 degrees 45 minutes south, longitude 81 degrees 3 minutes west, and on the 25th of February the men were landed at Valparaiso. The survivors were but three in number—Owen Chase, Benjamin Lawrence and the boy, Thomas Nicholson, all of Nantucket.

The captain's and the second mate's boats had even worse experiences after the boats became separated than did Owen Chase and his men. Captain Pollard, after the separation, continued to make his way towards Juan Fernandez, but the supply of food gave out and they were obliged to sustain life by eating the body of a colored man, named Charles Shorter, who had died. His flesh was shared with the men in the second mate's boat, who the following day resorted to the flesh of another colored man named Lawson Thomas, who died from exhaustion. The fate of the second mate's boat was never known, for the day of the second enforced cannibal feast, the two boats became separated for good.

The last of January another colored man died, named Stephen Shepherd, the negroes being unable to live upon short rations as well as could the white men. Shepherd's body was also used as food, but a few days later, when the last bit of flesh had been devoured, the captain and the three men left with him realized that they must draw lots to see which should be the one to suffer death that his companions might live. The fate fell to Owen Coffin, who, with great fortitude and submission, accepted the verdict. Lots were drawn to see who should be his executioner, and the hard task fell on Charles Ramsdelle.

On February 11th, Barzilla Ray died, and on his body and that of Coffin, Captain Pollard and Ramsdelle, the only survivors of the boat's crew, subsisted until the morning of the 23d, when they were picked up by the Nantucket ship Dauphin, Capt. Zimri Coffin, in latitude 37 degrees south, off the island of St. Mary's. A touching incident of the dreadful tragedy enacted in Captain Pollard's boat was when the lot fell to Coffin to die. He was a cousin of Captain Pollard and the latter wished to take his place, but Coffin claimed the right to be sacrificed to save his companions. On the 17th of March Captain Pollard and Ramsdelle were landed at Valparaiso—two weeks after Owen Chase and his men reached there. Five men, all Nantucketers, held one of the most touching reunions on record, and it was with tears in their eyes that Captain Pollard and Mate Chase joined hands and recited to each other the horrors they had been through, each having the thought of having been forced by circumstances into cannibalism to face throughout the remainder of his life.

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RESCUES

Captain Chase and his men rescued many crews from wrecks.

Here is a list of a few of these rescues.

H. P. Kirkham on Rose and Crown Shoals
January 20, 1892. page 112

Western Belle on South Shoals
March 20, 1892. page 113

Minnie C. Taylor in the Chord of the Bay
January 13, 1894. page 114

M. D. Borda on Great Point Rip
February 5, 1894. page 114

Laura V. Rose on Tuckernuck Shoals
October 9, 1894 page 114

Elmiranda on Great Point Rip
December 6, 1895 page 115

The page refers to the very valuable book: Wrecks Around Nantucket, written by Arthur H. Gardner and first published in 1915.

A new edition has brought the records up to 1954.

This book contains the stories of over five hundred wrecks from 1664 to 1954.

It is for sale at the entrance of the Whaling Museum and at all Nantucket bookstores. Price $2.00.

a.

CHASE GENEALOGY

GENEALOGY

of the Family of Walter and Owen Chase

Outline:

Judah of Yarmouth, 1767 - 1846
Owen of Nantucket, 1797 - 1869
William Henry, 1824 -
Walter Nelson, 1852 - 1929

The following pages give the births, marriages and deaths four generations above.

OWEN CHASE

Desire Chase - was born ? date - Gave birth to Judah out of wedlock.
After Judah's birth she married Batchelder Swain ? date -(G.R. 4 - P.R. 38)

Judah Chase - was born in Nantucket on January 23, 1764 and died of old age on July 22nd 1846 - a widower. He was a yeoman by trade. He was married twice - first to Phebe Meader - daughter of Benjamin Meader - Second to Ruth (Beard) Coffin. (G.R. 4 - P.R. 38)

..... From Pollard Papers - Vol. 2 - p. 23 .....

Judah Chase: was born away in January 1764, son of Desire.
Died in Nantucket on July 23, 1846. Married
Phebe Meader - daughter of Benjamin & Susan -
on January 1, 1787. She died April 18, 1808.

.....

Owen Chase - was born in Nantucket on October 7, 1797 and died in Nantucket on March 7, 1869 - He was married four times:

First - Owen Chase & Pegga Gardner - on April 28, 1819. (Peggy - C.R. 2)
Owen son of Judah & Phebe (Meader) & Margaret - (dup. Peggy)
Gardner (first wife) daughter of George & Judith (Gardner)(Smith) P.R. 38
Peggy - wife of Owen died on September 26, 1824 - a. 26 years, 10 mos. 24 days
(Son of Judah - da. of George Gardner & Judith (Gardner) (Smith) 24 yrs.
9 mos. 1826 - (1826 written in pencil - dup 26, 9 mo. 1824) P.R. 38

.....From Pollard Papers .....

First Marriage.

Married Peggy Gardner - born 1798 - daughter of George & Judith Gardner - Died September 26, 1822

.....

Owen Chase - Second

Owen Chase married Nancy Joy on June 15, 1825 (Owen - son of Judah & Phebe (Meader) and Nancy Joy (Widow of Matthew Joy) - daughter of Benjamin Slade and Rhoda Coleman. (P.R. 38)

Nancy - wife of Captain Owen - died August 11, 1833. a. 35 (G.R. 1 - a. 39 - G.R. 2)

Second wife Owen (son of Judah & Phebe) widow Matthew Joy and daughter - Benjamin Slade & Rhoda (Coleman) 11th 7 mos. (P.R. 38)

.....From.Pollard.Papers.....

Second wife - Nancy Joy - widow of Mathew and child of Benj. Slade. Died August 8, 1833.

.....

Third - Owen Chase married Eunice Chadwick on April 5, 1836 (Owen - son of Judah & Phebe (Meader) and Eunice Chadwick (third wife) daughter of Wm. Chadwick (P.R. 38)

.....From Pollard Papers.....

Eunice Chadwick - born August 22, 1808. Daughter of Wm. & Deborah. Divorced

.....

Fourth - Owen Chase married Susan Gwinn (int. both of Nantucket) on September 13, 1840 (Owen, son of Judah & Phebe (Meader) and Susan Guinn (dup. Gwinn) widow of Jas. Gwinn, Jr. & daughter of Jessie Coffin & Phebe Rawson - P.R. 38)

.....From.Pollard Papers .....

Fourth Wife - Susan Gwinn born August 25, 1807 - widow of James and daughter of Jesse Coffin - No Children

.....

d

OWEN CHASE

Children of Owen Chase & Peggy Gardner

1. Phebe Anne - born April 16, 1820 - later became wife of Gardner Coffin, Jr. ((son of Gardner & Mary) daughter of Owen & Margaret (Ga rdner) 6 mo. P.R. 38

   Married November 28, 1837 to Gardner Coffin, Jr. d. Owen & Margaret - Gardner Coffin, Jr. son of Gardner & Mary Goodwin) (P.R. 38)

2. Lydia G. - born in 1822 - Later became (first wife of Wm. H. Tice of Albany) daughter of Owen & Margaret (Gardner)

3. William Henry Chase 2nd. - born Sept. 14, 1824 (P.R. 38) son of Owen & Margaret (Gardner) - Husband of Mary Jane (daughter of William W. Morris & Lucinda)(Priv. records of Wm. C. Folger - Geneological records in Historical Assoc.) Married May 23, 1847 in Nantucket. Wm. H. single - 23 yrs. old. - Mariner - born in Nantucket - son of Owen & Margaret & Mary J. Morris - 19 yrs. old - born in Nantucket - daughter of William & Lucinda - all of Nantucket -(Wm. Henry Chase - son of Owen & Margaret) & Mary Jane Morris - daughter Wm. W. & Lucinda- P.R. 38)

4. Adeline Chase - born - July 1833 - daughter of Owen & Nancy (Slade) (Joy) and later became the wife of Capt. Francis Worth (son of Shubael & Elizabeth) (Dup. 2d. 7 mos. 1834) P.R. 38

5. Charles Frederick Chase was born January 17, 1838 - the son of Owen and Eunice (Chadwick) P.R. 38

OWEN CHASE

.....From Pollard Papers.....

Children of Owen Chase & Peggy Gardner

1. Phebe Anne - born April 1820 - Married Gardner Coffin - son of Gardner & Mary
2. Lydia G. - born June 1822 - married William H. Tice of New York
   died at Nantucket - December 3, 1871
3. William H. - born Sept. 1824 - married Mary J. Morris - daughter of
   William H. & Lucinda

Child of Owen Chase & Nancy Joy

1. Adeline - born July 1833 - Married Francis Worth - ch. of Shubael & Elizabeth.

Child of Owen Chase & Eunice Chadwick.

1. Charles Frederick - born July 16, 1837

.....

Grand Children

1. Lydia T. Coffin - born on Nantucket on April 4, 1844 - daughter of Gardner
   & Phebe Anne Chase of Nantucket - (Lydia Tice Coffin - later became
   wife of Wm. C. Russell) P.R. 38
2. Adeline W. Coffin - born September 9, 1855 - daughter of Gardner and
   Phebe A. (Chase) - Father was a Farmer in Nantucket
3. Walter Nelson Chase - born in Nantucket on May 14, 1852 - son of William H.
   Chase 2nd - Occupation Mariner - & Mary J. Morris Chase. Later married
   Lydia Morris of Nantucket. As Keeper of Coskata Life Saving Station
   he received a Gold Congressional Medal of Honor for Outstanding Bravery.
   (medal at Historical Assoc. Fair Street.) He died on September 27, 1929
   in Nantucket.

OWEN CHASE

Grand children - cont.

4. Nancy Emma Worth - was born in Nantucket December 29, 1857 - the child of Francis S. & Adeline Chase Worth. On March 21, 1882 she married in Nantucket David G. Swain of Brockton - aged 30 - a carpenter - Bride (Nannie C. aged 24) daughter of Francis S. & Adeline Chase First marriage of both (Nant. Vital Statistics - Marriage Records)

5. George F. Worth - died in Nantucket on August 22, 1928 - Single - aged 65 yrs. 11 mos. 22 days. Living in Nantucket at time of death. was born in Nantucket. Fisherman - son of Francis S. Worth and Adeline Chase. (Death Records - Nantucket)

(Walter N. Chase was his sole heir)

JOHN FRANKLIN WALLING

1912 - 1945

a.

COMMANDER JOHN FRANKLIN WALLING U.S.N.

1912 - - - 1945

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, 1912

Father: Charles Harold Walling

Mother: Georgie (Lillian Smith) Walling

Came to Nantucket when he was four months old and later, by the Selectmen of the town, was received as a Nantucketer.

Attended Nantucket schools

Graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy 1930

To India as ordinary seaman, on Tampa U.S. Pioneer Line 1931

Graduated from U. S. Naval Academy 1935

Executive Officer U. S. Submarine Flying Fish 1942-43

Married Miss Doris Annabella Helmcamp 1942

Commander of "Walling's Whalers", a "wolf pack patrol" of three submarines and Captain of the Snook, one of the three, 1945

Reported "missing in action" August 9, 1945

NOTIFICATION TO FAMILY

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

75090

7 May 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harold Walling
19 Brant Point Road
Nantucket, Massachusetts

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Walling:

Your son, Commander John Franklin Walling, United States Navy has been carried on the official records of the Navy Department in the status of missing in action as of 5 May 1945. He was serving aboard the USS SNOOK when that submarine failed to return from patrol operations in the South China Sea.

On 25 March 1945, the SNOOK departed from Guam Island, The Marianas, to conduct a war patrol in the South China Sea, including Luzon Strait, the south coast of China and the east coast of Hainan Island. The submarine returned to Guam on 27 March 1945 for emergency repairs and again departed for the patrol area on 28 March 1945. The SNOOK communicated with another submarine on 8 April 1945, at which time she gave her position within the patrol area. No further communication was received from the SNOOK and she failed to return to Saipan Island, The Marianas, on or about 5 May 1945, in accordance with her schedule. To date, no further information has been received by the Navy Department concerning the fate of the submarine or her crew.

In view of the strong probability that the submarine sank during action in enemy-controlled waters, and that your son lost his life as a result thereof, because no official or unconfirmed reports have been received that he survived, because his name has not appeared on any lists or reports of personnel liberated from Japanese prisoner of war camps, and in view of the length of time that has elapsed since he was reported to be missing in action, I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that your son is deceased. In compliance with Section 5 of Public Law 490, 77th Congress, as amended, the death of your son is, for the purposes of termination of pay and allowances, settlement of accounts, and payment of death gratuities, presumed to have occurred as of 6 May 1946, which is the day following the expiration of twelve months in the missing status.

I know what little solace the formal and written word can be to help meet the burden of your loss, but in spite of that knowledge, I cannot refrain from saying very simply, that I am sorry. It is hoped that you may find comfort in the thought that your son gave his life for his country, upholding the highest traditions of the Navy.

Sincerely yours,

James Forrestal

THE LATE COMMANDER JOHN F. WALLING.
(From a photo by Louis Davidson)

Commander Walling was in charge of the submarine *Snook*, reported as "missing" in the Pacific last May and in August officially announced "lost" by the Navy Department. The *Snook* carried a crew of ninety men and was the 46th submarine listed as lost since Pearl Harbor.

John F. Walling was a native of Providence, where we was born on February 2, 1912. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1935, and throughout his naval career he served on submarines more than on any other type of vessel. His advancement in the Navy was steady and he was promoted to the rank of Commander and placed in command of the *Snook*, which was launched at Portsmouth, N. H., in August, 1942.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Annabel Walling, he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Georgie L. Walling, and a sister, Mrs. Nancy Walling Sims.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND,

MARCH 9, 1946.

Navy Officially Announces Commander Walling Lost.

Although his mother, Mrs. Georgie L. Walling, was notified several months ago that her son, Commander John Franklin Walling, of Nantucket, was "missing," it was not until Saturday last that the Navy Department at Washington announced that the submarine Snook, which he commanded, was "long over-due from patrol and "presumed lost" somewhere in the Pacific. She is the 46th U. S. submarine listed as lost since Pearl Harbor and the 328th Naval lost of all types.

The crew of the Snook normally numbered ninety men, all of whom are now reported "missing in action" and are undoubtedly lost. The Snook was built at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard and was launched on the 15th of August, 1942. She was of 1525 tons displacement.

Commander Walling was a native of Providence, where he was born February 2, 1912. His mother now resides in a cottage on Rose Lane. He leaves a sister, Mrs. Nancy Walling Sims, wife of Albert Sims. His widow, Mrs. Annabella Walling, had her home in Mystic, Conn., but during her late husband's service in the Pacific she made her home on the west coast.

John Walling graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1935 and throughout his naval career served on submarines more than any other type of vessel. His advancement in the Navy was steady and the people of Nantucket, as well as the members of his immediate family, had taken great pride in following his career in the Navy.

Of a congenial, friendly temperament. "John" was popular with all classes. Whenever he came home on leave, he donned civilian clothes as soon as possible and delighted in the companionship of his friends about town and about the water front. He was never happier than he was on the waters of Nantucket harbor and sound, or mingling with other members of the Wharf Rat Club.

Commander Walling held the Silver Star Medal, awarded for gallant conduct as diving officer of a submarine "during successful attacks against one enemy Kongo type battleship."

He was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of the Pacific Club, and of the Wharf Rat Club.

From"United States Submarine Operations in World War 11" Page 463

Loss of Snook

" Walling's Whalers " left Guam on March 25 to conduct a wolf-pack patrol in " Convoy College " and perform lifeguard missions if so directed by dispatch.
The " Whalers" were Burfish, Bang and Snook under group leadership of Commander John F. Walling, captain of Snook.

On March 27, Snook returned to Guam for emergency repairs. The following day she headed out to rejoin her group. She was ordered to tramsmit weather reports as she proceeded westward, and these she dispatched daily until April 1 when she was told to discontinue them. On that same day Walling's submarine was ordered to join a coordinated attack group- " Hiram's Hecklers "- under Commander Hiram Cassedy in Tigrone. The " Whalers " had been disbanded, Bang and Burfish having been assigned to lifeguard duty.

Tigrone was in contact with Snook on April 8, and the latter's position at that time was 18-40 N,,111-39 E. On April 9, Tigrone attempted to communicate with Snook, but received no answer. It was assumed Walling's submarine had moved eastward toward Luzon Strait. And on April 12 she was ordered to serve as a lifeguard during a Brisish carrier-air strike. For this duty she was to take station in the vicinity of Sakeshima Gunto, about 200 miles east of northern Formosa. On April 20 the commander of a British carrier task force reported a plane downed in Snook's area. The dispatch also stated that the British force commander was unable to contact Snook by radio. Bang was thens ent to rendezvous with Snook. Bang arrived on the scene in time to rescue three British aviators, but she saw no sign of Walling's submarine. By mid-May, the submarine still missing, Headquarters was convinced Snook was lost.

The Japanese reported no A/S attacks which could account for the loss of Snook. The Sakeshima Gunto area was mined, but Snook was fully informed on the location of the mine fields. During April and May, five Japanese submarines were sunk in Nansei Shoto waters, and a number of Japanese submarines were contacted in the Sakeshima Gunto area at the time Snook was to have been there on lifeguard station. Japanese submarine captains had been instructed to watch for U.S.submarines on the surface doing lifeguard duty. This suggests the possibility that Snook was sunk by an enemy submarine which was, in turn, destroyed at a later date.

Going down with all hands, Snook left behind her a superior record. While captained by Commander C.O.Triebel, she had sunk 14 Japanese ships, and in October, 1944, she had accounted for three more. Somewhere in the Western Pacific- east of Luzon Strait ?- off Sakeshima Gunto ?- she fought her last battle of the war.

LAST MESSAGES RECEIVED

U. S. S. SNOOK (SS 279)

Care of Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California

Serial

24 March. 1945

Dear Mother and Nance and Tot and al and The Jumps;

I always pause for a long breath when I've finished that Salutation! We have stopped for a few hours at a very advanced base, last time I was here was en route the China Station in Ramapo in 1938, and it's certainly changed since then. Don't know as I'd care to refit here, however, for there are still small groups of Japs roaming about in the hills, descending into our areas for food and such as the need drives them, and taking pot shots at our men just to keep their hands in. I don't see how a body could rest and recreate very completely under such conditions!

I know well where I inherited my horrible sense for cleanliness, and while I'm sure it's the proper feeling to have, it certainly doesn't always fit in with other people's ideas. Of course, I believe you have a more fiendish passion for cleanliness, and a more highly developed hatred for dirt, than I, but you've had more years to develope them. I'm coming along fast, however, as my officers can testify, to their sorrow and embarassment, altho sometimes I question if our newest wonders have much sense of pride in their jobs, being far more concerned with when the war will be over and they can get back to their farms or oil fields, or what nots.

This morning, over on another submarine, one of the mess -

a

30 December, 1944.

Here it is, Christmas, or should I say, New Year's eve and I don't have the date wrong. Tomorrow, for us at least, will be New Year's day since we cross the International Date Line tonight. Perhaps it's only psycological because I know what's ahead of us, but already I am getting cold and am vainly pleading with the 1st. Lt. to secure some of the air conditioning ere I freeze before we egt there. But he's a big, blond, farm boy from Iowa and thinks fresh air is healthy. The days from here to our area I spend trying to devise schemes and plans for the patrol, figuring from past performances where the Jap is most apt to be found at this time of year and reading all the voluminous references concerning the Area. And of course there's the enormous pile of official mail thru all of which we must wade. So the time doesn't drag. Then there's all the training of the men at their new stations to be done so that, although quite new to their jobs now, by next week they will have to be pretty expert.

5 January 1945

The actual date doesn't mean much out here in the middle of nowhere. It's getting cold and very rough so that we've been only crawling along all day Now and then we get a glimpse of the sun but mostly it's rain squalls and ominously, sleet now and then. With these mountainous seas, it doesn't seem possible when the bow dips way down that it can rise soon enough, without bending in the middle, to keep the bridge from being engulfed by by the towering wall of angry water that races at us high in the sky ahead. Once in a while, of course, we take one in and if we tried to make any speed, to do anything but just keep bowing and c rtsying into them, we'd be completely covered.

Our junior officer who comes from near Boston and joined us just before we sailed, has been hors de combat now for three days. The Pharmacist's Mate's special seasick pills didn't seem to have any effect and poor Andy just got or continued sicker and sicker until I told him to turn in for a while until we start being submerged a l day. Now, when we make our routine half-hour morning dive, we no sooner get steadied down under water than Andy goes springing to the head and back to languish for another day. The disgraceful part of it is that although his bunk is in the stateroom just forward of me, and when I'm in this com artment I'm never more than ten feet from him, I've not go ten around to seeing him since we left. As if he lived several difficult miles from here, I politely inquire of the officers who share his room with him, his health and protest," I must get in to see him." For all I know he may not even be there. He could have been a victim of foul play and the officers could be fooling me. I'd better take a look.

7-January.

It gets colder and colder and the watch officers are wearing everything they can get on now. What shall we do when it gets really cold. Me, I'm preparing for it by bravely poking my head up on the bridge as many as three times a day to see if the situation is as horrible as the tossing about below decks indicates, and by eating three large meals a day to build up my strength and consequently, my waist line. Since I'm wearing so many clothes now that I never get to see in as far as myself, it's difficul to tell just how much larger the real me is growing. I'm positive my belt is out to the bitter end, at its last hole, simply because of all the heavy clothes.

I finally called on the sick one just in time to watch him quietly and deftly deposit his supper into a handy tin can. He's not held down any solid food for days but, being a rather large individual, I believe he'll last until we reach the Area.

LAST MESSAGES RECEIVED

U. S. S. SNOOK (SS 279)

Care of Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California

Serial 24 March 1945

Dear Mother and Nance and Tot and al and The Imps;

Dalways pause for a long breath when I've finished that Salutation! We have stopped for a few hours at a very advanced base, last time I was here was en route the China Station in Ramapo in 1938, and it's certainly changed since then. Don't know as I'd come to refit here, however, for there are still small groups of Japs roaming about in the hills, descending into our areas for food and such as the need drives them, and taking pot shots at our men just to keep their hands in. I don't see how a body could rest and recreate very completely under such conditions!

I know well where I inherited my horrible sense for cleanliness, and while I'm sure it's the proper feeling to have, it certainly doesn't always fit in with other people's ideas. Of course, I believe you have a more fiendish passion for cleanliness, and a more highly developed hatred for dirt, than I, but you've had more years to develope them. I'm coming along fast, however, as my officers can testify, to their sorrow and embarassment, altho sometimes I question if our newest wonders have much sense of pride in their jobs, being far more concerned with when the war will be over and they can get back to their farms or oil fields, or what nots.

This morning, over on another submarine, one of the mess -

a

30 December, 1944.

Here it is, Christmas, or should I say, New Year's eve and I don't have the date wrong. Tomorrow, for us at least, will be New Year's day since we cross the International Date Line tonight. Perhaps it's only psycop logical because I know what's ahead of us, but already I am getting cold and am vainly pleading with the 1st. Lt. to secure some of the air condi tioning ere I freeze before we egt there. But he's a big, blond, farm boy from Iowa and thinks fresh air is healthy. The days from here to our area I spend trying to devise schemes and plans for the patrol, figur- ing from past performances where the Jap is most apt to be found at this time of year and reading all the voluminous references concerning the Area. And of course there's the enormous pile of official mail thru all of which we must wade. So the time doesn't drag. Then there's all the training of the men at their new stations to be done so that, although quite new to their jobs now, by next week they will have to be pretty expert.

5 January 1945

The actual date doesn't mean much out here in the middle of nowhere. It's getting cold and very rough so that we've been only crawling along all day Now and then we get a glimpse of the sun but mostly it's rain squalls and ominously, sleet now and then. With these mountainous seas, it doesn't seem possible when the bow dips way down that it can rise soon enough, without bending in the middle,to keep the bridge from being engulfed by by the towering wall of angry water that races at us high in the sky ahead. Once in a while, of course, we take one in and if we tried to make any speed, to do anything but just keep bowing and c rtsying into them, we'd be completely covered.
Our junior officer who comes from near Boston and joined us just before we sailed, has been hors de combat now for three days. The Pharmacists's Mate's special seasick pills didn't seem to have any effect and poor Andy just got or continued sicker and sicker until I told him to turn in for a while until we start being submerged a l day. Now, when we make our routine half-hour morning dive, we no sooner get steadied down under water than Andy goes springing to the head and back to languish for another day. The disgraceful part of it is that although his bunk is in the stateroom just forward of me, and when I'm in this com artment I'm never more than ten feet from him, I've not go ten around to seeing him since we left. As if he lived several difficult miles from here, I politely inquire of the officers who share his room with him, his health and protest," I must get in to see him." For all I know he may not even be there. He could have been a victim of foul play and the officers could be fooling me. I'd better take a look.

7-January.

It gets colder and colder and the watch officers are wearing everything they can get on now. What shall we do when it gets really cold. Me, I'm preparing for it by bravely poking my head up on the bridge as many as three times a day to see if the situation is as horrible as the tossing about below decks indicates, and by eating three large meals a day to build up my strength and consequently, my waist line. Since I'm wearing so many clothes now that I never get to see in as far as myself, it's difficul to tell just how much larger the real me is growing. I'm posi- tive my belt is out to the bitter end, at its last hole, simply because of all the heavy clothes.
I finally called on the sick one just in time to watch him quietly and deftly deposit his supper into a handy tin can. He's not held down any solid food for days but, being a rather large individual, I believe he'll last until we reach the Area.

b

9 January.

Now it is really cold, all I said above and more. Heavy snow and sleet storms most of the time. I hate to think of what I could wear if I had to stay on the bridge long. for already, and just to keep warm below, in full blast of a heater, I have on as follows; flannel underwear(sometimes unromantically called " drawers"), flannel shirt, heavy felt trousers, very heavy socks; and a fur-lined vest when I venture as far as the control room. Those unfortunates who cannot, as I, loll about below just eating and sleeping and who have to expose themselves to the elements, are wearing the above basic foundation garment plus mukluk boots- big, thin-sided, very thick-soled,knee length boots into which one puts his foot or a reasonable fac-simile of same after it's encased in two pair of heavy woolen socks and a felt bootee- aviators leather jackets and trousers, fur-lined, the head being wrapped up in various combinations of scarfs, face masks, knitted hoods, watchcaps and goggles. It takes a good thirty minutes to get rigged up into this little outfit. How happy will be the day, perhaps on our next patrol when instead of the word coming down from the bridge" we are passing thru a heavy snow squall" we can hear the word "thunderstorm" substituted.

12 January.

Its very nice and comfortable to be in the Area and near land, so that we have to dive daily to keep from being seen. Only then does the boat become the least bit warm, maybe up to 60. On the surface at night one has the feeling of "soneone's left the front door open" as the icy blasts finger their way below, but sub,erged after six or eight hours, the air is sort of tepid, like old ~~water~~ used bath water.
The land hereabouts is most foreboding and desolate looking; snow covered peaks and glaciers. Lodr knows why anuone should want to live here, and fr from our lack of contacts, thus early in the patrol, perhaps no one does. Andy is up on his feet all day while we are down and is beginning to fill out his somewhat cadeverous form by keeping down his chow. Soon as we surface, however, he leaps into his sack like a startled fawn.

14 January.

What a day, chasing about in the ice fields, trying to get out of them, all in a driving blizzard. For a while, I thought we might be spending the winter up here. It's a great consolation to know ~~we can~~ htat as a last resort we can always dive and go under the stuff if we can't get thru it. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever visualize myself conning a submarine thru an icefield.

17 January.

Seems like all there is to talk about is the weather and there is sure plenty of that. All day and night we've been bouncing into tremendous seas, a full gale, and a blizzard that puts us in our own private world some 500 yards in diameter, full of nothing but freezing spray and driving cold and snow. Ten minutes on the bridge and one was completely iced over, white as the ice-covered supers ructure. I know cause I looked- I didn't stay up to try it. Temperature is down to 20. And there's nothing we can do but just bow our heads into it and stand here and take it, like so many range cattle. And there's little proppect of improvement since thi this is the prevailing weather up here. Andy has fallen by the wayside again after holding up valiantly for the past few days, andhas taken to his bed.

22 January.

I was hoping by now to be able to regale you with some tale of our heroic doings, but so far, except for sleet, snow, mountainous seas, ice and cutting winds, this has been more or less of a picnic. Look who's talking. I don't have to stand up in the ice and cold for two hours at a time. Usually I get only as far as the Conning Tower hatch before the cold drive me shivering and trembling below.

Today was a headliner as it were, for on this day, for the first time since donning them some weeks ago, I changed my drawers. I decided maybe we needed something explosive, dynamic, out-of-this-world terrific, to change our luck and give us some good hunting; and the biggest thing I could think of was that change which I unhesitatingly made, bravely, well-knowing the sacrifice I was makingexchanging soft, broken-in, old ones for itchy, tight, unaccustomed new ones, but smilingly prepared to do my bit. As an added attraction, I also withdrew my feet from the soft old socks in which they had been happy for weeks, examined the socks- and an hour later when I had regained consciousness, cut my toe nails the pieces flying about my stateroom zinging off the sheet metal bulkheads like angry bullets. Sp here I sit writing with onehand, scratching the unaccustomed cleanliness with the other. Since I must always be on call, I can never afford to undress when I turn in so it will be a great change when we come in for refit and I can take off all this gear which right now approximates a skating costume for New England temperatures.

2 February.

And a Happy Birthday to you. Still nothing has turned up. I can just see the gulls laughing at us as we lurk about in the darkness and storms, saying "what the Devil is that boat fussing about here for. Don't they know we haven't had any boat garbage for months?" Sometimes I suspect the powers that be have forgotten about us and that anyday now the Admiral, while thumbing over a lsit of boats will come to " " and say " Now, what ever has become of the " "? And all his aides will paw feverishly about, tap foreheads knowingly, pass the buck rapidly about the bases a few times and then someone will pry out of a cranny behind some filing cabinet, our long-lost operation order, and then the Admiral, looking it over, will say" Why goodness me, call them back home if they haven't frozen to death yet, although that splendid chap, their skipper, Winters-" "No- Admiral, the skipper of ----- is Walling"." of course, of course, good friend of mine. As I was saying, although that splendid seaman, Waters"- " No, Admiral, Walling"- " Yes, that's what I said, Waley; although he's seen nothing but snow and ice for months on end, we must see that he receives suitable recognition. I have it. We'll send himto Alaska for refit. Stout fellow- that Waley".

What a very happy birthday you and Annabella had for me last year and what pleasant recollections I have of your visits with us, and our treks to Providence and Nantucket. That was certainly the happiest 18 months I've ever spent. This morning, while we were submerged and I was snoozing, I dreamed I was dozing on the rug before the fireplace at Watersmeet and Johnny came in, all wet from outside and collapsed on my chest; and I woke up saying " Gee, Johnny, whatever have you been rolling in" and it was the stink from the galley where they were frying fresh-frozen oysters for lunch. After having been out for a month, we are all coming down with head colds. It's most peculiar for Lord knows the air we breath here couldn't be purer and I should think the latent or potential colds germs we took out with us would have died by now for lack of nourishment, since we've been singularly free from colds up till now. I have knocked off smoking which is a good thing since at the rate I was going my tobacco supply would not have lasted out the patrol. Apparently that change of underwear didn't mean a thing and I'll be darned of I'll go thru the birth-pangs of breaking in another itchy suit. After all, I'll be wearing these only for another three weeks at the most.

Our nightly news broadcast from Australia- first, they give the news in Chinese, with a propriate music; then in English, with some old, dog-eared marches; then in Malay and Dutch with some exotic, hell-music, sounds marvellous. News of Olangapo almost makes me homesick.

Reuben Chase

d.

7 February.

We should be heading home but since the hunting was so bad, I asked for a few days more to try to get something. And now Manila has fallen, or, at leas has been entered. Maybe I'll be back out there before too long.
Don't forget to have the Ford'd registration renewed, since it expires the end of this month.
Vontrary to an sssertion above, I have finally succumbed and changed into my third and last set of flannel underwear. I've burned all my bridges behind me, as it were, and it's up to this pair to see me back.

10 February.

We are heading home, or at least we are trying to head home, but the wind and sea are so teffific that we can't run before them or we'll be flooded down the hatch so the best we can do is to head into them and be blown slowly astern, rolling and pitching wildly, everyone hanging on with his toes, until the battery is charged, then down we go into the quiet depths,to turn around and run in the right direction, oblivious of the tempest raging overhead- until we have to come up to charge again, anyway. Last night we didn't come up till after midnight and were donw again by dawn. Reminds me of a dog popping out of his place under the stove to lap some water, then going back under, to flop down with a contented sigh.
This patrol has been a beastly one, if only for the physical discomforts. Since we've sighted nary a Jap, and therefore, have done no damage, the patrol can't and won't be designated as successful, despite the fact that just to go where we've been at this time of year is an accomplishment in itself. I'm very proud of the way we've come thru it, that we've lost no men over the side and it's certainly been invaluable training in seamanship for me. But that's not what wins wars.
Having been out for some month and a half now, we can start grumbling about the chow. We're eating canned and/or dehydrated potatoes(the sweet canned potatoes are all right) which csarcely resemble their natural fresh counter-partexcept in physical appearance/canned/ having the flavor and texture of a mushy plaster. Fresh butter ran out two weeks ago and we're eating a canned variety which, unlike some canned butter I've had, has a strong cod-liver oil flavor. So we use jelly on bread and skip the butter, but here again, some one pulled a fast one on the commissary officer and unloaded some " mixed jellies" consisting almost exclusively of grape. The meat gets better and better as it becomes more aged and slightly tainted, as it were, and I guess the knocking around in the ice box that it gets makes it more tender. And the ice cream(praises be to him who invented ice cream/ powder which when mixed with water and whipped vigorously freezes in the ice box-) which we have every other day at least continues to be the No.1 dessert even though we should have had our fill of cold things by now.
And now commences the frenzied paper work by all officers to get in the necessary reports that will account for all our activity for the last seven weeks, and egt their jobs lined up for the refit, and plans made for transferring one fourth of the crew. Time certainly does not hang heavy here. We have a locker full of magazines received during the last refit which haven't been unwrapped yet.
I can't imagine being warm again, much less being hot. Amd when I think of our troops on Luzon at this, the hot, dry season there, and how hot it must be for them, crawling about in the rice paddies and mesas around Manila when we used to complain so about the heat while sipping a cool one on the breezy porch pf the A-N club, it just doesn't seem that such completely different conditions could exist, separated by only a few thousand miles.
Me, I'll take the hot, dry season anytime.

14 February-Happy Valentines Day.

Cheers, the thermometer in the Conning Tower said 45 this AM and after checking the temperature of the sea water at 48, I decided that now was the time for a change and a major one. So off came the flannel shirt and trouser

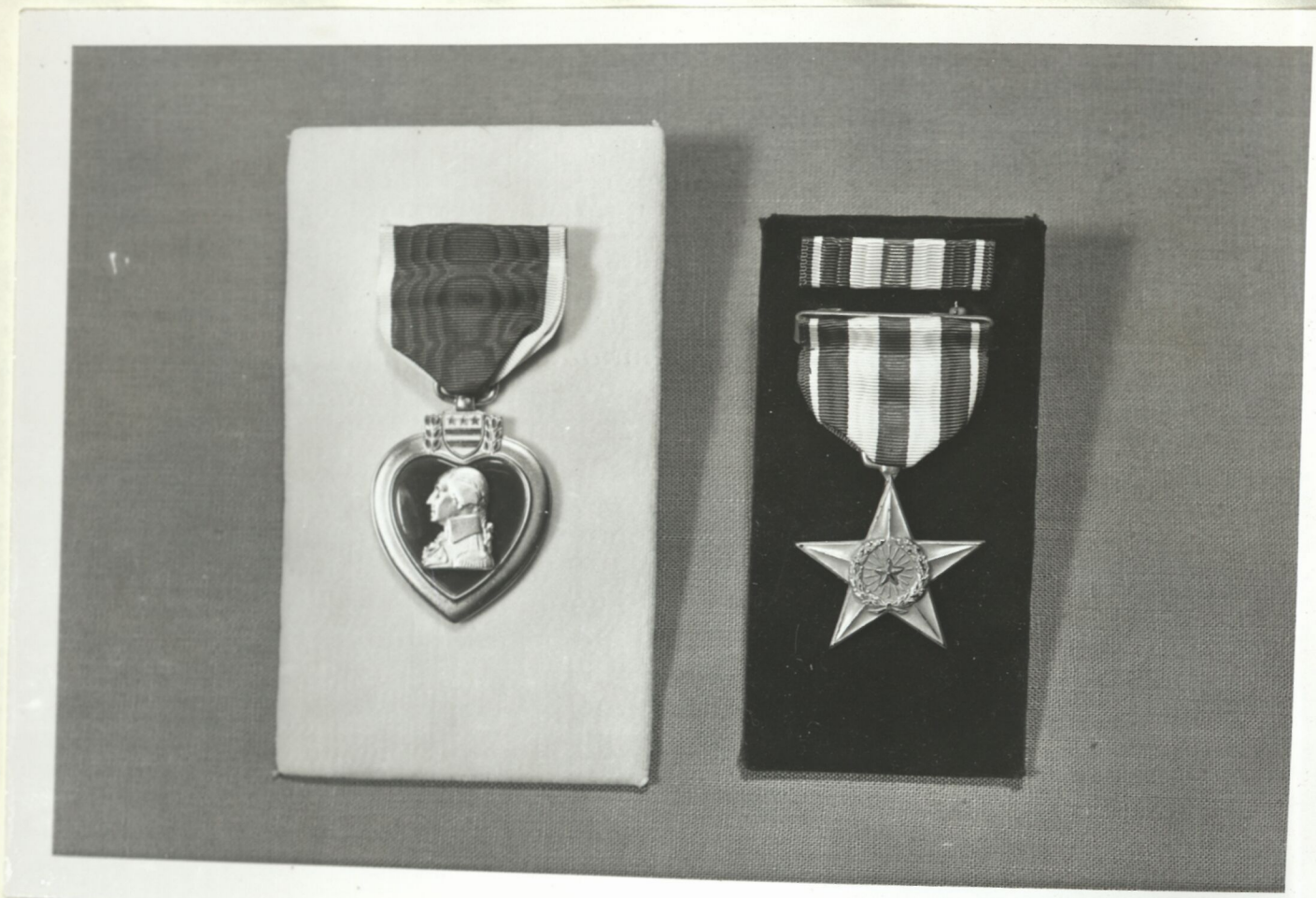
e.

I've been wearing for over a month, the heavy socks and the hated but warm drawers, and after daintily dabbing at myself with a damp cloth(warm water) and rubbing down briskly to restore the circulation, I returned to the normal garb of khakis in which light covering I feel positively naked.
It pleases me to report no visible signs of increased girthafter six weeks of stuffing myself. At least, my khaki trousers don't fit me any more snugly than they did when I got them. And, of course, I always liked them just a wee bit snug.
It's been beastly rough all the way back even though we are going before the seas. We'll be sledding along beautifullyand I'll be thinking we're out of the depression when we'll burrow our nose into one, a couple of bigger ones will crawl up on our back and come pouring down into the Conning Towerr hatch; and the Central Room watch which a few hoirs before had just finished drying things out will have to beginall over again.

15 February.

Only two or three more days to go and already it's getting warmer- 58- and the sun was out today and all the bearded faces on the bridge came down from watch with pinked faces. Even the water looks different, doesn't seem so heavy and thick but is acquiring that tropical clearness and airiness that characterizes tropical islands and their lagoons; sort of thin-like and reflecting every bit of sunshine- almost carbonated.
I hope this first batch of six sheets in two envelopeshas reached you simultaneously, since it should be read in order. I'll do better after we get inand I can write knowing that the letter is not going to sit in my desk for six weeks before I can mail it.
One news broadcast last month mentioned a very cold spell on the east coast. I hope you all came thru it all right.

MEDALS



b.

United States Pacific Fleet

a.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the SILVER STAR MEDAL to

LIEUTENANT JOHN F. WALLING, UNITED STATES NAVY

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For extremely gallant and intrepid conduct as Diving Officer of the U.S.S. FLYING FISH during successful attacks against one enemy KONGO Class battleship and a Japanese patrol vessel. During heavy enemy counter measures in which the FLYING FISH was severely damaged following the attack on the patrol vessel, Lieutenant Walling, disregarding the depth charges exploding very close aboard, skillfully and with cool courage, maintained proper depth despite a badly leaking after trim tank which caused an up angle of eighteen degrees. His loyal devotion to duty in a critical situation was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

For the President,

Frank Knox

Secretary of the Navy.

b.

United States Pacific Fleet

Flagship of the Commander in Chief

In the name of the President of the United States, the Commander in Chief, United States Pacific Fleet, takes pleasure in presenting the SILVER STAR MEDAL to

LIEUTENANT JOHN F. WALLING, UNITED STATES NAVY

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For gallantry and intrepidity in action in the line of his profession as Diving Officer of the ... during successful attacks against one enemy KONGO Class battleship and one enemy patrol vessel. One attack against a patrol vessel was followed by a severe enemy counter-attack during which the ... was severely damaged. With a badly leaking after trim tank, with an up angle of eighteen degrees and with depth charges exploding very close aboard, it was only by his skill and calm courage that proper depth was maintained and the boat was capable of returning to port. His courage and skill were in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service".

C.W. NIMITZ,
Admiral, U.S.Navy.

Non-Classified Citation.

TO AUSTIN STRONG

(Nancy-Charlotte- Marjorie Ripley

Suggestions for

NANTUCKET HEROES of the SEA
A Memorial to be maintained by the Nant. Hist. Asso.
possibly at Whaling Museum

33 ORANGE STREET
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

Cover duck cloth
letters embossed in blue

NANTUCKET HEROES
of the SEA

They saved lives
Some gave their lives

A MEMORIAL RECORD

Island Families are asked to add to this Record

CONTENTS

Take WALTER CHASE asan illustration

page 1 Photograph --under it Walter Chase 1852-1929
2 Heading:
A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON tell the story.
(signed by from Tressury Dept
signed by the Secretary of Treas.)

3. Newspaper clippings of the wreck of the Kirkam and the public recognition of the bravery of the crew at a meeting in the Unitarian Church

4. List of issues by Capt. Chase

5. The inheritance of Capt Chase
(grandson of Owen Chase of ESSEX)

6. References
Wrecks of Nant A.H.Gardner
Storms and Shipwrecks Ed R. Snow
etc
etc
etc

This is not a book about our heroes
It is a COLLECTION of letters ,clippings, pictures etc.
many of which are being lost

It can never be complete
It can grow and become a place where families may deposit items that pass from hand to hand and finnally worn out disappear,

U.S.S. SNOOK (SS 279)

Care of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California
8 February, 1945
AT SEA

r Mary and Austin;

Imagine my pleasant surprise this morning, while reading the Introduction to "Prize Stories of 1943 O.Henry Memorial Award," to look out of the corner of my eye at the index page and see "Austin Strong". And xixm so, for the first time, I read "SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC", and enjoyed it completely, altho at the time, we were travelling submerged while a veritable tornado raged overhead and I'd just finished breakfast and was congratulating myself on being so fortunate as to be riding out that particular gale in a submarine. I'm sure no other type of ship could have come through it unscathed. And so, having finished it, and then re-read it, I figured there could be no more appropriate occasion for a chit to you both.

This has been a very tiring and trying patrol in a sector of the Empire famous at this time of year for its ugly weather. We've been bucking snow and ice for a month now, which is not my idea of submarining. The seas have been terrific, veritable mountains up whose side we climb and, seem almost to teeter on the top, with a good quarter ship's length completly out of the water, I'm sure, before plunging madly down, down to the valley of sea fully a hundred feet below. It's the most awe-inspiring sight in the world, and one of the most beautiful, when you xxxxxxx just give the ship her head, don't xxx try to force her, and let her handle the situation. Each on-coming mountain of sea, carrying along on its crest thousands of whirling dervishers tossing their white capes in mad frenzy a nd howling and screaming, seems certain to engulf the puny ship, but then, miraculously and as tho suspended and controlled by a puppeteer's strings from Heaven. ...which I hope we are...her bow slowly rises, the bull-nose keeping just ahead of the rising wall of water, just barely above it, and up and up we sail, and suddenly look down and down into the next trough, and the the dervishers have hurtled past and jumped off their crest, white capes and all

TO AUSTIN STRONG

as tho in frustration, and up to windward millions of xxxx 'em all begin down on us. And now and then, just to remind us that we have'nt much to say about the situation, a cross-sea creeps up on our bow and throws itself aboard, and we come up spluttering and fuming. And with sea water 30 degrees F., that's no fun!

28 February, 1945

And now we're back in port for a rest and recreation and the group picture of SNNOK'S crew and battleflag shows the Wharf Rat XXXX pennant xxx snapping gaily from the fly of the battleflag. Thank you for the cheery letter I found awaiting me, and Missy forwarded me your Christmas card for inspection, and return for filing in the Walling archives. I loved it.

Annabella should have started school by now, and we'll be leaving again shortly. I'll be looking forward to another chit from you in the Spring, when we return. Four patrols, four seasons, one year gone!

Love
John

Dear Helen - When you are finished with this please forward it to Mrs Charles H. Walling in Nantucket. I am so happy that you have an apartment on the waterfront very clever girl! You certainly are a salt water nymph. Toodaloo! Love to Howard — hope Happy as I'll tickle you in the pants.

Your loving
Uncle

March 12th

a. b. 49

THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
OFFICE OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

ALUMNI SECRETARY
GERTRUDE E. STARKS

August 20, 1945

My dear Mrs. Walling:

A clipping from the Nantucket Island Inquirer and Mirror telling of the fate of the submarine Snook has just reached me and I want you to know how very sorry we are to learn the news. We knew that John was in command of the ship to which Tom Lamont was assigned and we knew Tom was presumed to be lost, but we dared to believe that John had survived.

I want to extend to you and his family our deepest sympathy. The Academy had many fine young men in action and they all acquitted themselves with distinction. John was no exception. We regret his death as a member of the Phillips Exeter family and I only wish that there was something that I could do, or say, that would lessen your heartache for we know that these are extremely hard days for all of you.

If the newspapers publish any other articles about him or if any other news of him is forthcoming from the Navy Department, won't you be good enough to share them with me. I shall want to mention John in the next issue of the Academy Bulletin and any help that you can give me in compiling facts will be greatly appreciated.

If there is a photograph of John that you are willing to either give to the school or loan to us, it also, would be appreciated. If it is sent as a gift we shall have it suitably framed and eventually hung on the walls of one of the Academy Buildings. If you prefer to loan it to us, we shall handle it very carefully and return it promptly. We shall publish a copy of the photograph in the Fall issue of the Bulletin.

Again, please accept my heartfelt sympathy. Let us hope that we who have been spared may never forget the sacrifice of men like John and that as caretakers, we may live true to the ideals for which they fought.

Most sincerely,

Gertrude E. Starks

Alumni Secretary

Mrs. George L. Walling
Rose Lane
Nantucket, Massachusetts

GES:S

Aug. 27 '45
Picture sent.

THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

OFFICE OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE TRUSTEES AND THE FACULTY OF THE
PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

WISHING TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF

John Franklin Walling

HAVE INSCRIBED HIS NAME ON THE ROLL OF EXETER MEN
WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY
DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR

THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Lewis Perry PRINCIPAL

b.

49

(1)

The Bronze Tablet, pictured ~~[illegible]~~ on the right hand page, found in Fair Street Museum, and the Bronze Tablet on the corner of the Pacific Bank relating to Thomas Turner, ~~[illegible]~~ have certain inaccuracies -

~~By~~ Emil F. Guba, PhD (University Illinois) a long time student and writer on Nantucket people, customs and events, ~~after search of [illegible] the following [illegible] correspondence with the [illegible] and documents for the consideration of the reader~~

HEROES!

ed by

MIDSHIPMAN, Bon Homme Richard

Paul Jones

MMODORE

AL TO COMDR. JONES

II

ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM

LIEUT. U.S. NAVY

HIS MEMORIAL

TO

COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONE

Chase

(1)

The Bronze Tablet, picturing ~~offcuts~~ ~~[illegible]~~ on the right hand page, formed in Fair Block Museum, and the Bronze Tablet on the cover of the Pacific Banks relating to Thomas Turner, ~~[illegible]~~ have certain inaccuracies -

By Ernest F. Guba, PhD
(University of Illinois) a long time
student and writer on Nantucket
people, customs and events;

~~after research of the following~~
~~published and documents~~
~~for the consideration of the reader~~

Noted Quaker was DC

Events,

after much research, Offers
the following documents, and
publication for the consideration
of the reader

6 Dr Guba's correspondence relates to Inaccuracies in the Tablet
2 DAR and the Thos Turner
Tablets
3 Authentic list and Honor Roll
~~Revolution~~ Nantucket of the Heroes of the Am Rev
4 Record of Rubber Chase
MD on Honor Roster
Sons
5. Cordelia
Shuff

Punta

NANTUCKET HEROES

Commended by

REUBEN CHASE, MIDSHIPMAN, BON HOMME RICHARD

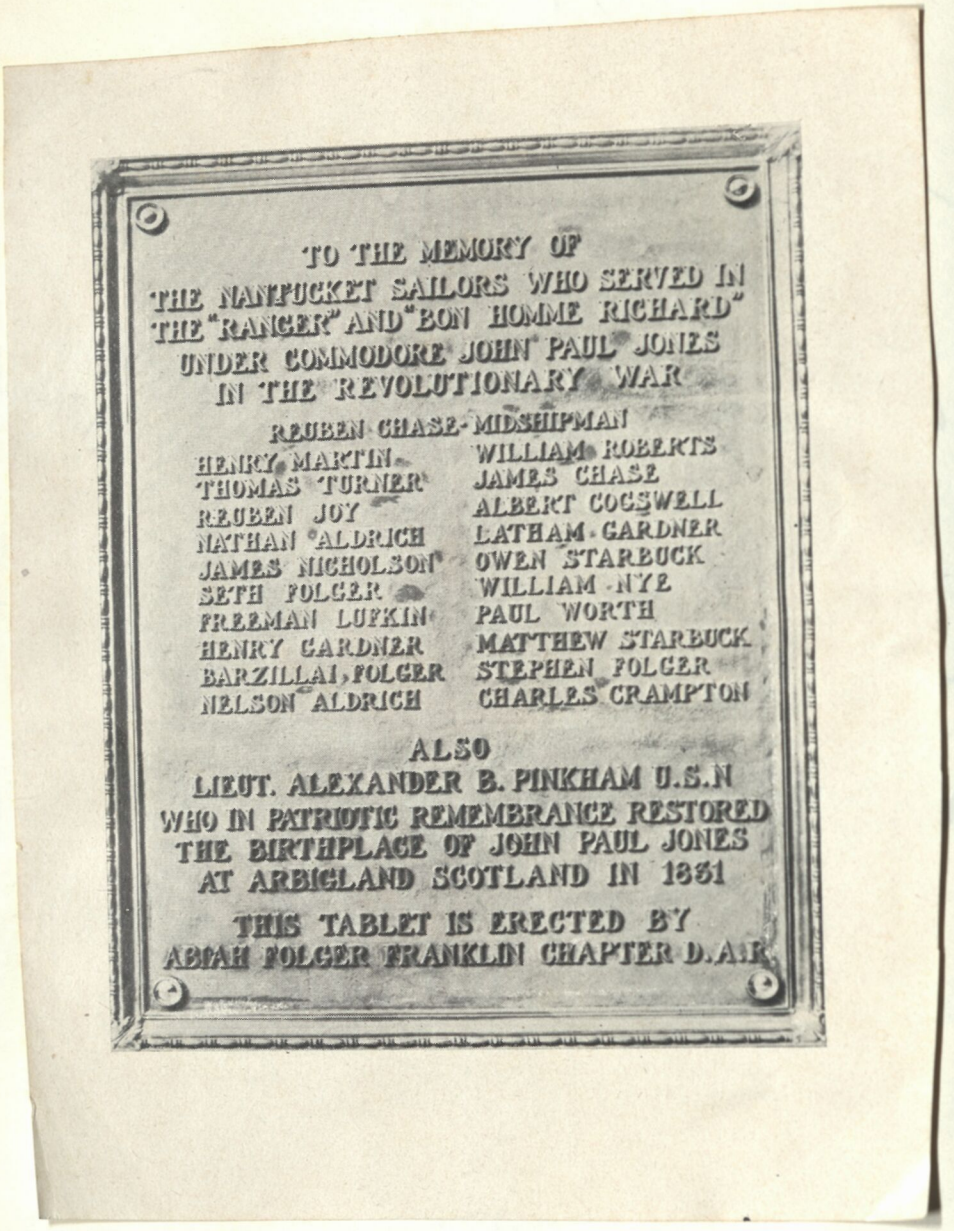
Commander John Paul Jones

COMMODORE

ALEXANDER B

LIEUT. PINKHAM'S MEMORIAL TO COMDR. JONES

ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM
LIEUT. U.S. NAVY
HIS MEMORIAL
TO
COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES


TO THE MEMORY OF
THE NANTUCKET SAILORS WHO SERVED IN
THE "RANGER" AND "BON HOMME RICHARD"
UNDER COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES
IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

REUBEN CHASE-MIDSHIPMAN

HENRY MARTIN
THOMAS TURNER
REUBEN JOY
NATHAN ALDRICH
JAMES NICHOLSON
SETH FOLGER
FREEMAN LUFKIN
HENRY GARDNER
BARZILLAI FOLGER
NELSON ALDRICH
WILLIAM ROBERTS
JAMES CHASE
ALBERT COGSWELL
LATHAM GARDNER
OWEN STARBUCK
WILLIAM NYE
PAUL WORTH
MATTHEW STARBUCK
STEPHEN FOLGER
CHARLES CRAMPTON

ALSO
LIEUT. ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM U.S.N
WHO IN PATRIOTIC REMEMBRANCE RESTORED
THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN PAUL JONES
AT ARBIGLAND SCOTLAND IN 1931

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
ABIAH FOLGER FRANKLIN CHAPTER D.A.R.

In the 1780's

21 Nantucketers

WITH JOHN PAUL JONES

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Schedule of the property of Reuben Chase
of Nantucket a Pensioner of the United
States under the act of Congress of the
18th March AD 1818

Real Estate

A House & Twenty one Rods of Land
Valued at ——— $150

Personal Property

one Desk	———	$ 5
13 old Chairs	———	7
Crockery	———	1
Cooking Utensils	———	1.50
		$164 50

I am Sixty six years of age and
is form I have a Wife who, is Sixty one
years of age I have one son Seventeen
years of age I have followed the Sea as
long as my health would permit and
am now wholly Dependent upon my
Labour for Support I am & Lame, for seven
years been Lame in my right knee and
Hip

Reuben Chase

affirm and Declared on the Eleventh day Nov 1820

before James Ware Judge of C. C. Pleas
for Circuit

I Benjamin Gardner clerk of the Circuit Court
of Common Pleas for said Circuit do hereby certify that the foregoing oath
and the Schedule thereto annexed are truly copied
from the record of the said Court: and I do further
certify, that it is the Opinion of the said
Court that the total amount in value of the property
Exhibited in the afore said Sched
ule is One hundred Sixty four dollar and fifty cents

In Testimoney wher of I have unto set my hand,
affixed the seal of the said Court
This Seventeenth day of Nov 1820

Benj Gardner
Clerk of the Court for the County
of Nantucket

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Nantucket ss Circuit C. C Pleas Novem^r term 1820

On this Eleventh day of Nov^r — 1820 Personally
Appeared in Open Court being a Court of Record for the
said County Reuben Chase
of Nantucket in s^d County Nantucket
aged sixty six years resident in said Nantucket
in said County who being first duly sworn according
to law doth on his oath
Declare that he served in the Revolutionary
War as follows
He served as a Midship man on board the Ship
Called the Bon^m Romme Richad Capt. Paul Jones
Commander in Chief of the American Squadron
He entered said Service in March 1779
And Continued in the Served more than nine months
as will more fully appeare by his Orginal
Declaration made
the 13th day of may 1818 for wich Service he received
a Pension Certificate N° 7205 date 5th of may 1819

and I do solemnly affirm that I was a resident Citizen
of the United States
On the 18th day of March 1818 and that I have not
since that time by gift sale
or in any manner disposed of my Property or any part
ther of with intent thereby so to Diminish it as
to bring myself within the Provision of an act of
Congress Entitled an act to Provide for certain
Persons engaged in the land and Naval Service
of the United States in the Revolutionary War
Passed on the 18th day of March 1818 and that
I have not nor has any Person in trust for me
any Property or Securities Contracts or debts Due
to me nor have I any income other than
what is Contained in the Schedule hereto annexed
and by me subscribed Reuben Chase

36 Marianne Rd.,
Waltham, Mass.
April 9, 1956.

Dear Will: I hope you will not mind this lined paper. I use it a great deal and it happens to be handy just now.

I have finally put together the real object of my winter's labor, a "Nantucket Revolutionary Honor Roll". I have separated the grain from the chaff and have a substantial list of Nantucketers of whom Nantucket and every descendant may be proud. What I have found out about Buell! His work was refuted by the New York Times and World in 1906 and in 1928 by Mrs. De Koven. He died in 1904. He was most dishonest. The New York Public Library has been of great help to me. I cannot imagine how the refutations of the Buell book escaped the attention of Nantucketers. I am working on refinements and accuracies on the Honor Roll.

I also have a near exact date on the Vestry. It is 1725 or 1726. My authorities are 1. Timothy White Papers, 3. Town Meeting Records, 4. Letter by Rev. Danforth (1720). 5 Benjamin Lynde diary (1732) and 6. Publ. of original records of Presbyterian Meeting House (Congreg. Quart. 14:553-564, Oct. 1872) by A. H. Quint. Paul Folger in 1843 wrote a story about the huge forest on Nantucket from which the vestry timbers were cut. He did not see the bill for the

He is the first to mention the bill dated 1711.
timber dated 1711, Someone told him that there
was a bill. That is a very weak thread on which to
construct good history or to counteract the sub-
stantial evidence we have on the subject and
that clearly shows that the vestry and church
society could not have existed prior to 1725.

We think of you and Mrs. Gardner often. I can't
make Nantucket in the face of such terrible weather.
O - this past Sunday was just dreadful here.
We were without electricity from 1.00 A.M. to
4.00 P.M, Sunday. Fortunately we have a
fire place in our home. With a good fire going
I managed to dry the wood before feeding the
fire with it and so we kept as comfortable
as possible, but only the living room was warm.

I hope I did not stir up things too much
by my expose of the myth of the "sea fighters" under
Captain John Paul Jones. From Nantucket.

We wish you and Mrs. Gardner continued
comfort and happiness. I am anxious to visit
with you.

Sincerely,
Emil F. Zuba.

This composition of Reuben Chase by Capt. H. Percy Ashley is pure fiction--taken from Buell's fabricated Biography of Jones. Please see Reuben Chase's Revolutionary Pension records for his Revolutionary service.

Emil F. Guba

May 1, 1960

Take out Ashley pluf

May 1, 1960

The Memorial Tablet bears inscriptions of names fabricated by Buell "Biography of Captain John Paul Jones". Only one of the twenty-one names, namely Reuben Chase served on the Bon Homme Richard. He was the only Nantucketer on the "Richard". Buell's roster of the Ranger is pure fabrication.

Emil F. Guba

To the Reader:

The writer's extensive researches on the Nantucketers who served in the American Revolutionary War have revealed the error of the names inscribed on the bronze D. A. R. plaque. The compositions and correspondence by the author inserted in these pages reveal the extent of the author's studies, his revelations and the misfortune of placing emphasis and faith in a fabricated roster of the American sloop of War Ranger by Augustus C. Buell 1901 which led to the casting of the bronze D. A. R. plaque with much ceremony.

The author of these letters and compositions has written in good faith with the purpose only of revealing good history and the truth for posterity.

Emil F. Guba

May 22, 1960

Waltham, Massachusetts

2 pages

Pension Office
3 Aug 1853

This case is respectfully referred to the 3rd Auditor for certificate of death of Pensioner and of last payment —

Very Respectfully
S. Cole
Chief Clerk

1889

(see other side.)

D. McC.

Reuben Chase, 1st Act 1818. — Died 15th Feby. 1824. Paid to his death.

F. Burt
Auditor.

COPY
from
THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
Record Group No. 15A

Reuben Chase - S.F. 46 885 - Rev. War

Research Reveals Fallacy of Names Listed On DAR Revolutionary Plaque

Dr. Emil Frederick Guba, long a Summer resident here, has done exhaustive work on Nantucket's history. The Town Crier today presents for its readers an introductory article to a completely documented work on Nantucketers who actually served in the Revolutionary War. The articles will be printed in the future issues. Dr. Guba heads the University of Massachusetts' field station in Waltham. Upon his retirement he plans to make his home here. Dr. Guba is the author of several books on Nantucket, among them "Nantucket Odyssey" and another on Island flora.

Myth of John Paul Jones Nantucket Sea Fighters
By Emil Frederick Guba

In scrutinizing my Nantucket Odyssey for errors, I discovered that I had mentioned the name of Barzillai Folger among Commodore John Paul Jones' Nantucket fighters on the Bon Homme Richard and Ranger (1777—1779).

(Continued on Page 3)

Guba-

(Continued from Page 1)

His name appears with other alleged Nantucket sea fighters on a bronze plaque in the town square. Barzillai was married in Nantucket Friends Meeting in 1766. Several children were borne to Barzillai and Miriam, the last in 1777. Barzillai was a whaleman. He was not disowned by the Friends like others for violating their Christian principles with respect to bearing arms and war. Is it not a strange coincidence that a whaleman, a Quaker with wife and family of small children on Nantucket, should be on the American Sloop of War Ranger sinking and capturing British vessels with gun fire and bloodshed!

Barzillai's circumstances prompted me to investigate all the names on the whole roster of 19, also three more names of men alleged to be Nantucketers but who were not included. I have put together a thoroughly documented story. This list of Nantucketers on the Bon Homme Richard and Ranger was prepared from a compilation by Colonel Buell who wrote a two-volume biography of John Paul Jones (1900). Only a brief significant statement is possible now.

Buell's book on Jones is an audacious forgery. It has been discredited. Scribner and Sons who published Buell's book in 1900 withdrew it from circulation in 1906 after its unreliability as a history had been established. The discovery of this historical forgery is credited to Mrs. Reginald De Koven, herself a recognized and authoratative biographer of Jones, publishing her findings in 1928.

Buell's book enjoyed a big circulation for six-years. Mrs. De Koven wrote: "The book . . . can be proved to be the most audacious historical forgery ever put upon a credulous public. It contains reports of imaginary committees in Congress, invented letters from Washington, Franklin and Hewes, false letters and extracts from imaginary journals of Jones himself, false entries from diaries of well-known persons and quotations from others which existed only in Colonel Buell's imaginations. Mrs. De Koven cites error after error, misrepresentation and improvisation on themes of truth and finally concludes, "Many other instances of misstatements, inaccurracies and inventions might be given for they appear throughout his work, but enough have been presented to prove that his book although vastly entertaining as a romance, is utterly valueless as history".

Many of the men listed on the bronze plaque had no association whatsoever with Nantucket. As Nantucketers they were non-existent. Thomas Turner was not an American. He was an Englishman. There never was a Henry Gardiner or Gardner on Nantucket nor an Owen Starbuck. And so on and on down the whole list. Some names on the list were of Nantucket whalemen in France not sailors of war vessels. They were Quakers. Buell has trapped our local authors of Nantucket history and local societies stemming from the American Revolution into a realm of fancy and error. We should be more cautious about accepting entertaining romance imposing as good history.

THE NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

A Weekly Newspaper
Published in the Interests of Nantucket
At Lily Street, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts
Friday, June 22, 1956

...nd Author's Research Shows Only 1 Nantucketer On DAR Plaque Had Service In ...volution; Other Alleged Seafighters Held To Be 'Pure Fabrication'

by Dr. Emil F. Guba
Author of Nantucket Odyssey

In the following article, Dr. Emil Guba, author and in charge of the Massachusetts field station of University of Massachusetts at Waltham, and a visitor to Nantucket over many years, recounts that research has shown that only one Nantucketer, Reuben Chase, of all those listed on the Island's DAR plaque, actually had an American Revolution service record. The rest, including Thomas Turner after whom the Island Chapter of the SR, is named, Mr. Guba said his research showed, are "pure fabrication," whose source apparently was a fictionized book. In another article, the Town Crier will publish Dr. Guba's findings of Nantucketers who served in the American Revolution.

In scrutinizing my Nantucket Odyssey for errors, I discovered that I had mentioned the name of Barzillai Folger among Commodore John Paul Jones' Nantucket fighters on the Bon Homme Richard and Ranger (1777-1779). His name appears with other alleged Nantucket sea fighters on a bronze plaque in the Historical Society Museum. Barzillai was married in Nantucket Friends Meeting in 1766. Several children were borne to Barzillai and Miriam, the last in 1777. Brazillai was a whalemen. He was not disowned by the Friends like others for violating their Christian principles with respect to bearing arms and war. Is it not a strange coincidence that a whaleman, a Quaker with wife and family of small children on Nantucket, should be on the American Sloop of War Ranger sinking and capturing British vessels with gun fire and bloodshed!

Barzillai's circumstances prompted me to investigate all the names on the whole roster of 19, also 3 more names of men alleged to be Nantucketers but who were not included. I have put together a carefully documented story. This list of Nantucketers on the Bon Homme Richard and Ranger was prepared from a compilation by Colonel Augustus C. Buell who wrote a two volume deceptive biography of John Paul Jones (1900).

Buell's book on Jones has been discredited. Scribner and Sons who published two editions of Buell's book (1900, 1906) withdrew it from circulation in 1906 after its unreliabitity as a history had been established by the New York newspapers. Refutations of this historical work are numerous beginning in 1900. Mrs. Reginald De Koven, a recognized and authoritative biographer of Jones, published her findings in 1928. Buell died in 1905.

Buell's book enjoyed a big circulation for 6 years. Mrs. De Koven wrote: "The book . . . can be proved to be the most audacious historical forgery ever put upon a credulous public. It contains reports of imaginary committees in Congress, invented letters from Washington, Franklin and Hewes, false letters and extract from imaginary journals of Jones himself, false entries from diaries of well-known persons and quotations from others which existed only in Colonel Buell's imagination. Mrs. De Koven cites error after error, misrepresentation and improvization on themes of truth and finally concludes, "Many other instances of misstatements, inaccuracies and inventions might be given for they appear throughout his work, but enough have been presented to prove that his book although vastly entertaining as a romance, is utterly valueless as history."

Most of the men on the Island bronze DAR plaque had no connections with Nantucket. Reuben Chase 1st, midshipman is the only Nantucketer among all the names on the list with a Revolutionary service record. Thomas Turner was an Englishman (British) who joined the Bon Homme Richard at Brest, France. He was not an American and not a Nantucketer, according to an official record compiled by John Henry Sherburne, Registrar of the United States Navy, 1825. (Life and character of John Paul Jones, New York 1825, by John Henry Sherburne, Registrar United States Navy). The Town Square was dedicated to the memory of Thomas Turner on June 14, 1934 and named Thomas Turner Square. (See bronze tablet on front of Pacific Bank Building). There was no Henry Gardiner on Nantucket nor an Owen Starbuck. Some of the names are of Nantucket whalemen and staunch Quakers, not Revolutionary sailors or soldiers.

Captain John Paul Jones took command of the Ranger in June 1777. The Ranger left Portsmouth, N.H, November 1, 1777 and arrived at Nantes, France on December 2, 1777. Jones repaired to Paris to report to the American Commissioners. In Jones' absence from the Ranger, Lieutenant Simpson one of the officers on the ship incited dissatisfaction among the crew with Jones' command. Jones upon his return was obliged to restore discipline. Simpson was suspended.

The Ranger left Brest, France April 10, 1779 for her first raid upon the British coast and British shipping. History records the descent upon Whitehaven, April 22, the raid on Saint Mary's Isle, April 23, the capture of the British Frigate Drake, April 24, and the return of the Ranger to Brest, France, May 8, 1778 with her prizes and 176 British prisoners.

Jones left the command of the Ranger and experienced months of idleness in France. Lieutenant Simpson continued his petty acts of insubordination causing Jones much annoyance. American and British prisoners were exchanged in June 1778. About 119 or more American prisoners were brought to France from England. While the Ranger lay at Brest, France undergoing repairs following her encounter with the Drake and in Jones' absence at Paris, Hezekiah Ford, private secretary to one of the American commissioners at Paris incited a conspiracy against

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

Jones by organizing a petition bearing 78 names of homesick Americans addressed to the American commissioners asking for the transfer of the command of the Ranger to Lieutenant Simpson with the object of returning the Ranger to America and obtaining pay for the seaman for their services. This petition or document is now the "Papers of the Continental Congress, No. 102, Vol. IV. pp 14-15, National Archives and Records Service, Washington. Captain Jones subsequently recommended that the Ranger return to America under Lieutenant Simpson and the ship left France for the United States in August 1778 manned by her American crew.

In the Spring of 1779 Jones was given command of the Bon Homme Richard. He proceeded to L'Orient, France to fit and man the vessel for action. The vessel was manned with French, British, Portuguese, some Americans, and other nationals most of them vagabond sailors, willing to enlist under any flag for the money. There were not more than 30 or 40 Americans in the crew of the Bon Homme Richard and nine of them were alleged by Buell to come from Nantucket.

The Bon Homme Richard left L'Orient on June 20, 1779 with other ships in the American Squadron for British waters. She was fouled off Rochefort, France by the Alliance and both vessels came into Groix for repairs.

The ships left France on August 14, 1779. The horrible battle between the Richard and the Serapis occurred on September 23, 1779. The Richard was sunk in the engagement and the captured British Serapis was taken into Amsterdam accompanied by the American Sloop of War Alliance. Jones returned to Brest, France on the Alliance in February 18, 1780. He left France for America on the Ariel in December 1780 and arrived at Philadelphia, February 18, 1781. This was the end of his American naval career.

There is no official roster of the Ranger and no biographer of Jones, except Augustus C. Buell has compiled one. From alleged contemporary and original information, Buell in 1900 published a roster of the Ranger of 53 names to which he added 78 more taken from the petition of Hezikiah Ford addressed to the American Commissioners at Paris in 1778.

Augustus C. Buell identified the officers and seamen of the Ranger with places like Salem, Nantucket, Portsmouth, New Bedford, Sag Harbor , etc. according to alleged, "original sources and contemporary information". Dr. Benjamin Sharpe (Nan. Hist. Assoc. 7:13, 1901) copied Buell and associated many of the familar names on the Ranger and Bon Homme Richard with Nantucket whale-ship masters and voyages after the Revolutionary War. Actually several of the men were familar Nantucket whalemen whose names appear in Alexander Starbuck's "History of the American Whale Fishery".

Sherburne wrote an authoritative biography of John Paul Jones in a period when many of the principals under Jones' command were still living. Six of the names of Nantucket men in Buell's roster of the Ranger (1900) inscribed on the bronze DAR tablet in the Historical Society Museum appear in Sherburne's roster of the Bon Homme Richard as follows:

Reuben Chase, Massachusetts, Thomas Turner, Englishman, killed, Henry Gardiner, American gunner, wounded, William Roberts, Englishman, Armourer, Henry Martin, American Seaman, killed and James Nicholson, American Seaman, killed. Two other men on the Bon Homme Richard alleged by Buell in quotations in the text of his book to be from Nantucket were Jeremiah Evans and Daniel Swain. According to Sherburne (1825) the former was an American boy seaman, the latter an English boy and ordinary seaman. These two names do not appear on Buell's roster of the men from Nantucket on the Ranger and they do not appear on the bronze tablet in the Fair Street Museum. These Nantucket warriors appear in the story "John Paul Jones and his Nantucket Sea Fighters" (Nantucket Historical Assoc. 1936)* and also a third alleged Nantucketer, John Pinkham. According to Sherburne, Pinkham was an Irishman, not an American who volunteered in France in 1779. Evans and Swain appear in Buell's biography in alleged quotations from the Henry Gardiner papers (1782, 1826) also in Dr. Sharpe's story (Nantucket Hist. Assoc. 1901). My search for these Gardiner papers have been in vain. The literature references in Buell's biography are dishonest and fraudulent. In this respect Mrs. Reginald De Koven wrote "The bibliography which the author of this astonishing work supplies at the end of his second volume is a master piece of invention but so shortsighted in it's daring untruthfulness as to raise suspicion as to the author's mental responsibility". This explains my failure to find anything by Henry Gardiner or even to identify him with the American Revolution or with any particular state or residence.

Henry Gardiner served with Jones throughout his command beginning at Philadelphia on the Alfred. According to Buell he wrote several eye witness accounts of the naval battle between the Richard and the Serapis. Gardiner has been identified by Buell with Nantucket, Portsmouth, N. H. and other places. Thus the 21 men on the bronze tablet, and in addition, Evans and Swain which make 23 and Pinkham which make 24 are alleged to come from Nantucket.

The following ten names, eight being among the 19 on the bronze tablet cannot qualify. These names do not appear in the Vital Records of Nantucket or in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War. Secretary of State. They were not Nantucketers. Nathan Aldrich,

* See other side of sheet. Turn page.

Albert Cogswell, Jeremiah Evans, Henry Martin, William Nye, Nelson Aldrich (boy), Charles Crampton (boy), Freeman Lufkin, James Nicholson, Daniel Swain (boy).

Martin was an American seaman and warrant officer on the Bon Homme Richard (July 1779 roster). He was killed in the action with the Serapis September 23, 1779. Nicholson was an American seaman and petty officer on the Richard serving as foretop guard. He joined at Brest, France May 21, 1779. He was killed in the action with the Serapis. There was a Captain James Nicholson in the American Continental Navy. They could have been father and son.

Evans was an American boy on the roster of the Richard. He was wounded in the action with the Serapis.

Daniel Swain was an English boy seaman according to Sherburne (1825) on the Bon Homme Richard joning at Brest, France, March 2, 1779. He was wounded in the action with the Serapis, September 23, 1779. He later appeared on the official roster of the Ariel (1780) under command of Jones. There was no Daniel Swain in Old Nantucket of age and Revoluntionary War period to fit the man. Daniel Swain, son of George and Love Paddock, borne in 1731, does not fit the circumstances. He was too old. Fourteen more names remain for consideration. In considering these alleged Revolutionary fighting ancestors of Old Nantucket, places and time are important. The relevant period of history lies between December 2, 1777 when the Ranger arrived at Nantes, France and September 23, 1779, the date of the engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis off Flansborough Head in the North Sea. The period can be extended to February 18, 1780 when Commodore John Paul Jones returned to Brest, France on the Alliance from Holland.

James Chase was placed on the Ranger in June 1778 by Buell. He is not listed in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revoluntionary War. The Nantucket Vital Records record:

James Chase husband of Anna Gardner, married 1737. He would not qualify.

James Chase husband of Mercy Godfrey, married 1775, son of Thomas and Anna Smith. Died in Nantucket in 1819, age 80 years.

James Chase husband of Mary Folger, married 1760.

They were whalemen, Quakers and shipmasters.

Reuben Chase appears on Buell's roster of the Ranger (June 1778) as a midshipman from Nantucket. Sherburne listed him from Massachusetts. He was a midshipman in the official roster of the Bon Homme Richard (July 1779).

Midshipman Reuben Chase was detached from the Bon Homme Richard on a pilot boat in an action early in the cruise and did not participate in the engagement of the Richard with the Serapis on September 23, 1779. He appeared again according to Buell as Second Lieutenant on the "La Bonne Adventure", a French privateer fitted by Commodore Jones at St. Maloes, France in the Spring of 1780. The privateer is reported to have taken many British prizes off the French coast. Reuben married Judith Gardner in Nantucket in 1783 and he died there on February 15, 1824. His gravestone in Old North Burying Ground bears the inscription "An honest man, a Revolutionary officer and pensioner". His pension began May 13, 1818. Reuben was the son of Stephen and Dinah (Folger). He was a brother of Joseph Chase, a prominent Nantucket whaleman and President of the Nantucket Bank.

Barzillai Folger, husband of Miriam Gardner was married in 1776 in Nantucket Friends Meeting. He was placed on the Ranger at L'Orient, France in June 1778 by Buell. Barzillai sailed from Nantucket in August 1776 and returned to Nantucket from France March 25, 1777, according to the Kezia Fanning dairy. He was the father of four children, Mary 1767, Jemima 1770, Judith 1773 and Benjajmin April 1777. The Ranger sailed from Portsmouth N. H. on November 1, 1777. and arrived at Nantes, France December 2, 1777. He is not listed among the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War and he was not disowned by the Friends Monthly Meeting to which he belonged. He was not a Revolutionary War pensioner. Barzillai died on Nantucket September 17, 1831, age 89 years.

Seth Folger was placed on the roster of the Ranger in France, June 1778 by Buell. He is not listed in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War and he was not disowned by the Nantucket Friends to which he belonged. Both Seths on Nantucket in the period were prominent whalemen as follows:

Seth Folger (1726-1807), husband Phoebe Coleman, married 1745.

Seth Folger, Jr. (1749-1829, husband Anna Ramsdell, married 1770.

Both father and son were whaleship masters. Seth Jr. died April 18, 1829.

Stephen Folger (1748-?) appears in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts as a prisoner of the British who was exchanged and freed, list dated Providence, R.I. January 18, 1777. He was disowned by the Nantucket Friends in March 1779 for going to sea in an armed vessel. He married Judith Clark in 1783. The Ranger was fitted at Portsmouth, N.H. in the Summer of 1777 and reached France December 2, 1777. Buell placed Stephen on the Ranger in France in June 1778 as an apprentice boy and yet in that year the Nantucket Stephen was 30 years of age.

Henry Gardiner appears in Buell's roster of the Ranger (June 1778) as Henry Gardner. There was no Henry Gardner on Nantucket to fit the period. Henry was on the "Alfred" when it left Philadelphia February 17, 1776. He joined the "Providence" at Newport, R.I. when Jones took command May 10, 1776. He sailed

from Portsmouth, N.H. on the Ranger November 1, 1777. He was second master gunner on the Ranger in her engagement with the Drake, April 24, 1778 and was wounded in the engagement. He was gunner and warrant officer on the Bon Homme Richard and was wounded in the engagement with the Serapis. He was first lieutenant on the L'Eclipse, a French privateer, fitted at St. Maloes, France in the Spring of 1780. He was with Commodore Jones at Portsmouth, N.H. November 19, 1781 at the celebration of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He was with Jones in Portsmouth in 1782 fitting the ship America which was later presented to France as a gift from the United States. According to Buell, Jones wrote in his Journal "Mr. Gardner took entire charge of mounting of the battery—he also took supervision of the internal fittings of the magazine; besides attending to the racks for small arms. His services were invaluable and much of the good condition of the America when finished was due to his skill and diligence". Henry could not possibly have come from Nantucket. I have not been able to find him listed anywhere and he is not credited with naval service. He was a warrior in every sense of the word the like of which was totally foreign to old Nantucket of that period.

Latham Gardner (1760-1830) appears on Buell's roster of the Ranger at L'Orient, France, June 1778. He is not listed in "Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in Revolutionary War", Latham was a prominent whaleman who married Priscilla Gardner on Nantucket in 1782. He died April 18, 1830.

Reuben Joy appears on Buell's roster of the Ranger, L'Orient, France June 1778. He is not listed in the "Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War." The Nantucket Vital Records report a Reuben Joy (1736-1782), husband of Anna Way, married 1757.

John Pinkham was with William Roberts in an action under Lieutenant Cutting Lunt. Their vessel became detached from the Richard and was captured by the British. Thus according to Buell, Pinkham did not participate in the battle between the Serapis and Richard. There was but one John Pinkham on Nantucket who might qualify, borne 1738 son of Solomon and Eunice Gardner, husband of Susanna Coffin, married May 16, 1757. She died on a prison ship in January 1799 and John married Mary Bunker Coleman on November 2, 1799. Another John Pinkham, borne in 1761 was the son of Christopher and Ruth Folger of Nantucket who were married in 1755 and thence removed to Maine. John married Rebecca Gardner. There is no Revolutionary service record for a John Pinkham of Nantucket. According to Sherburne (Life and Character of John Paul Jones, 1825) Registrar of the United States Navy the John Pinkham on the Bon Homme Richard was an Irishman, not an American.

William Roberts is listed from Nantucket according to Buell's roster of the Ranger (June 1778) but according to Sherburne (1825) he was an Englishman, an armourer on the Bon Homme Richard. He is not recorded in the Vital Records of Nantucket. He joined the Richard at Brest, March 19, 1779 as a cooper yeoman and appears as a cooper on the roster of the Ariel (1780) under command of Jones. He was not on the Richard in the battle with the Serapis having been sent into port with a prize vessel captured near the Irish coast August 23, 1779. Another report placed him in a party with John Pinkham under Lieutenant Cutting Lunt in an action away from the Richard which led to their capture by the English. A William Roberts is listed in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts as a seaman on the "Alfred" which captured the "Mellish" and "Active". He is also recorded as a seaman on the "Providence" which captured the "Alexander" September 20, 1776. This William Roberts is not credited to any place in Massachusetts and he is not credited with any later American naval service.

Owen Starbuck appears in Buell's list of Nantucketers on the Ranger (June 1778). He is reported to have served on the "Alfred" and the "Providence" under Captain John Paul Jones. According to Buell he was quarter gunner on the Ranger when the Ranger captured the Drake April 23, 1778. Owen does not appear in the Vital Records of Nantucket or in the Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War. There is no record of him on Nantucket.

Matthew Starbuck appears on

(Continued on Page 6)

DAR Plaque-

(Continued from Page 3)

Buell's list of Nantucketers on the Ranger at L'Orient, France (June 1778). He is reported to have been wounded in the Rangers encouter with the Drake, April 23, 1778. He is not listed among the Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War from Massachusetts. Matthew Starbuck of Nantucket was borne in 1750, married Rose Barnard in 1772. Rose died June 1775 and Matthew married Lydia Barney in 1776 at New Garden, North Carolina. Matthew removed to North Carolina in 1795. Lydia died and Matthew married Anna Swain in 1806 and then a fourth marriage to Dinah Macy. Matthew died in New Garden in 1815, age 63 years. He was a whaleman and identified with many whaling voyages.

Thomas Turner appeared in Buell's roster of the Ranger in June 1778 and is alleged to come from Nantucket. He joined the Bon Homme Richard at Brest, France August 2, 1779. According to Sherburne (1825) Turner was an Englishman, and a boatswain on the Bon Homme Richard in the official roster of August 12, 1779 at L'Orient. He is listed among the petty officers and seamen in the roster of July 26, 1779. He was killed in the action with the Serapis. There was no Thomas Turner in Nantucket to fit this man. He is not in the Nantucket Vial Records or in the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War. According to Charles Clark Coffin, Nantucket Town Clerk (letter, February 27, 1956) there is no record of the birth of Thomas Turner or Eunice Coffin or of their marriage in Nantucket. I have been unable to find any such records in the published Turner or Coffin geneaologies. There are many Thomas Turners in the volumes on the Soldiers and Sailors of Massachusetts in the Revolution but none of them appear on the Bon Homme Richard or the Ranger from Nantucket. There are many Thomas Turners in the American Turner genealogies but none of the above description. The only Thomas Turner of Old Nantucket is recorded in his marriage to Phebe Fitch January 1767. This Nantucket Thomas Turner died shortly after this marriage and his widow Phebe married John Burns in November 1774.

Paul Worth appeared on Buell's ter of the Ranger at L'Orient, rance, June 1778 and is listed from Nantucket. There is no record of his service in the Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War. The Nantucket Vital records list a Paul Worth, son of Joseph, who married Judith Starbuck in 1753. They removed from the island in September 1774. Another Paul Worth (1754-1842) was a master mariner. He married Phebe (Macy) Barnard in 1790 and Mary Barney in 1806. He was one of Nantucket's greatest whalemen having many successful voyages. He is reported to have mastered the first American whaler in the Pacific Ocean returning to Nantucket March 25, 1793. He died December 13, 1842, age 88 years.

The list of Nantucket men who served under John Paul Jones during the Revolutionary War" (Nan. Hist. Assoc. July meeting 1901) by Dr. Benjamin Sharp was taken from Buell's history of Paul Jones (1900). Buell's fictitious Paul Jones has been pronounced (1928) an audacious historical forgery by Anna Farwell De Koven (Mrs. Reginald De Koven) herself the author of two volumes "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones" (1913). The Newton Massachustts Free Library, an example of a modern well directed public library, removed Buell's two volumes from the customary shelves and racks to their book storage room.

The New York Public Library wrote to me (March 15, 1956) as follows;

"In a Library of such scope and wide interest as this, we keep books whose scholarship has been proven dishonest, so that the book will be available for those who may still have good reason to wish to examine them.

"In the first edition of Buell's book we have pasted a New York Times editorial of 1906 which would warn readers against its reliability, together with a much longer article from the Saturday Review of Literature signed by Mrs. De Koven.

"In our card catalog, following the cards for the Buell book we insert a card for a work about the book and De Koven's, a fictitious Paul Jones masquerading as the real. The accepted life—pronounced to be an audacious historical forgery (New York, 1928). With this information presented to the reader, we believe he will realize he is to proceed at his own risk."

And again the New York Public Library wrote to me (March 30, 1956) as follows;

"The Times editorial on Buell's Paul Jones appeared on June 11, 1906, as on June 10 the magazine supplement to the Sunday Times had carried an expose of the whole matter. On the day following the appearance of the editorial, the Times reprinted the comments which had appeared the day before in The World.

Mrs. De Koven's long letter on the subject appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature, April 21, 1928.

The Nantucket Inquirer, August 21, 1897 published a long list of names of Nantucketers identified with the American Revolution. The names included civil officers, selectmen, combatants, Revolutionary officers and seamen, "tything men", etc. A few other names were added prior to 1900. Candidates for membership in the newly organized local chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution qualified if they descended from three ancestors. Only two names in the local DAR list of ancestors published prior to 1900 appear in Buell's roster of twenty-four names in his book published in 1900. They are Reuben Chase and James Chase, both bonafide Nantucketers. Of these two, only Reuben has a Revolutionary service record.

Thus Buell's roster of Nantucketers on the Ranger, including the name of Thomas Turner is pure fabrication and deliberately dishonest.

Troth Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Fisher of Salt Lake City, Utah have announced the engagement of Mr. Fisher's daughter, Miss Barbara Anne Fisher of New York and Nantucket, to Peter Henry Foley Jr. of New York, son of Mrs. Peter H. Foley of New Bedford and the late Mr. Foley.

A Fall wedding is planned.

Miss Fisher is an alumna of th Convent of the Sacred Heart, N roton, Conn. and Trinity Colle Washington. She did gradu work in education at Cath University of America, in W ington. Her father was for n years in the Foreign Service, is a granddaughter of the United States Senator Willi King of Utah and Mr. and Albert Fisher of Salt Lake

Mr. Foley is an alumnus, University of Massachuse is with the Western Electr pany of New York.

Islander Served On Bon Homme Richard At 25; Record Of Sea Fighter Clarified

Editor's Note: The following is the first of a series of articles, to be published intermittently by the Town Crier, on Nantucket heroes who served in the American Revolution. In the first, Dr. Guba, professor of botany at the University of Massachusetts and long a researcher of Nantucket history, clarifies the Revolutionary War hero's record.

1. Reuben Chase

by Emil Frederick Guba

The author has tried to write good Nantucket history. He has sought in good faith to discredit what is incorrect and bad. Much of what has been written of the naval service of Midshipman Reuben Chase in the American Revolution is flattery and fabrication.

Most of this stems from a dishonest biography of Captain John Paul Jones by Augustus C. Buell, published in 1901. The book was removed from circulation by the publisher in 1906 following the exposure of the fraudulent character of the biography by an article in the New York Times. In spite of these circumstances and later publications discrediting Buell's biography, numerous stories have appeared to perpetuate Buell's forgeries of Captain John Paul Jones' exploits and his fabricated roster of Nantucket fighters on the Ranger. The story of Reuben Chase by Stevens in Nantucket, The Far Away Island, 1958—Page 76-79, is bad history.

Reuben Chase served as a midshipman on the Bon Homme Richard. The declarations and papers certified under oath by Reuben provide the documentary evidence for this narrative. They will be filed in the volume, "Nantucket Heroes—Those Who Gave Life," in the library of the Nantucket Whaling Museum.

Reuben Chase's naval service began in March, 1779 at L'Orient, France where he joined the Bon Homme Richard, then and there being fitted for American naval service in European waters.

Reuben was 26 years of age and a mariner with many years of experience on Nantucket whalers to qualify as midshipman on the Bon Homme Richard. Probably he was a prisoner of the British and, in an exchange of American and British prisoners which took place in France in 1779, explains his presence in France at this time.

The Bon Homme Richard left L'Orient, France on August 14, 1779 on his historic cruise of capture and destruction of British shipping which terminated in the great naval battle in the North Sea with the British frigate Serapis.

Reuben Chase's service on the Bon Homme Richard was brief. The first prize ship taken by the American squadron after leaving L'Orient was a Dutch ship, the Vereenigting, bound for England with a British prize crew. The

1812.

This was the background of Cooper's nautical knowledge for his stirring sea tale, "The Pilot" and from the stirring he got his living heroic character, Long Tom Coffin.

Frederic C. Sandford was born in Nantucket on February 8, 1809. Reuben Chase [illegible] in Nantucket in 1824, age 70 years when Sandford was 16 years of age. Sandford was on the ly leaves of the "Pilot" [illegible] Cooper [illegible] and Reuben Chase just like the man Cooper—"over six feet [illegible] and very [illegible] Chase was [illegible] Nantucket [illegible] Chase as Long Tom Coffin. To the contrary, Cooper [illegible] famous novelist when he, with his family, made his first and only voyage to Europe in 1826 [illegible] ship. The Pilot was [illegible] and appeared in 1824. Chase was [illegible] Nantucket [illegible] Cooper [illegible] the Pilot [illegible] Nantucket [illegible] Cooper [illegible] Nantucket [illegible] Cooper [illegible] Nantucket [illegible] Cooper

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Reuben Chase's service on the Bon Homme Richard was brief. The first prize ship taken by the American squadron after leaving L'Orient was a Dutch ship, the Verwagting, bound for England with a British prize crew. The captured prize was taken into L'Orient on August 18, 1779.

On August 21, the Brig Maylowne, bound from Ireland to London, was taken and Midshipman Reuben Chase carried the American prize into L'Orient, France, and, as he declared, "waited the return of the Bon Homme Richard until the latter part of December and until I heard the fate of said ship, which went down in the North Sea after fighting and capturing his Britannia Majesty's ship Serapis of fifty guns and carrying her into Holland."

Chase declared, in addition, "I do further testify that I received wages from said ship for more than nine months and have since received my prize money of Judge Wendell in Boston, agent to said ship, about in year 1786 or 1787."

Buell wrote a forged roster of the American sloop-of-war Ranger, Captain John Paul Jones, commander, which included Reuben Chase as a midshipman, also prominent Nantucket Whalemen and some fictitious Nantucketers.

Chase was not on the Ranger and he had no other Revolutionary service in the American Navy. He served less than six months on the Bon Homme Richard, six days on her voyage out of L'Orient, France and a total of nine months in the United States Navy. His Revolutionary pension certificate No. 7205 was issued March 5, 1819 and his pension of $48 semi-annually began May 13, 1818. There is no record when Reuben sailed from France after December 1779 or how he returned to Nantucket.

Reuben Chase has been identified as Long Tom Coffin in James Fenimore Cooper's famous sea novel, "The Pilot" which was published in January, 1824. This "yarn" appears in notes by Frederic C. Sandford on the fly leaves of an early edition of "The Pilot" in the Atheneum Library (not there now). From these Sandford notes have stemmed numerous stories of Reuben Chase as the Long Tom Coffin of Cooper's, (Stevens, Far Away Island, 1936 p. 76-79) and others.

Long Tom Coffin was represented by Cooper as the perfect type of sailor character, a large powerful, heroic figure, expert in navigation and whaling. The daring exploits of Captain John Paul Jones on the Ranger in British waters suggested to Cooper the plot for his novel.

Long Tom Coffin was a living model for Cooper's whaleman and he hailed from Nantucket, then America's breeding place for whalemen and Coffins.

Cooper left Yale University in his second year to ship before the mast and to prepare himself as a midshipman in the United States Navy. He sailed out of New York on the Stirling of Wiscassit, Me. in the autumn of 1806 bound for Europe. He was 11 months abroad and returned in September 1807. Cooper joined the United States Navy as midshipman in January, 1808 and he left it, just prior to the War of 1812.

This was the background of Cooper's nautical knowledge for his stirring sea tale, "The Pilot" and from the Stirling he got his living heroic character, Long Tom Coffin.

Frederic C. Sandford was born in Nantucket on February 3, 1809. Reuben Chase died in Nantucket in 1824, age 70 years when Sandford was 15 years of age. Sandford wrote on the fly leaves of the Atheneum copy of "The Pilot" that he remembered Chase well and that he was just like the man Cooper described—"over six feet tall, boney, angular and very powerful."

But Reuben Chase, to the contrary, at the age of 66, (Sandford was then nine years old) declared under oath on November 11, 1820 before the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, Nantucket County that "I am sixty-six years of age and infirm. I am lame and have been for years lame in my knee and hip."

Sandford continued that "he fought on the Bon Homme Richard in September 1779 with the the heroic Paul Jones in the North Sea and it is here Cooper was made acquainted with him." To the contrary, Chase was not in the engagement with the Serapis and James Fenimore Cooper was not there either.

Cooper was born in 1789 in New Jersey. Sandford's notes continued, "I was in Sag Harbor in 1849— and while there I became acquainted with the Honorable Charles Dearing who was an associate with Cooper in the ship's whaling from there. And he told me Cooper said Long of the Pilot was Reuben Chase of Nantucket who fought in John Paul Jones' ship Bon Homme Richard."

To the contrary, Cooper never shipped on a whaler and he never shipped out of Sag Harbor. He shipped on the Stirling in 1806 and served in the United States Navy just prior to the War of 1812. He was never at sea again before the mast.

I have consulted many biographies of James Fenimore Cooper. These biographies and Cooper's papers identify the chief mate of the Stirling as the Long Tom Coffin sailor of the Pilot. His name was Irish and he was called Mr. Irish or Tom Irish. He was the living model for Cooper's heroic whaleman and he hailed from Nantucket.

The chief mate of the Stirling, according to Cooper's biographers, was a man of Nantucket, the land of the Coffins. Long Tom Coffin speaks to the girl of the sea tale.

" 'Ay Coffin', contined the old sailor, his grim features gradually relaxing as he gazed her bright looks; 'tis a solemn word, but it's a word that passes over the shoals, among the islands and along the Cape, oftener than any other. My father was a Coffin and my mother was a Joy; and the two names can count more flukes than all the rest in the Island together; though the Worths and the Gardners and the Swaines, dart better harpoons and set truer courses, than any men who come from the weather side of the Atlantic."

Reuben Chase was the son of Stephen Chase and Dinah Folger.

Cooper was naming some of the prominent families of Nantucket identified with whaling. There are no circumstances or evidence to show that Cooper knew the man Reuben Chase.

Stevens, on Page 77 of his book, wrote that Cooper and Chase met when Chase was master of a trans-Atlantic packet on which the future novelist was a passenger. Here he formed the character of Chase as Long Tom Coffin. To the contrary, Cooper was already a famous novelist when he, with his family, made his first and only voyage to Europe in 1826, in a packet ship. The Pilot was published in January 1824. Chase was lame, infirm and a Revolutionary pensioner in Nantucket in 1818. He died in 1824.

Thomas Irish of Nantucket was the Long Tom Coffin of Cooper's "Pilot". He came from New York and to the Island near the year 1800. He married Elizabeth Gardiner (not Gardner), daughter of Cripus Gardiner and Margaret Chase, the niece of Reuben Chase. Both the child, Thomas Jr. and the mother Elizabeth died at child birth on October 24, 1801. Thomas was chief mate on the Stirling with James Fenimore Cooper on the voyage to Europe in 1806. Irish eventually severed his ties with Nantucket.

Reuben Chase was one of about 40 Americans on the Bon Homme Richard. The rest of the roster numbering more than 300 were French Marines and nationals of European countries. He laid aside the principles of his Quaker background to war for American independence and against British tyranny.

Reuben followed the sea all of his life. In the last years, he worked as a laborer in Nantucket. On May 13, 1818 he wrote "that by reason of my reduced circumstances in life, I stand in need of assistance from my country for support. On Nov. 11, 1820, he declared under oath that the value of his property was $164.50; that his wife, Judith Gardiner, was 69 years of age and his son, Obed, 17 years of age. Both were dependent upon his labor for support. Obed was the last of six children of Reuben and Judith.

Reuben Chase has a special niche in "Nantucket Heroes," a book of memory sponsored by the Rev. Dr. William E. Gardner and this contribution will be deposited there with Reuben's declarations under oath for all to read.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Hutchinson Sr. of Medford have arrived at their cottage, Ebb Tide, at Quaise for the season. Mr. Hutchinson is recuperating from a recent illness. They have been joined here for a visit by his son, Attorney Eben Hutchinson Jr. and the latter's daughters, Ann Elyse and Leslee.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Frazee of Winsted, Conn. and Sconset are at their Morey Lane Summer residence. Mrs. Frazee is the daughter of Mrs. Eben Hutchinson of Medford and Quaise. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hickey of Winsted and Palm Beach and Miss Lillie Ansel of New York are guests of the Frazees.

BIRD \
conduc
MRS. CLINTO
July 9th thro

I Gardner Hammond of Boston Marine, declare & say, that being a Seaman in the United States Frigate Alliance, in the year 1779, we sailed from L'Orient in France in company with the Bon Homme Richard John Paul Jones Commander, on a Cruise — That I well knew Reuben Chase of Nantucket, to be a Midshipman on board of the Bon Homme Richard, and that he was Master of the first Prize.

G Hammond

Suffolk ss. Boston 12th may 1818 — Then personally appeared Gardner Hammond & made Solemn Oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed

before me Wm Allin Jus pacis

Plymouth ss. May 13. 1818. The above named Wm Allin is a Magistrate authorized to administer oaths & from the best information I have had the said Gardner Hammond is a credible witness

Nahum Mitchell Judge

I Reuben Chase of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, aged & Infirm Age to give evidence, do testify and say, that in the Month of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine, I entered on board the Ship called the Bon Homme Richard, or the Good Man Richard, with Captain John Paul Jones Commander in Chief of the American Squadron then in Europe, said Ship then being in L'Orient in France - and after fitting said Ship Sailed from L'Orient in the Month of June or July on a cruise - that I was a Midshipman on board the said Ship and Master of the first Prize, which was a Brig from Ireland bound to London - which Prize I carried into Lorient in France, and waited the return of said Ship Bon Homme Richard until the latter part of December and until I heard the fate of said Ship, which went down in the North Sea, after fighting and capturing his Britanic Majesty's Ship Serapies of fifty Guns and carrying her into Holland - I do further testify that I received Wages from said Ship for more than Nine Months, and have since received my Prize Money of Judge Wendell in Boston, Agent to said Ship about in the year 1786 or 1787 -

I do further testify that by reason of my reduced Circumstances in life, I stand in need of Assistance from my Country for Support

Reuben Chase

Nantucket May 13th. 1818

Sworn to May 13. 1818. Before me

Nahum Mitchell Judge

aged. 63.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Plymouth ss.

On this 13th day of May Dom. 1818, before me the subscriber, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, for the Southern Circuit, personally appeared Reuben Chase of Nantucket Co. of Nantucket aged sixty three years, resident in the said Circuit, who being by me first duly cautioned according to law, on his oath made the following declaration, ~~by him signed~~, in order to obtain the provision made by the late act of Congress, entitled "An act to provide for certain persons engaged in the land and naval service of the United States in the revolutionary war," viz. that in the month of March 1779 he entered into said naval service on board the Bon homme Richard for the good man Richard/ under Capt. Paul Jones Commander in chief of the American Squadron then in Europe, at L'orient in France, as a midshipman, and was master of the first prize, which was a brig from Ireland bound to London; which Prize he carried into L'Orient & there waited for the return of said ship till December, when he heard she had sunk in the North sea, after fighting and capturing the British ship Serapis of 50 guns and carrying her into Holland — that he received wages for more than nine months and received his prize money in 1786 or 1787 from the Agent in Boston. — and that he

7205.

4.

File # 46885

Massachusetts

Reuben Chase 1st

Mss

f Nantucket in the state of Massachusetts

ho was a Midshipman ~~in~~ the ~~regiment commanded by~~

~~olonel~~ the Goodman ~~of the~~ Richard

~~ne,~~ for the term of nine months.

nscribed on the Roll of Massachusetts

at the rate of eight Dollars per month, to commence on

the 13th of May 1818.

ertificate of Pension issued the 5th of March 1819

and sent to Nathum Mitchell &

Plymouth, Massachusetts

Arrears to 4th of march 1819. $ 77 " 96

Semi-anl. all'ce ending 4th Sept: 1819. 48 " 00

$ 125 " 96

{ Revolutionary claim, Act 18th March, 1818. }

Continued

from his reduced circumstances needs the assistance of his country for support. —

/Said Chase's statement at large, & also Gardner Hammond's and Robert Calder's affidavits are forwarded herewith/—

And I, the said Judge, do certify, that it appears to my satisfaction, that the said Reuben Chase — did serve in the revolutionary war, as stated in the preceding declaration, against the common enemy, for the term of nine months, on the continental establishment; and I now transmit the proceedings and testimony taken and had before me, to the Secretary for the Department of War, pursuant to the directions of the aforementioned act of Congress, and he is poor and needs the assistance of his country for support.

Nahum Mitchell

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ss. 1818,

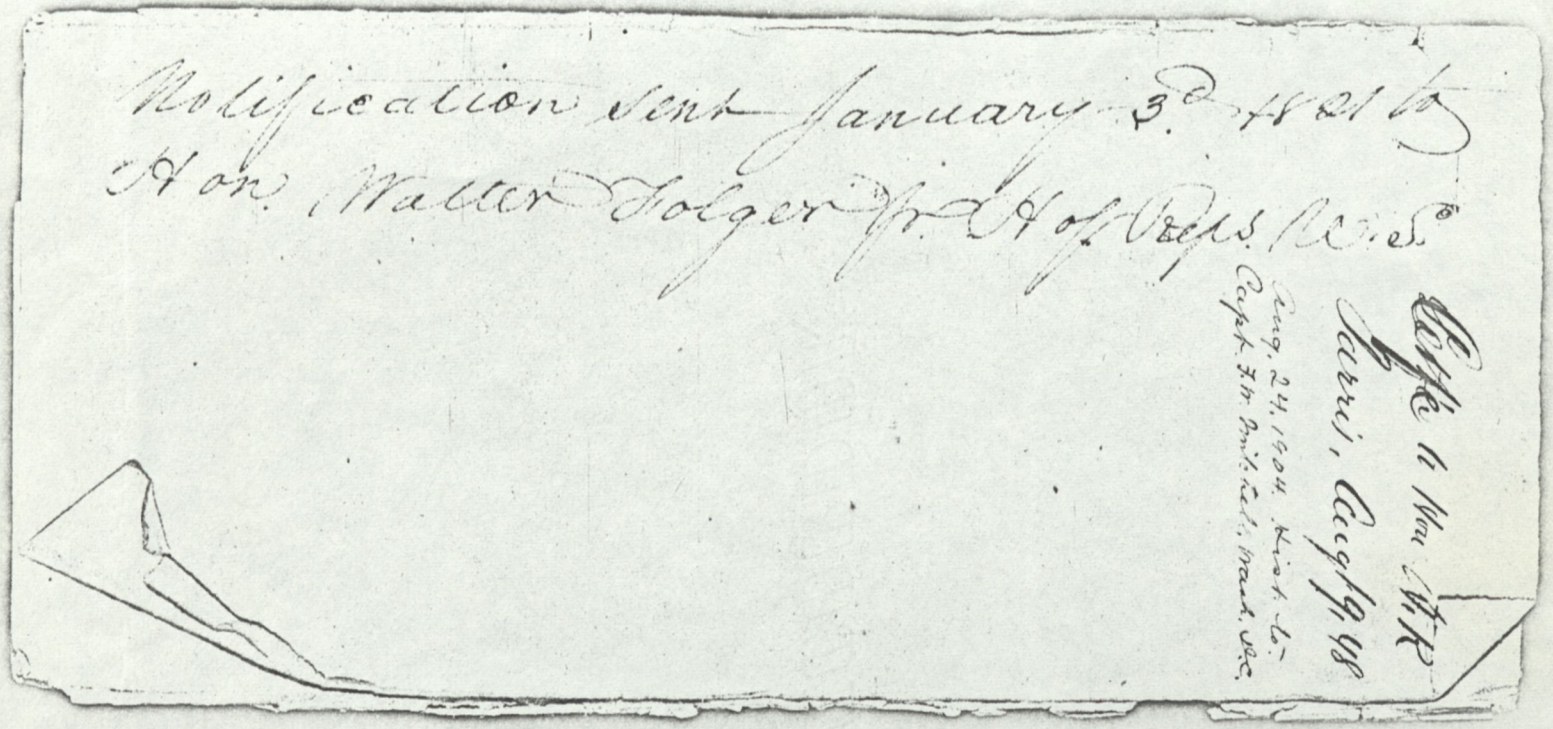
I HEREBY CERTIFY, That

ne of the Judges of the Circuit Court of Common Pleas for the Southern C.rcuit, consisting of the Counties of Plymouth, Norfolk, Bristol, Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket in said Commonwealth—that the same Circuit Court of Common Pleas is a Court of record—that the signature to the above certificate is the true signature of the said Judge, and that the seal thereunto affixed is the seal of the said Court.

} *Clerk of the Judicial Court for the County of*

Reuben Chase
Nantucket
Midshipman
Good man Richard
commanded by
Jno Paul Jones
March 1779 to latter
part of Decr 1779.

Official character and
signature of the Magistrate
not attested by County
Clerk



Notification sent January 3d 1821 to
Hon. Walter Folger Jr. H of Reps. U.S.

Copy to Hon Wm R
Parris, Aug 19, 48

Aug. 24, 1904. Hist. to
Capt. F. W. Smith Rel. Bank. &c.

7

7205

File # 46885

Massachuse[illegible]

Reuben Chase 1st

Mss

[illegible] Nantucket in the state of Massachuse[illegible]

[illegible]ho was a Midshipman ~~in the regiment commanded by~~

~~[illegible]lonel~~ the Goodman ~~of the~~ Richard

[illegible]e, for the term of nine months.

[illegible]scribed on the Roll of Massachusetts

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{ Revolutionary claim, Act 18th March, 1818. }

Continued

aged 63.

affirm[illegible] an[illegible]

before [illegible]

I Benjam[illegible]

[illegible] Court

of Common Pleas for Southern Circuit [illegible] certif[illegible] th

and the [illegible] dule [illegible] are truly coped

from the record of the said [illegible] I do further

certify, that it is the Opinion of the said

Court that the total amount in [illegible] of the property

Exhibited in the afore said Sched

ule is One hundred Sixty four dollar and fifty cents

In Testimoney wherof I have unto set my hand,

affixed the seal of the said Court

On this Seventeenth day of Nov[r] 1820

Benj Gardner

Clerk of the Court for the County

of Nantucket

[illegible] for certain

Persons engaged in the land and Naval Service

of the United States in the Revolutionary War

Passed on the 18th day of March 1818 and that

I have not nor has any Person in trust for me

any Property or Securities Contracts or debts Due

to me nor have I any income other than

what is Contained in the Schedule hereto annexed

and by me subsribed

Reuben Chase

hedule
of Nantu
States under
18th March

Real

A House
Valu

Personal

one Deck	$ 5
18 old Chairs	1
Crockery	1
Cooking Utensils	1.50
	$164" 50

I am Sixty six years of age and inform I have a Wife who, is Sixty one years of age I have one son Seventeen years of age I have followed the Sea as Long as my health Would permit and am now wholly Dependent upon my Labour for Support I am ~~I~~ Lame I have been for seven years been lame in my right hand and Hip

Reuben Chase

to bring myself within the Provision of an act of Congress Entitled an act to Provide for certain Persons engaged in the land and Naval Service of the United States in the Revolutionary War Passed on the 18th day of March 1818 and that I have not nor has any Person in trust for me any Property or Securities Contracts or debts Due to me nor have I any income other than what is Contained in the Schedule hereto annexed and by me subsribed

Reuben Chase

Commonwealth of [illegible]

[illegible]ucetts

Circ[illegible]

On this Eleventh [illegible]

Appeared in [illegible]en Co[illegible]

Said County ~~Reuben~~

of Nantucket in [illegible]

aged sixty six years resid[illegible]ket

in said County Who being fir[illegible]n [illegible]ding

to law doth on his oath [illegible]

Declare that he served in the [illegible]volutionary

War as follows

He served as a Midship man on board the Ship

Called the Bonhomme Richad Capt. Paul Jones

Commander in Chief of the American Squadron

He entered said Service in March 1779

And Continued in the Served more than nine months

as will ~~will~~ more fully appeard by his Original

Declaration made

the 13th day of may 1818 for wich Service he received

a Pension Certificate No. 7205 date 5th of may 18[illegible]

and I do solemnly afferm that I was a residen Citizen

Of the United States

On the 18th day of March 1818 and that I have not

Since that time by gift sale

Or in any manner disposed of my Property or any part

ther of with intent therby so to Diminish it as

to bring myself within the Provision of an act of

Congress Entitled an act to Provide for certain

Persons engaged in the land and Naval Service

of the United States in the Revolutionary War

Passed on the 18th day of March 1818 and that

I have not nor has any Peron in trust for me

any Property or Securities Contracts or debts Due

to me nor have I any income other than

What is Contained in the Schedule hereto annexed

and by me subsribed

Reuben Chase

Reuben Chase of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket and Commonwealth of Massachusetts of Lawful Age to give evidence, do testify and say, that in the Month of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine, I entered on board the Ship called the Bon Homme Richard, or the Good Man Richard, with Captain John Paul Jones Commander in Chief of the American Squadron then in Europe, said Ship then being in L'Orient in France - and after fitting said Ship Sailed from L'Orient in the Month of June or July on a cruise - that I was a Midshipman on board the said Ship and Master of the first Prize, which was a Brig from Ireland bound to London - which Prize I carried into L'Orient in France, and waited the return of said Ship Bon Homme Richard until the latter part of December and until I heard the fate of said Ship, which went down in the North Sea, after fighting and capturing his Britanic Majesty's Ship Serapis of fifty Guns and carrying her into Holland - I do further testify that I received Wages from said Ship for more than Nine Months, and have since received my Prize Money of Judge Wendell in Boston, Agent to said Ship about in the year 1786 or 1787 -

I do further testify that by reason of my reduced Circumstances in life, I stand in need of Assistance from my Country for Support

Nantucket May 13th 1818

Reuben Chase

Sworn to May 13. 1818. Before me

Nahum Mitchell Judge

aged. 62.

Plymo Ss. May 13th 1818. Personally appeard before me, the
within named Robert Calder and made oath to the truth
of the within deposition by him signed — who is a credible
witness —

Nahum Mitchell Judge &c

I Robert Calder of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket Yeoman, of lawful age to give evidence do testify and say, that Reuben Chase of Nantucket, was in 1779, a Midshipman on board the Ship called the Bon Homme Richard, or the Goodman Richard commanded by John Paul Jones Esqr Commander in Chief of the American Squadron then in Europe, that the said Reuben Chase was Master of the first Prize, captured by the Bon Homme Richard, which was a Brig from Dredon bound to London, which Prize said Chase carried into L'Orient in France —

I do further testify, that the said Reuben Chase, by reason of his reduced circumstances in life, stands in need of Assistance from his Country, for support, and that in my opinion he is entitled to the pension provided by the late act of Congress —

Robert Calder

Nantucket April 6th 1818.

13th

Nantucket Town Crier Friday, July 13, 1956

Author's Research Presents Authentic List Of Islanders Who Served In The Revolution

The Nantucket Town Crier today presents a third and final article by Dr. Emil Guba, author of Nantucket Odyssey and other Island works, on Nantucketers who actually served in the American Revolution. Dr. Guba presented a documented article last week, declaring that of 19 names on a Nantucket DAR plaque of alleged seafighters in the Revolution, only one of those actually served. Dr. Guba said research showed that the alleged Revolutionary War service of the others was based on a book by Colonel Augustus C. Buell who wrote a two volume deceptive biography of John Paul Jones (1900) which has since been established as fictionized history.

By Dr. Emil Guba

A few Nantucketers are credited with service in the Continental Army and the Massachusetts Line. There were no muster rolls or enlistments here as in every other town and county on the mainland. Circumstances would not permit them. Many men who were employed in Nantucket or on her whaling and trading vessels, left for their respective home towns to enlist. They are numerous and their service records appear in the "Soldiers and Sailors tion", published by the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The Quakers exercised every restraint against bearing arms and military service. Disownments for violation of their Christian principles were numerous. When the call came from Boston, the Minutemen from every corner of Massachusetts marched to Roxbury, but there were none from Nantucket. The geographical and maritime position of Nantucket was an important restraining factor. Such an undertaking would have invited disaster to the Islanders. Nantucket in her defenseless position could not offend either side. The Island was at the mercy of the British Navy and American privateers.

The economy of Nantucket also was tied to England and Europe. The strong movement for independence on the Mainland was lacking here. There was no reason or desire for war.

The Nantucketers were expert in seamanship and many of them served on privateers merchant ships and the Massachusetts and United States Navies in spite of religious principle and the penalty of excommunication from the Christian society. Nearly 50 members rebelled and gave their services to the cause of the American Colonies and because of this they were disowned. Many of them made the supreme sacrifice and perished in sea engagements on American privateers, while others were prisoners in the horrible confines of British prison ships. Many of them were released on exchange with British prisoners and most of them, deeply affected by their inhumane imprisonment, promptly returned to the American side on privateers and vessels of the United States and state navies. Many of the Islanders also responded to the need for financial aid. About 80 of them loaned money. The adversity and suffering of the Islanders throughout the many years of the Revolution were circumstances, which Nantucket alone endured among colonial settlements in America.

The author's Revolutionary Honor Roll for Nantucket has been compiled from original and official sources of information. Revolutionary Pension Rolls, Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Records of the Nantucket Monthly Meeting of Friends and Nantucket Vital Records. Other statistics were collected from the National Geneaological Society Quarterly, National Society D. A. R. records, etc.. The roll includes only Nantucketers who are known to have contributed military service in one form or another. It does not include town clerks, selectmen, representatives to the Massachusetts General Court, tax collectors, individuals who loaned money to the Colonies and other in these catagories who are recognized by the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, as Revolutionary ancestors. If any names of servicemen have been omitted, the author would welcome them in order to make the list as complete and as accurate as possible. Corrections would also be most welcome and helpful.

Adlington, John— Resident of Boston, died in Nantucket April 10, 1853. Revolutionary pensioner. Navy, S32629. Midshipman, U.S. Frigate Providence, under command of Captain Whipple. Captured, on surrender of the frigate, at Charlestown, S. C.

Barnard, Reuben—Disowned in 1777 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in a prize vessel. Prisoner on British prison ship in New York, released April 25, 1777. Son of Benjamin and Judith (Folger). Died in Nantucket June 21, 1784.

Barnard, Shubel— Disowned in 1776 by the Society of Friends for taking up arms.

Boston, Peter—Seaman Massachusetts State Navy. Served on privateer "Aurora" under Captain David Porter. In roster dated Boston, June 16, 1781, age 22 years. Died in Nanutcket, September 28, 1837. On Revolutionary War Pension Roll, March 10,1834, age 72 years old. Husband of Rhoda Jolly. (W3650).

Briggs, Jonathan—On Revolutionary Pension Roll for Nantucket County (R.I.S38583). Pension began April 17, 1818. Son of Abner Briggs and Deborah Coffin, born in Nantucket, December 18, 1765. Married Sally (Coffin) Barrett, widow of Samuel Barrett Jr.

on January 11, 1794. There is no record of Jonathan's death. Enlisted from Norton, Massachusetts, marched to Rhode Island on alarm off April 18, 1775. Promoted to corporal, then sergeant. On muster rolls and pay accounts for Bristol County Mass .and Rhode Island.

Brown, Francis— Service on Massachusetts State Brig "Hazard" also on "General Putnam" (privateer) and seaman on ship "Protector" June 1778—August 1780.

Brown, James Jr.— Son of James and Mehitable (Dawes). Killed on board a privateer in 1780 off South Carolina.

Bunker, Benjamin—Revolutionary Pensioner, Navy (Mass. SI95-75). Enlisted as an armourer on Brigantine "Hazard" (privateer) under Captain John Foster Williams, July through September 1779. Captured by British and imprisoned on British prison ship "Jersey". Appears on a list of prisoners sent from New York to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to be exchanged for British prisoners. Released and returned to Nantucket. Bunker was one of the rebellious spirits on Nantucket to oppose the neutralist policy of the Quaker authorities. He engaged in combat with British privateers guarding Nantucket Harbor. He captured a British privateer with its prize, near Great Point with a single four pound gun and took the vessel's prisoners to the mainland .He was called "General" from his likeness to General George Washington, he was also called Captain .

Bunker, David— Prisoner on British prison ship "Eagle" at New York, released April 25, 1777 on exchange.

Calder, Robert— Prisoner on British prison ship at New York and returned to Falmouth September 2, 1777 on petition of Paul Hussey. Mariner, United States Navy. On roster of U. S. Frigate "Alliance" October 3, 1778, under Captain Peter Landais. On Revolutionary War Pension Roll (S3-4146) May 13, 1818, age 69 years. Died in Nantucket March 17, 1826.

Cartwright, Jonathan—Disowned in 1780 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Cartwright, William— Prisoner on British prison ship "Eagle" at New York, released April 25, 1777.

Chase, James— Marine on sloop "Defense", commanded by Captain James Nivens, Massachusetts State Navy. Service, two months, August and September of 1781.

Chase, Reuben— Midshipman, United States Navy. Revolutionary Pension Roll, March 5, 1819 (SF46885). Pension began March 13, 1818. Joined the "Bon Homme Richard" in France, March 19, 1779. Husband of Judith Gardner, Married in Nantucket in 1783. Reuben died in Nantucket in February 15, 1824. An honest man, a Revolutionary Officer and pensioner. Brother of Captain Joseph Chase. Chase was of a powerful frame, over six feet tall. He formed the subject of Cooper's "Long Tom Coffin" in "The Pilot". *

Chase, Thomas— Private, Captain Nathan Smith's sea-coast company. October to December 1775, January to November, 1776, on Martha's Vineyard.

Coffin, Daniel— Taken prisoner February 10, 1777. Impressed on British Packet "Lady Gage" which was captured by an American privateer. Taken to Boston and imprisoned in American guard ship "Rising Empire", Richard Whellen the commander. Released March 12, 1778 by order of Council of State of Massachusetts! Claim to a Revolutionary pension (Mass. R2099) was rejected. Daniel was a first cousin to Kezia Coffin Fanning. "The Rising Empire" was a brigantine belonging to the Masscahusetts State Navy.

Coffin, David Jr.— Disowned by the Society of Friends for going to sea in 1780 in a prize vessel. Lost at sea June 6, 1783. Son of David and Ruth (Coleman).

Husband of Elizabeth Swain.

Coffin, Ebenezer— Prisoner on British prison ship "Eagle" at New York, released April 25, 1777.

Coffin, Elias— Prisoner on British prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777 on petition of Paul Hussey. Son of Elias and Love (Coffin). Husband of Abigail Coffin. Died at sea, August 28, 1780.

Coffin, Elihu— Disowned in 1778 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Husband of Jedidah (Hussey). Died June 30, 1825.

Coffin, Elijah— Husband of Abigail Folger; son of Hezekiah and Lydia (Folger). Died July 15, 1781 enroute home from a British prison ship.

Coffin, Hezekiah— Husband of Abigail Coleman and son of Zaccheus and Mary (Pinkham). One of the first men disguished as Indians who heaved tea overboard in Boston Harbor during the famous "Boston Tea Party". Died in Nantucket, August 1779.

Coffin, James Josiah— Seaman, U. S. Navy. Revolutionary Pension Roll March 10, 1834 (Mass. S29730 age 79 years. Died in Nantucket, September 25, 1838 at the age of 83 years.

Coffin, James— Seaman on Briganine "Tyrannicide" in 1779, commanded by John Cathcart, engaged from May 26, to June 23, 1779. Husband of Jeanette Coffin. James died in Nantucket in 1820, age 86 years. The "Tyrannicide" carried 14 guns and 75 men. She was one of the first vessels built for the Massachusetts State Navy, commissioned May 18, 1776 at Salem, Mass. with John Fisk as commander. There was a James Coffin among a list of prisoners sent in the cartel "Silver Eel" from Halifax to Boston, October 8, 1779 to be exchanged.

Coffin, Job— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Husband of Mary Ray, son of Stephen and Mary (Bunker). Died November 19, 1832, age 77 years.

5/1/60

* Thomas Irish of Nantucket was the Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's novel "The Pilot" not Reuben Chase. See my story in Nantucket Town Crier July 4, 1958 (over).

Coffin, John— Marine, Brig "Hazard" under Captain John F. Williams, July to September 1779. Seaman on the ship "Protector" under Captain John F. Williams, February to August 1780.

Coffin, Josiah 3d— Husband of Eunice Gardner. Died on board British prison ship "Jersey" at Newport, R. I. Februay 9, 1778, age 28 years.

Coffin, Nathan— Prisoner on prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777 on petition of Paul Hussey. Nathan was a ship's master or Captain.

Coffin, Nathaniel— Son of Elishai and Mary Gardner. Lost at sea in 1781. Revolutionary Pension Roll (Mass.S36989).

Coffin, Obed— A Mashpee Indian, a Revolutionary soldier throughout duration of war. Died in Nantucket August 8, 1838, age 80 years.

Coffin, Obediah— Disowned by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel. Son of David and Ruth (Coleman). "Lost at sea in the service of his country."

Coffin, Peleg— Prizemaster, ship "General Putnam" under Captain Daniel Waters. Service from July to September inclusive, (1779).

Coffin, Robert Jr.— Disowned by the Society of Friends in 1781 for being with armed men. Husband of Lydia Coleman. Son of Robert and Jemima (Gardner). Died September 28, 1797.

Coffin, Timothy— Prisoner on British Prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777. Timothy was a ship's captain.

Coffin, Uriah— (1751-1826) Prizemaster on ship "General Putnam" under Captain Daniel Waters, Commander, Died in Yarmouth, Cape Cod. Engaged from July 10 to September 7, 1779.

Coffin, Valentine— Disowned by the Society of Friends in 1779 for going to sea in a prize vessel. Prisoner on British prison ship at New York, released April 25, 1777. Lost at sea December 1782 returning from France. Son of Ebenezer and Mary (Cartwright).

Coleman, Christopher— Seaman, privateer Brigantine "Lucy" commanded by Captain Stephen Clay of Boston. Son of Ebenezer and Mary (Gardner). Lost at sea May 31, 1780, age 18 years. The "Lucy" carried twelve guns and twenty-five men. She was owned by Benjamin West and others of Salem.

Coleman, George— Disowned in 1780 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in prize vessel. Son of George and Eunice (Folger). Husband of Mary Ramsdell. Died in the West Indies in 1791.

Coleman, John Jr.— Mate on schooner "Hazard", Captain Benjamin Hammond in command, January to April 1777, Boston.

Coleman, Solomon— Disowned by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel. Revolutionary Pension Roll (S34-254) or (S21144).

Coleman, William— Marine, Brig "Hazard" under Captain John Foster Williams, May to September 1779. Also seaman on ship "Protector" under Captain John Foster Williams, February to August 1780. Frigate "Protector" had 26 guns and belonged to the Massachusetts State Navy.

Elkins, Joseph Killed at sea on board the privateer "Patriot", age 38 years. Husband of Mary Hearn, son of John from England and Sarah Mayo.

Ellis, Simeon— Seaman on privateer 'Lucy" under Captain Stephen Clay. Age 24 years. husband of Deborah Long. Died in Nantucket in 1791.

Fitch, James— Prisoner on prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777. Husband of Judith Bunker.

Fitzgerald, Henry— Cooper, on privateer Brigantine "General Wayne", in list of officers and crew. June 17, 1780, age 24 years. Married Lydia Wyer November 9, 1780. Son of Henry Sr. and Deborah (Upham) of Nantucket. The "General Wayne" carried eight guns and 16 men, commanded by Richard Quatermass. The vessel was commissioned February 3, 1780. It was owned at Salem.

Folger, Asa— Disowned in 1780 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel. Son of Reuben and Dinah (Hussey). Seaman on privateer Brigantine Lucy, age 21 years. Shipwrecked east of Boston and lost at sea January 31, 1781.

Folger, Benjamin—Disowned in 1781 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Folger, Job— Son of Benjamin and Judith (Barnard). Disowned in 1781 for going to sea on a privateer. Lost at sea in the sloop "Fame", October 16, 1805.

(Continued on Page 5)

Guba-

(Continued from Page 4)

Folger, John— Disowned in 1780 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel. Died in the West Indies in 1780, age 34 years. Son of Abishai and Dinah (Starbuck).

Folger, Obadiah— Disowned in 1779 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in a prize vessel. On roster of Schooner Grampus, lost November 1780, age 18 years. The Grampus, commanded by Thomas Holmes, was commissioned May 27, 1780. She was captured by a British cruiser and taken to St. John, New Foundland after having captured four vessels which were taken as prizes to Salem.

Folger, Obed— Disowned in 1779 for going to sea in a prize vessel.

Folger, Reuben— Disowned in 1782 by the Society of Friends for being on an armed vessel.

Folger, Robert— Disowned in 1782 for going to sea with guns.

Folger, Simeon— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Listed as a prisoner January 18, 1777. Died on an English prison ship at New York in 1782, age 34 years.

Folger, Thomas— Son of Seth and Phebe (Coleman) and husband of Jedidah Pinkham. Killed in 1780 while a prisoner on board a privateer.

Frost, Nathaniel—Seaman U.S. Navy. Prisoner on British prison ship "Eagle" at New York. Released on exchange April 25, 1777. Revolutionary Pension Roll, November 26. 1825, 76 years old, (S-32699). Husband of Hannah Dunham, married 1793 in Nantucket.

Gardner, Abel— Son of Abel and Priscilla (Coffin). Died on board prison ship at New York, December 26, 1777.

Gardner, Alexander— Disowned in 1782 by the Socety of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel. Prisoner on prison ship "Lord Sandwich", landed at Bristol, March 7, 1778.

Gardner, Barnabas— Son of Jonathan and Patience (Bunker). Died on board prison ship at New York, December 26, 1777.

Gardner, Christopher— Prisoner on British prison ship "Lord Sandwich". Sent from Newport, R. I. and landed at Bristol March 7,1778.

Gardner, Charles— Died on board prison ship March 1778. Son of Bethuel and Catherine (Coffin).

Gardner, Ebenezer— Served on American Privateer "Saucy Hound". Captured a British prize off Bermuda. Captured by General Arnold, taken into New York and impressed in British naval service. The "Saucy Hound" sailed from "Bar" in 1781 manned by many Nantucketers.

Gardner, John— Died on board prison ship, March 1778. Son of George and Elizabeth (Chase).

Gardner, Josiah— Disowned in 1781 by the Society of Friends for going to sea with guns. Lost at sea in 1781. Survivor awarded Revolutionary Pension (S13126).

Gardner, Levi— Prisoner on British prison ship "Eagle" released April 25, 1777. Husband of Rachel Glover, married in 1781.

Gardner, Nathaniel— Disowned in 1780 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Gardner, Reuben— Disowned in 1778 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Gardner, Shubael— Disowned in 1781 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Gardner, Thaddeus— Disowned in 1781 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Gardner, Thomas— Seaman, Brigantine "Massachusetts" under Captain John Fiske, March to October, 1777. Roll dated Boston.

Gardner, Uriah— Prisoner on prison ship "Eagle" at New York. Released April 25, 1777 on order of Admiral Howe. Petition dated November 13, 1781, Boston, asking that Uriah Gardner be commissioned commander of Brigantine Union (privateer); advised in Massachusetts Council, November 20, 1781 that a commission be issued.

Gardner, Walter— Disowned in 1777 by the Society of Friends for going to sea in a prize vessel.

Garrett, Andrew— Major, Revolutionary Officer in Continental Army. Died in Nantucket January 10, 1835, age 80 years, 9 months.

Hiller, Thomas— Seaman, Massachusetts State Navy. Placed on Revolutionary Pension Roll March 10, 1834, age 73 years. (S-29894). Husband of Elizabeth Smith. Died in Nantucket, August 14, 1839. Shipmaster. The Nantucket records have a Thomas Hiller who served as a sergeant under General Washington in the Continental Army (1778-1783). Served on Long Island, crossed the Delaware and fought at Princeton and Trenton, N. J. His sword is in the Nantucket Historical Association Musum.

Jenkins, Thomas— In list of prisoners sent from Newport, R. I. in British prison ship "Lord Sandwich", landed at Bristol, March 7, 1778.

Hussey, Frances— Taken at sea and killed outright with another Nantucket man July 22, 1777. Son of Nathaniel and Judith (Coffin).

Hussey, Paul— Captain. Disowned in 1778 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Negotiated exchange of prisoners with the British at New York. Appointed Commissary of Prisoners by Massachusetts Council of State, August 16, 1777.

Hussey, Stephen Esq.— Judge of Superior Court of Common Pleas and also a Naval Officer. He belonged to a committee in Nantucket to raise men to go to Canada. None went and nothing is known about the committee or his naval office.

Jenkins, David— Disowned in 1779 for going to sea in a prize vessel. Lost at sea in 1780. Son of Peter and Abigail (Gardner), born on Nantucket March 24, 1754. Revolutionary Pensioner (S44459).

Jenkins, Benjamin— Seaman, Brigantine "Freedom", Joseph Hudson in command, December, 1776. Service one month, three days.

Macy, Tristram— Listed as seaman on privateer Schooner Grampus, November, 1780, age 43 years.

Manter, Gard— Prisoner of British at New York. Released August 12, 1777, on petition of Paul Hussey. Returned to Nantucket in Schooner Speedwell. Son of Joseph and Jerusha (Long). Born in Nantucket, October 28, 1756.

Marshall, Amos— Disowned in 1779 by the Society of Friends for holding office connected with the war. Conductor of Military Stores, service from July 20, 1780 to December 31, 1780.

Marshall, Joseph Jr.— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Service of 3 months, beginning May 4, 1775. Born in Nantucket in 1755.

Marshall, Samuel— Seaman on privateer Brigantine Lucy under Captain Stephen Clay, May 31, 1780. Age 24 years.

Marshall, Thomas of Dartmouth, Mass.— Resident in Nantucket. Disowned by the Society of Friends July, 1775 for taking up arms. Marched April 21, 1775 in response to the alarm of April 19, 1775.

Mitchell, Christopher— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in a prize vessel.

Morris, John— Seaman on privateer Brigantine Lucy, May 31, 1780, age 30 years. Taken prisoner by British in 1780. Prisoner on British prison ship. Husband of Sally (Coffin). Calif, wife of John Calif. Died in Nantucket 1848, age 86 years.

Myrick, Christopher— Prisoner on British prison ship at New York. Released on petition of Paul Hussey and returned to Nantucket on Schooner Speedwell August, 1777.

Pinkham, Matthew— Disowned in 1779 for going to sea in a prize vessel.

Pinkham, Nathaniel— Son of Nathaniel and Mary (Ramsdell). Taken by a privateer from Guernsey, south of England and killed on board, December 1778.

Pinkham, Obed— Disowned in 1779 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Pinkham, Seth— Prisoner on prison ship at New York, released on petition of Paul Hussey, August 12, 1777. Mate on Frigate Boston under Captain Samuel Tucker. Volunteer ship Protector, under Captain John Foster Williams, November 1780-May 1781.

Plaisted, Ichabod— Son of the wife of Timothy Fitch. Appointed Naval Officer for Nantucket on October 22, 1776, by the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Died in Nantucket in 1782, age 50 years.

Ramsdell, Jonathan Jr.— Son of Johanthan Jr. and Priscilla (Coffin). Carpenter's mate on board sloop of war "Martin". Perished in snow storm December 25, 1778, in St. John's Newfoundland.

Ramsdell, William— Mate, privateer Brigantine "Lucy", Captain Stephen Clay in command, May 31, 1780. New England History and General Reg. 29, p145.

Russell, Jedidah— Son of Daniel and Content (Norton). Died on British prison ship at New York, February 20, 1780.

Russell, Simeon— Corporal in service in Rhode Island, 1777-1778.

Ray, Christopher— Disowned in 1779 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Ray, Reuben— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in a prize vessel.

Ray, Sylvanus— Disowned in in 1779 for going to sea in an armed vessel.

Ray, Tristram— Disowned in 1782 for privateering.

Ray, William— Disowned in 1782 for being on an armed vessel.

Shadwell, (Shaldwell) Thomas—Husband of Hepzibeth Clark, married in Nantucket in 1775. Prisoner on prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777, on petition of Paul Hussey. No death record.

Starbuck, Barnabus— Master of Sloop "Lively" of Nantucket, captured by American privateer "Hampden" on voyage from Bahamas to Nantucket and sent as a prize to Salem, Mass. Captured enroute by British and taken to Halifax. Died in Halifax prison December 11, 1781. Son of Sylvanus and Mary (Howes).

Starbuck, John— Son ofChristopher and Mary (Barnard) Died July 4, 1781, age 19 years, 9 months. Prisoner of war in prison at Portsmouth, England.

Starbuck, Reuben— Disowned in 1781 for being with armed men.

Starbuck, Zaccheus— Husband of Sally (Wendall), son of Christopher and Mary (Barnard). Prisoner. Died in prison at Halifax, Nova Scotia, November 12, 1781.

Swain, Barzillai— Son of Francis and Mary (Paddack). Husband of Mary Hussey. Captured by the British Man-o-war "Milford" on voyage to the West Indies and taken to prison at Halifax. Released, then captured on an English ship in Bay of Fundy by the American Privateer "Blackbird" and taken to Boston and imprisoned. Released in December 1777 a physical wreck. Died in Boston, December 20, 1777, age 25 years. Seaman in list of prisoners sent in cartel "Swift" from Halifax to Boston, November 9, 1777.

Swain, David— (1761-1841) Revolutionary Pensioner, March 10, 1834, age 72 years. Son of David and Hannah (Swain), husband of Phebe Coleman (first wife) and Lydia Coleman (second wife).

Swain, James— Disowned in 1780 for going to sea in an armed vessel. Revolutionary Pensioner, U. S. Navy, March 10, 1834, age 75 years. Died in Nantucket, October 5, 1839. Husband of Rebecca (Baker) of Cape Cod. Son of Daniel and Rebecca (Orsborne).

Tracey, Henry— Prisoner on British prison ship at New York, released August 12, 1777 on petition of Paul Hussey. Husband of Elizabeth (Gardner), married 1773. Died in Nantucket in 1791. Came from Newfoundland.

Walcott, Benjamin— Revolutionary Pensioner, Nantucket County, April 20, 1818. Reported dropped from pension account May 1, 1820. In march from Boston to Bennington, Vermont and in numerous muster rolls and pay accounts. Commissioned captain on January 30, 1777. On command in Boston. Born in Boston August 14, 1754, married Elizabeth (Hawes) of Boston. Elizabeth died in Nantucket June 19, 1831. Benjamin died in Nantucket June 28, 1829, age 75 years. Several children of Benjamin and Elizabeth were born on Nantucket.

Wilbur, John— Revolutionary Pensioner, Nantucket County, April 7, 1819, age 72 years. Credited with service in Rhode Island under General Spencer. (Pension roll, Acts of Congress, March, 1818, p206.) Another John Wilbur, age 78 years was listed on pension roll, 6th Census of 1840. Several children of John Wilbur were born in Nantucket.

Worth, Christopher— (1750-1782) Master Brigantine "General Gasden" (privateer). Worth was petitioned to command vessel, dated Boston, August 18,1778. Commission granted by Council same date. Worth also appeared in a list of prisoners sent from New York to Portsmouth. N. H. in exchange for British prisoners. Son of Christopher and Dinah (Paddock). Lost on the "Bar" with Robert Barker in 1782.

Worth, Gideon— Son of Sylvanus and Rachel (Allen), husband of Phebe (Taber). Disowned by the Society of Friends in 1780 for going to sea in a prize vessel. Stranded in England before the war, joined a British vessel for Halifax, Nova Scotia, which was captured by an American privateer. "Prize", with Worth aboard, was captured by a British frigate on July 22, 1777. Francis Hussey was killed in the engagement. Gideon died on Nantucket, October 25, 1831.

Worth, William— Disowned by the Society of Friends for going to sea in a prize vessel.

See additional in 'Andrea Doria' issues.

Either July 20 or 27 or late

er Friday, July 27, 1956

Additional Islanders Who Served In War Of Revolution Listed

Dr. Emil Guba, author and professor in charge of the Waltham Field Station of University of Massachusetts has found additional names of Nantucketers who served in the American Revolution. They are listed herewith.

In previous articles in the Town Crier, Dr. Guba found that only one of 19 persons listed on a Nantucket DAR Chapter plaque actually served in the Revolution. In his research, he listed those with actual service in the American Revolution of which the following are the additional ones not previously listed:

by Emil Frederick Guba

Barnard, John— Cabin boy, Brigantine Massachusetts, Captain Daniel Souther; Cooper Brigantine Hazard: Stewart, Brigantine Hazard, Total service, August 1776-September, 1779.

Barnard, Tristram— He bought the Brigantine Hannah in London with Captain Chaddock and manned her with Amercian prisoners in England whose freedom they purchased. They sailed to European post and brought a cargo of needed supplies for the American Continental forces into Boston.

Breck, Andrew— Pilot, Brigantine Hazard. Captain John F. Williams, May- September, 1779.

Brock, John 2nd— Mate, Brigantine Hazard. Service, May-September, 1779.

Chase, Joseph— Commander, privateer Brig. Adventure, 12 guns, 20 men. Brother of Midshipman Reuben Chase.

Coffin, Alexander Jr. (1740-1839) He was in London at the dawn of the American Revolution He left London on May 23, 1776 with important messages and intelligence for the Continental Congress. He successfully brought his vessel and cargo to the British West Indies but was captured enroute to the United States by a privateer and kept aboard as prisoner. He arrived in America in September 1776. Commissioned commander privateer Brigantine Alexander, March 29, 1780, armed with six guns, eight swivels and 20 men. Also commander ship Hero with four gun's and 20 men. Coffin married Eunice Bunker. They emigrated to Hudson, N. Y. He was mayor and postmaster at Hudson and died there at the age of 98.

Coffin, Brown— Volunteer on Massachusetts State Brigantine Hazard carried 26 guns.

Coffin, Richard— On Frigate Protector I Massachusetts State Navy, service eleven months, 1780-81. Captain John F. Williams. The Protector carried 14 guns.

Folger, Henry— Seaman, Brigantine Hazard, 1777-78.

Folger, Sylvanus— Seaman, Brigantine Hazard, 1777-78.

Gardner, David— Seamen, Brigantine Hazard, 1777-78. Captain John F. Williams. Also other privateering service.

Gardner, Ebenezer— Served with other Nantucketers on Saucy Hound, American privateer which was captured by the British "General Arnold" and taken to Sandy Hook. Gardner and others on the "Saucy Hound" were impressed into British service. Gardner served on the British Sloop of War Rattlesnake which was engaged in convoying troops and supplies to General Cornwallis. Gardner was transferred to the British Frigate Marlborough serving as armourer for 28 months. The Marlborough was in Admiral Rodney's British fleet which engaged the French fleet under Admiral Count de Grasse in the West Indies in April 1782. The British victory sustained the supremacy of Great Britain in the West Indies. Other Nantucketers reported in the naval battle serving Great Britain were Daniel Coffin, sailing master on the Formidable, the flagship of Admiral Rodney's fleet, Thomas Hussey, Prince Coleman and Peleg Barker.

Gardner, Jonathan— Seaman Massachusetts State Brigantine Hazard 1777-78. Also other privateering service. The Hazard was first commanded by Captain Simeon Samson, later by Captain John F. Williams. In 1778 the Hazard captured the prize ship "Live Oak".

Swain, Obed— Seaman, Brigantine Hazard 1779. Captain John F. Williams.

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The next business was the interesting occasion which brought prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution as guests of the Association. It was the unveiling and presentation of the Memorial Tablet upon which are inscribed the names of the Nantucket men who served under John Paul Jones in the Revolution, and that of Lieut. Pinkham, whose personal efforts were the means of preserving the Scottish home of John Paul from decay and destruction.

Mrs. Eleanor Morgan, the Regent of Abiah Folger

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Fourteenth Annual Meeting

JULY 21st, 1908

The next business was the interesting occasion which brought prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution as guests of the Association. It was the unveiling and presentation of the Memorial Tablet upon which are inscribed the names of the Nantucket men who served under John Paul Jones in the Revolution, and that of Lieut. Pinkham, whose personal efforts were the means of preserving the Scottish home of John Paul from decay and destruction.

Mrs. Eleanor Morgan, the Regent of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R., under whose care and at whose expense the tablet had been prepared, made the address of presentation, and said in substance:

"Mr. President: One year ago I came before this society for Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R., to propose placing somewhere in or on the building of the Historical Society, adjoining this Meeting House, a memorial tablet to the twenty-one Nantucket sailors who served with John Paul Jones. It also seemed fitting to place thereon a second memorial, to Lieut. Alexander B. Pinkham, U. S. N., of Nantucket, who, in the words of the tablet, in patriotic remembrance, restored the birth-place of John Paul Jones at Arbigland, Scotland, in 1831. He was distressed to see the early home of one who was to him a national hero, falling into ruin, and his generosity, coupled with the interest he excited in the owner, made it possible for the building to be repaired, with a little fund for its maintenance, and that it should be occupied rent-free by the widow of a fisherman. An account tells us, that as the sailors sail past the cottage, which overlooks the sea, they doff their caps and say 'God bless kind Lieut. Pinkham.' A fine miniature of Paul Jones, in possession of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where it went by will of Lieut. Pinkham, testifies the appreciation of some of the Paul fam-

ily for this act of graceful and patriotic devotion. It will now be acknowledged on the island of his birth.

"We are accustomed to say and to hear that Nantucket did little to help in our war for independence—that our fathers were all Tories or Quakers. Tories we certainly had, and Quakers the most of us were, but the Quakers gave of their substance as well as their sympathy to the cause, and what ships we had swarmed with Nantucket seamen, many of whom suffered and died in the Jersey and other prison hulks. Can we place among our historical memorials one more interesting than to our sailors, and especially to those of them who served the brilliant founder of our navy? He, himself, says they were among his best men. It was Henry Gardner of Nantucket, acting gunner, in command in the tops, under whose direction the grenade was dropped into the hatch of the Serapis, causing the explosion which precipitated her surrender.

"At the Navy Department is John Paul Jones' own account of how he transferred the remnant of his officers and men to his prize, leaving the Richard as a coffin for his dead, and when she sank into the deep she carried all that was mortal of three who stood upon her roster as from Nantucket, who had died in her defence and in the defence of that young flag, which their gallant commander left waving above them—the only time that flag has ever sunk in victory; one of the most impressive and dramatic burials in all history.

"For over 125 years their names have been preserved in the archives of their country; from now they shall stand in bronze on the threshold of the collection we have made, that our children and our children's may know what manner of folk our fathers were and of their times and condition.

"I take pleasure, Mr. President, in presenting to you for the Historical Society, in behalf of Abiah Folger Franklin

Chapter and the friends whose interest and generosity have enabled us to carry out our project, this memorial tablet. As is fitting, the flag which hangs before it will be drawn by the grand-daughter of the one officer Nantucket furnished to our infant navy."

The tablet was then unveiled by Miss Mary Jane Chase, a descendant of the Reuben Chase of whom Paul Jones spoke so highly. As the tablet is placed in the vestibule of the Fire Proof building and the space was limited, the actual unveiling could only be witnessed by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the officers of the Historical Association. On the return of those witnesses to the audience room, President Starbuck made the following address of acceptance:

"Madame Regent:—

"Up to last Saturday I had supposed that this occasion would be an informal affair, in which the fair but energetic Regent of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, the daughter of a much esteemed class-mate of mine, would smilingly step up and say—'Mr. President—Here's the tablet,' and I would, quite as smilingly, respond—'Madame Regent, in behalf of the Nantucket Historical Association, I accept it —thank you.' On Saturday, however, I found that I was up against an entirely different proposition, and it was not until my arrival in Nantucket last evening, that I was made acquainted with the program somewhat in detail.

"It was one of the principles instilled in my youthful mind that the wife and the mother were in no sense inferior to the husband and father. The experiences of generations of whalemen, that if the husband and father was the earning power, the wife and mother was the financial agent who managed the business, trained the children and was sole arbiter in the home, so permeated Nantucket life that we expected Nantucket women to take in the conduct of affairs, if not the laboring oar, at least an equal respon-

sibility. And so it is quite in keeping with our honored traditions that we find on this occasion the design and the execution in the presentation of this beautiful memorial are due entirely to the women.

"During the period covered by the War of the Revolution, three-quarters of the people of Nantucket belonged directly or indirectly to the Society of Friends and were religiously opposed to war. That condition of affairs not only operated against any general uprising of those of the people capable of bearing arms as was the case in some communities, but permitted only the most meagre details to be made known regarding those who actually were in the service or aided the cause of the Colonists in other directions. It is only within a recent period that we have been made acquainted with Nantucket's activity in this respect. We know that scores of her vessels were captured and destroyed, and that hundreds of her sailors were made prisoners, many of whom never returned to their native island, but it is only in the light of recent investigations that we become acquainted with the active participation of Nantucket men in the defence of our country. We find by the records, so far as at present examined, that the Society of Friends disowned 47 of its members for being on armed vessels, bearing arms, or being in the company of armed men; some 80 or more were exchanged prisoners or are recorded as enlisted men; 12 served the Colony under civil commissions; 5 were commissioned as a Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety; 97 loaned money to the government; and the 21 whose names are inscribed on that tablet fought with that daring, versatile and able commander, John Paul Jones. This is not a discreditable record under the circumstances.

"The sailors of Nantucket, who did not and could not conscientiously actively participate in the struggle, still were loyal to their native land. In a letter to the Council

of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, written in 1779, John Adams, in suggesting means for destroying the British whale fishery, said, 'Whenever an English man of War or Privateer has taken an American Vessel they have given to the Whalemen among the Crew, by order of Government, their Choice, either to go on Board a Man of War and fight against their Country or go into the Whale Fishery. Such Numbers have chosen the latter as have made up the Crews of these seventeen Vessells.'

"Mr. Adams gives names of captains of these vessels, which include sixteen from Nantucket and four from other ports. Typical of the loyalty of the mariners of Nantucket was the reply of Capt. Nathan Coffin, who, when captured by the British and pressed to ally himself with them, heroically responded 'Hang me if you will to the yard arm of your ship but do not ask me to be a traitor to my country.'

"Allusion has often been made to the frequently expressed desire of the people of Nantucket to be allowed to be neutral in the Revolutionary conflict, but when one considers the religious principles of the vast majority of them and the utterly defenceless position they occupied, subject at all times to the impartial depredations of both the British and the Americans, neither of whom would or could give them any protection from the other, considering, too, that they were obliged to import all the necessaries of life, that desire is not to be wondered at. But Nantucket was by no means an isolated instance of that feeling of helplessness—several localities within the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay Colony expressed a similar wish. Even the Colony of South Carolina plead for the same immunity. Lieut. Col. Lee in his 'History of the War in the South,' tells us that when the British troops were beseiging Charleston in 1779 overtures were made with the British commander in behalf of the city and Colony by which it was agreed that South Carolina should remain neutral dur-

ing the rest of the war, her future status to be determined at its close. The neutrality of South Carolina meant the complete disorganization of armed resistance in the South, and that the country south of and possibly including Virginia, would remain undisputed British territory and that the English government could then concentrate its entire strength on the Northern Colonies. Why the English commander did not accept the offer is an unfathomable mystery. So you see that the suggestion of neutrality by Nantucket was by no means a sporadic case.

"The patriotism of Nantucket was not confined to the men. Among the women of the island who seemed to believe that 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God' was Deborah Chase, afterwards Deborah Morris. What relation she bore to the distinguished man who fought under Paul Jones, a relative of whom is a member of the Chapter making this beautiful gift, I do not know, but she was a young woman of marked force of character. On one occasion of the visits of the Refugees to Nantucket during the War of the Revolution, they had posted their sentinels in the vicinity of her home so that it was difficult to get water, and they suffered sorely. At last Deborah's patience was exhausted, and she determined to procure a supply of water. Her father said 'Thee had better not, thee will get a bayonet in thee.' She replied 'I would as lief die one way as another,' and seizing two pails she started for the pump. Passing around a corner she suddenly came upon a sergeant on guard who presented his bayonet to halt her. She flung one pail full in his face and knocked him senseless. She then passed on filled her two pails with water and returned in safety past the still prostrate sentry.

"It seems to me particularly appropriate that in this good town where woman's influence and woman's absolute equality have been so long recognized and unchallenged, that this handsome tablet dedicated to the memory of men

who rendered so conspicuous service to their country when that service was all-important, should be given by the women of your patriotic organization into the keeping of an Association which owes its existence to the laudable desire to keep ever alive the memories of our ancestors. While we all earnestly pray that the need may never come for our children or our children's children again to take up arms to defend our country in battle, on shore or on sea, against any foe, whether foreign or domestic, if in the providence of God the time does come when the sword must be unsheathed, may the glorious example of the men, whose names are here inscribed in enduring bronze, prove to the young men of that time an incentive to dare and to do as nobly as they dared and did.

"Madame Regent and members of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution—in behalf of the people of Nantucket, and especially in behalf of the members of Nantucket Historical Association, I accept this gift and I thank you for it."

Mrs. Morgan, in whose direct charge the ceremonies had been placed, then presented the State Regent, Mrs. Charles F. Masury, who made a very interesting address, telling in some detail the story of the formation of Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter and the really important aid the men of Nantucket were to the country during the Revolution in the loan of money to sustain the Continental Congress in its work. She spoke enthusiastically of how much the D. A. R. meant to the nation in keeping before the people the story of the patriotic deeds of the fathers, and said that the island counties stood well at the head in the patriotic duty of sustaining those who had the work of the organization in charge. Mrs. Masury alluded to the interesting and historic cradles in the Association's collection, one of which has been stated as having been the one in which the original but then youthful Tristram Coffin was

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quieted to sleep. She deprecated the modern way of child neglect, and said that, doctor or no doctor, she believed in coddling the dear little baby, rocking it in the arms or in the cradle, and treating the helpless bit of humanity as though it was a precious and welcome entity instead of a mere animal to be left to care for itself excepting at meal times. Her treatment of this phase of her subject seemed to strike a responsive chord. Her address was followed with close attention and was warmly applauded at its finish.

The regular business of the Association was then resumed and Miss Helen Gardner read a very interesting paper on one of Nantucket's local and peculiar institutions—"The 'Cent' School." This was followed by an amusing and instructive paper by Dr. Sharp on "Nautical Colloquialisms." Both the papers showed diligent research and parts of them evoked much merriment.

The meeting closed just before 12 o'clock, the President calling especial attention to the reception at the Point Breeze Hotel in the afternoon, urging all members to be present, with a guest if they chose, and cordially inviting every member of the Daughters of American Revolution in town to participate.

The Reception.

The reception tendered by the Association to the Daughters of the American Revolution at the Point Breeze in the afternoon was one of the most successful events of its kind in the history of the society. President Starbuck, of the Association, and Mrs. Masury, the State Regent, were the receiving line, and the guests were delightfully presented by Mrs. Eleanor Morgan. From three o'clock until five they were coming and going, the amusement room at the Point Breeze being constantly thronged by a social, informal party of members and guests. As nearly as can be ascertained there were about 50 members of the D. A. R. who responded to the invitation and were present. Among

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Pg 37

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM TO JAMES BUNKER, ESQ.

The original of the following letter is among the Association's collection, and it seems peculiarly appropriate to reproduce it at this time in connection with the report of the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet, which in part is erected to commemorate the life and work of Lieut. Pinkham:

Bantam, Clermont County, Ohio, 2nd April, 1837.

Dear Sir and My Brave Commander:—

It is now some forty-five years gone this day since you and father killed the big whale on the coast of New Holland. It is possible you may happen to think of that circumstance today, and also of another important event which happened to me on the same day. My mind is the more fully impressed with the recollection of the many times I have heard allusion made to these events, by the principal actors; since the sun of my existence according to the opinion of the most approved philosophers has this day reached its meridian,—nay: whilst I write I may say she has dipped, the sun has fell, 'tis twelve o'clock! and the most important change will be when her nether limb touches the horizon, and finally dips her upper one below it.

The return of this day has never brought such serious feelings with it as the present, since I was twenty-one. Henceforward my steps must of course be downward, yet the greatest folly, I think, is to grieve, because we cannot always be young or that we cannot live forever; or at any rate as long as life is desirable.

Having plodded onward until I have arrived at the highest peak, the apex, the very summit of my existence, it

would be natural for me to look back upon the beaten road, sum up the good and the evil, and endeavour by some arrangement of the figures, to strike a ballance that would exhibit in my favour, the result of a life thus far well spent. But it would require much more of pondering and figuring, searching out corrections for semidiameter, dip, parallax and refraction, than in making a common meridianal altitude of the sun; setting aside the ——— which I am free to confess has been something greater than that discovered by the Astronomer Royal, in his inspection of the light from the fixed stars. If I ever do attempt an examination, it will be when I have more leisure than at present, in the mean time to try and do better.

We take the "Nantucket Inquirer" and by it we learn from time to time, the principal matters going on upon the Island. We claim the credit for feeling ourselves very much interested in every thing that relates to our native land and rejoice at every additional evidence of its prosperity. The more the place is known, the more it seems to rise in the estimation of the people of the United States. It remains perhaps to be more generally known, that Nantucket has done more, much more toward the general prosperity of the country, than any other place of equal magnitude upon the sea coast.

I came here with my wife fifteen months ago, and should feel disposed to remain as much longer, was it not from her anxiety to return to her friends at Portsmouth, near Norfolk, Va. Out of compliment to her patience, in suffering so long an absence from them, I shall take her back to them in about a month.....

Since writing the above, Father has been relating for the one thousandth and one time, all the circumstances relating to the killing of the aforementioned great pam-a-city. It is very natural for one who talks so much, to find himself very often relating the same story. I must do him the

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credit to say, that he sometimes hits upon something new. I never until now heard him relate the adventures of the previous day.

Whilst he in the head of the boat was busy getting up the you were steering the boat so as to get into the wake of the large whale that had broke water close ahead, and had not spouted above a dozen times; he, perceiving it, from his impetuosity desired you to steer directly for the whale; the consequence was, that the boat approached directly upon his eye, the whale was gallied and went off. I stretched forth my hand and opened my mouth to tell him. that was not the way we used to do things on board the Chili, but he continued, saying, he took care never afterwards to commit such a blunder. Whenever he tells his great pam-a-city story, I generally tell mine; and that is all about the one we took on the coast of Chili the day I was sixteen years old. I have no doubt you remember it. The relations of our exploits amongst the monsters of the great deep, are the more interesting, the longer time that intervenes between that of their execution and the period of their being retold. The whole that I can say for myself, is to sum the whole up into one mighty blast, which is poured forth in a declaration that I struck the whole of the twenty-seven sperm whales we got to our boat on the last voyage in the Chili, out of which there were but two that I did not put both irons into.....

It is my intention to settle in Portsmouth, in a house that belonged to my wife's father and in which she was born and reared. Apropos of birthdays, my wife was born on the 25th March, 1811. We were them, if I mistake not, cruising off Valparaiso on the Chili. A considerable disparity in our ages truly, but that is a circumstance not so uncommon elsewhere as at Nant.

Amongst our Nantucket friends whose names are so often mentioned amongst us, there are none which oftener

occur than that of yourself and Mrs. Bunker, and I will venture to say there are none whom we should be more glad to see than yourselves, your children and your children's children. It is a pleasure that my parents and myself may yet live to enjoy.

If this communication bears half the interest with it that I could wish, I shall be more than paid. The first thing this morning, I cast about to think what pious duty I should perform on so remarkable a day as that on which I arrived at my forty-fifth year, and I could hit upon nothing so appropriate as addressing myself to you.

In the course of a life somewhat checkered by adventures, I look back upon the four years I served under your command, as the greenest spot; the only real oasis in the whole expanse. The lessons I learned from your example and precept, have been of daily advantage to me through life thus far. Long may you live to enjoy the reward of a well spent life, which if it comes in no other form than the serenity of mind from a consciousness of it, still that is a treasure not lightly to be valued.

If there is any person's name which is mentioned amongst us oftener than another it is that of Geo. Myrick, Sen. Will you have the kindness to remember us to him.

My father and mother, wife and all of us, send best wishes for the welfare of yourself and family. I remain most truly yours,

ALEX. B. PINKHAM.

TER FROM ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM

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ALEX. B. PINKHAM.

SPECIAL COMMENDATIONS by John Paul Jones

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Nantucketers with John Paul Jones.

Special Mention of Several of Them in that Great Sea-fighter's Fights.

Casually overrunning a lately-published "History of John Paul Jones, Founder of the Amerian Navy," by Augustus C. Buell, I find that a number of Nantucketers were with that most picturesque of sea-fighters in his various commands, and that several acquitted themselsves in a manner that made them worthy of special commendation in John Paul Jones's own hand.

Owen Starbuck John Paul took with him from the Alfred, his first ship (of which he was in temporary command) to the Providence. And on the Providence he found Anthony Jeremiah, of Martha's Vineyard—if not a Nantucketer, certainly the next thing to it—a full-blooded Narragansett Indian, like most of his race then lingering on Martha's Vineyard, a sailor and a whaleman.

Owen Starbuck seems to have been a corker. Subsequently on the Ranger, when that vessel was capturing the Drake, John Paul Jones noticed that two of his quarter gunners had caught the Drake's period of roll and were timing to fire as their muzzles went down and the enemy's came up "By this practice they were hulling the Drake prodigiously below the water line and everywhere below the plankshear, though damaging her but little aloft.. Being near quarter gunner Owen Starbuck, of Nantucket, I asked him why they fired that way, and he replied: 'To sink the English b——s, sir!'"

Perhaps some Nantucketer can fill out the blank; but I imagine that Owen here, in the hurry of the moment, used a French word. Anyway, he was requested not to sink the Drake, as it was desired to "take her alive." Thereupon the gunner elevated his muzzle and the Drake was brought in, though with thirty-six shot holes at or below her water line.

Among "the able seamen whose knowledge of navigation and other prime qualifications led me to entrust command of valuable prizes to," was "Henry Gardner, of Nantucket," who brought his prize in safely. Fitly enough, considering the port he hailed from, Mr. Gardner was entrusted with "the brig-sloop Portland, whaler, from Hull, England." In the same paper special mention is made of "Anthony Jeremiah, of Martha's Vineyard—the full-blooded Narragansett Indian."

In the world-famous action between the Bonne Homme Richard and the Serapis, a Mr. Randall, gunner, was broken for misconduct and Henry Gardner made acting gunner.

Mr. Gardner afterwards wrote a pamphlet entitled "Narrative of Henry Gardner," published at Portsmouth, N. H., 1782, and reprinted, enlarged, in New Bedford, 1826. In this pamphlet Mr. Gardner says that the Commodore directed him to lay aloft to the main-top, and suggested to the lieutenant of the ship the idea of trying to drop hand grenades into the enemy's main hatch from the Richard's main yard-arm, which then overhung that hatch. "In obedience to this, I had a couple of buckets of grenades whipt up into the top, and, with Midshipman Fanning, and two seamen—Jerry Evans, of Nantucket, and Peter Nolte, a Swede, brave as all Northmen are,—lay out on the main yard-arm, Fanning outboard, I next, with a slow-match and the two seamen each carrying a bucket of grenades." At the third trial a grenade was landed in the enemy's hold, and "a terrible explosion occurred, by which not less than fifty of the enemy's crew were killed or crippled, and all the after part of the enemy's starboard lower tier effectually silenced, and the men in the forward division driven from their guns, to which they were again rallied with difficulty." Pretty well for a contribution from a Quaker island.

To "Henry Gardner, of Nantucket," and his pamphlet, we are indebted for interesting and vivid personal description of the great commodore and illuminative anecdote. He was opposed to flogging. But he had a way of his own for quelling insubordination. "One Sunday," we are told, "off the west coast of Ireland, he addressed the crew of the Bonne Hommme Richard on the subject of discipline. He told them that, many years before, when he was a boy in the merchant service, he had seen a man 'flogged round the fleet' at Port Royal, Jamaica. He said the man died under the lash; and he then made up his mind that Paul Jones and the cat-o-nine-tails would part company. 'I tell you, my men,' he said, 'once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswains' mates under slow torture of the lash! But I will do it myself—and so G——d——d quick that it will make your heads swim!'"

No roster is given of the Alfred nor of the Providence, John Paul Jones's first ships. But in the Ranger, Nantucket shows up with 18 petty officers and able seamen, and 3 apprentice boys, against Portsmouth's 22 petty officers and able seamen and 11 apprentice boys, which, considering that the Ranger was launched at and sailed from Portsmouth, is doing pretty well. New Bedford, Castine, Boston and Philadelphia are nowhere in comparison. The Nantucket roll on the Ranger may be interesting: Petty officers and able seamen--Reuben Chase, Henry Martin, William Roberts, Thomas Turner, James Chase, Reuben Joy, Albert Cogswell, Nathan Aldrich, Latham Gardner, James Nicholson, Owen Starbuck, Seth Folger, William Nye, Freeman Luffkin, Paul Worth, Henry Gardner, Matthew Starbuck, Barzillai Folger. Apprentice boys—Stephen Folger, Nelson Aldrich, Charles Crampton. Only names and not ports hailed from are given in the roster of the Bon Homme Richard, but we find Reuben Chase (now midshipman), and Henry Gardner, acting gunner. And among the killed in the action with the Serapis we find Thomas Turner, Henry Martin, and James Nicholson. Wounded: Henry Gardner (always in it.) Unhurt: Jerry Evans and Anthony Jeremiah.

Henry Gardner, Owen Starbuck and Anthony Jeremiah (the only full-blood American Indian that ever served in the Navy), followed John Paul Jones on all his ships and through all his fortunes.

Regarding Mr. Gardner's contribution to this literature of this great sea battle, our historian says: "The battle up to that time (it had then lasted about three-quarters of an hour) is better described than we have ever seen elsewhere, in the narrative of Henry Gardner." The narrative contains a copy of a diagram of the battle, sketched by Jones himself, approved by him, with the words "a true copy" and his signature, made from the original by Gardner in 1782, when with Jones at Portsmouth employed in fitting the America of seventy-four guns.

In his journal at this time the commodore writes of our Nantucketer: "I had anticipated much difficulty in mounting the battery. But just at the nick of time I was joined by my old gunner, Mr. Gardner, who had then recently returned from a grand privateering cruise with Fanning and Mayant in French ships from St. Moloes, in the spring of 1780. Had I been permitted to choose, I would have selected Mr. Gardner in preference to all others I knew for this particular service. I at once secured his aid, rating him acting gunner of the America with the assurance that he should be warranted full, regular gunner when the ship was manned, if, indeed I could not succeed in obtaining a lieutenant's commission for him. Mr. Gardner took the entire charge of mounting the battery, including making of carriages, reeving of breechings, and side tackle, preparation of rammers, sponge-staves, quoins, handspikes, overhead tackle, shot racks, and all the other almost numberless details of the battery of a line-of-battle ship. He also took supervison of the internal fittings of the magazines, of which there were two, besides attending to the racks for small arms—in short, everything pertaining to the armament of the ship. His services were invaluable, and much of the good condition of the America when finished was due to his skill and vigilance."

It seems pity that neither Gardner nor his commodore ever got a chance to fight the ship they fitted; but the America was by resolution of Congress turned over to the French to recompense them for the loss of the Magnifique, wrecked at the entrance to Boston harbor, and passed out of our navy before she fired a gun for our cause.

Not at all an uninteresting figure in John Paul's following in the action with the Serapis was the Martha's Vineyarder, of whom Gardner writes: "Our little Indian Anthony Jeremiah, or as his messmates nicknamed him, 'Red Jerry' (generally pronounced by the crew 'Red Cherry') was 'port-fire' throughout. ['Port-fire in those days, before locks, primers, or lanyards were invented, meant the man who attended the slow match and touched off the gun when laid.] When the gun deck was abandoned and we went above, Jerry joined Mayrant's boarding party and was among the first over the enemy's hammock netting in the final rush. Surely I think the natural bloodthirst of Jerry's savage race must have been glutted in that battle. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for he did not get a scratch from first to last, except maybe a cut or two by splinters."—Gardner's Narrative.

Mr. Buell also acknowledges indebtedness in compiling his history to a "Scrapbook, Gardner Collection, Newspaper clippings of the period of the American Revolution."

It would be interesting to know if the Nantucket Historical Society is in possession of any documents bearing on John Paul Jones and his island following; or if the Starbucks, the Folgers, the Chases, the Joys, or other historical families of the island have records or traditions commemorative of the doings of their far-away ancestors in the first American navy, under the command of a commodore, first then, and to be first for all time and in all navies.

For my part, I am so overwhelmed by the tremendous achievements on sea and land of homonym if not my ancestor, that I drop for the moment the "John Paul" which we share in common and by which I am known in real life, and here attach only my nom de plume— Charles Henry Webb.

NOVEMBER 1. 1902

Reuben Chase
AND FAMILY

Reuben Chase, Midshipman, Who Fought with John Paul Jones.

Reuben Chase, of Nantucket, who was with John Paul Jones, was born at Nantucket, June 23, 1754, and died on the island June 23, 1824. He was the son of Stephen and Dinah Chase.

As a young boy most of his time was spent on the water front among the shipping, and no one could excell young Chase in sea knowledge. As he reached the age of 20, the restraint of staying on dry land left him and he shipped aboard the Alfred at Providence, R. I., in 1776.

The Alfred was an old East Indiaman, on board of which the first American flag flown on a man-of-war was raised December 22, 1775. The Alfred was built in Cumberland, England, in 1766. She was 440 tons burden.

She was pierced by 16 long 9-pounders amidships, but as John Paul Jones changed her armament to: a gun-deck battery of 8 12-pounders, amidships; 12 9-pounders, fore and aft; with 8 6-pounders on her quarter deck—giving her a total battery of 26 guns. The sheathing up to the water line was an extra planking of pine boards. Copper had not been used.

Reuben Chase shipped on the Alfred for one year. In July, 1777, he again shipped under John Paul Jones, this time on the brig Ranger. The Ranger cruised in European waters, and in the action of the Ranger and the Drake, Chase received favorable mention from John Paul Jones.

When the Ranger returned to the United States in 1779, Chase signed up on the Alliance, which carried Lafayette to France. On arrival there, John Paul Jones was fitting out the Bon Homme Richard. Chase, with several other men, was transferred from the Alliance and made petty officers, but Chase had the distinction of being appointed midshipman.

In the historical action of the Bon Homme Richard and the British ship Serapis, Chase again received high commendation. In December, 1779, the crew of the Bon Homme Richard were shipped on board the Alliance, and this ship's cruise was ended in February, 1780.

After a short land rest, Chase was given the berth of 2nd lieutenant in a French privateer, the 20-gun La Bon Adventure. This cruise lasted from March, 1780, to September, 1781, and was the most successful privateer enterprise on record.

Chase was appointed to the America, then under construction at Portsmouth, N. H., as told in the last issue of The Inquirer and Mirror. This 74-gun ship was given to France. She sailed to France, where the presentation took place in September, 1782, and her crew were honorably discharged.

This ended the career of Reuben Chase in the United States Navy, covering a period of 6 years.

After a short stay at Nantucket, he took command of the packet ship Governor Clinton, which sailed between New York City and European ports. In 1787 the Governor Clinton made the run from Dover Castle (England) to New York City in 19 days, which was fast going for that period. John Paul Jones was a passenger on this voyage.

It was in 1788-9 that he turned to whaling, and was captain of the whaler Union, of Nantucket, in 1788 and 1789. Afterwards, he and Henry Gardner and others formed a company that owned several ships, and carried quite an extensive business on Nantucket, where he lived until his death on June 23, 1824.

I found in an old edition of the celebrated novel "The Pilot", written by J. Fenimore Cooper, the following which was in the hand-writing of Frederick C. Sanford, of Nantucket:

"The Long Tom from this story was Reuben Chase. I remember him well and he was just such a man as Cooper described, 6 feet 4 inches tall, very powerful and angular. He was with the heroic John Paul Jones in his seafights (and it was after this that Cooper made his acquaintance). Cooper said "Long Tom Coffin" of his novel, The Pilot, was Reuben Chase of Nantucket. Reuben had a sister, Deborah, who weighed 350 pounds, and could with ease fling a man of 170 pounds weight upon a low house roof. In The Pilot, pages 18 and 19, it is stated: "I would rather trust Tom Coffin and his harpoon to back me than the best broadside that ever rattled out of a three decker.

" 'Come this way, Master Coffin!'

"The seaman addressed arose. When erect he stood six feet and as many inches in his shoes; when elevated in his most perpendicular attitude, his whole frame was destitute of rounded outlines of a well-formed man, though his enormous hands furnished a display of bones and sinews which denoted gigantic strength. On his head was a low brown hat of wool with an arched top that threw an expression of peculiar solemnity and harshness over his visage. The sharp prominent features were enriched by a set of black whiskers that began to grizzle a little with age. One hand grasped the staff of a bright harpoon, and gave the picture of vast dimentions."

Thus Cooper describes Reuben Chase of Nantucket.

Capt. H. Percy Ashley.

AUG 8, 1931.

The Chases of Nantucket.

We take the following from a publication known as the "Chase Chronicle." It was sent to the magazine for publication by a Nantucketer, presumably of the Chase lineage:

The Chases of Nantucket, Massachusetts, are members of the family in the Thomas line, descendants of Isaac, one of the younger sons of Thomas, who, for his second wife, married Mary Tilton of Martha's Vineyard, to which island he then removed, and from this neighboring island one or more of his twelve children crossed over to Nantucket and became the progenitors of the Nantucket branch of the family.

It has never been a numerous family in that town, but its members have always borne an honorable part in local affairs and some of them have won a national renown.

In the Chronicle of October 1911, under the title "A Naval Chase," we gave a brief account of the achievements of Reuben Chase of Nantucket, who, during the Revolutionary War was one of the petty officers under Commander John Paul Jones, on the "Bon Homme Richard," when she captured the British frigate "Serapis," upon which occasion he was commended by Commander Jones.

In the July number of 1912, we published an account, sent us by his grand niece, Miss Charlotte B. Chase of New Bedford, of the gravestone placed at his grave, and the unique nautical epitaph inscribed so displeasing to the family, that Reuben's sons removed the stone and, as tradition says, used it as a doorstep with the written face downward.

In the recent world war, one of our naval heroes was Quartermaster Howard U. Chase of Nantucket, who, as recorded in the Chronicle of April 1918, was the last to leave the Torpedo-Destroyer Jacob Jones, which was torpedoed and sunk off the Irish Coast in December, 1917, and who, for his bravery and service upon this occasion, received from U. S. Sec'y. of the Navy, Daniels, a special letter of official commendation.

But not in war alone, have the Chases of Nantucket brought honor to the family name. In the Chronicle of October 1918, are recorded the names and voyages of a dozen or twenty members of the family who, as captains of whale-ships, followed the peaceful occupation of whaling and did their part to make Nantucket at one time the greatest whaling port in all the world, an occupation in which Reuben Chase of Revolutionary fame afterward engaged. Such is the honorable record of which any family might well be proud. Who would not be proud of being a Nantucket Chase?

Nov 8 1919

The Epitaph of Reuben Chase.

Miss Charlotte B. Chase, of New Bedford, in an issue of the "Chase Chronicle" gives the following facts regarding the epitaph placed on the grave-stone of "Reuben Chase" of Nantucket, who served with John Paul Jones in the Revolutionary War.

It seems that when Reuben Chase died, his brother, Joseph Chase (my great-grandfather) asked the family if they were going to erect a stone at his grave, and when he learned that they were not, he requested permission to place a stone there at his own expense. They agreed to this, not knowing, however, that he intended to write an epitaph fro the stone. He wrote it in the nautical language of those days, meaning thereby no disrespect whatever, and the following was the epitaph:

Free from the storms and gusts of human life,
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here lies Reuben Chase anchored, who stood the sea
Of ebbing life and flowing misery.

He luffed and bore away to please mankind
Yet duty still urged him to head the wind.
Rheumatics gusts at length his masts destroyed
But jury health awhile he still enjoyed.

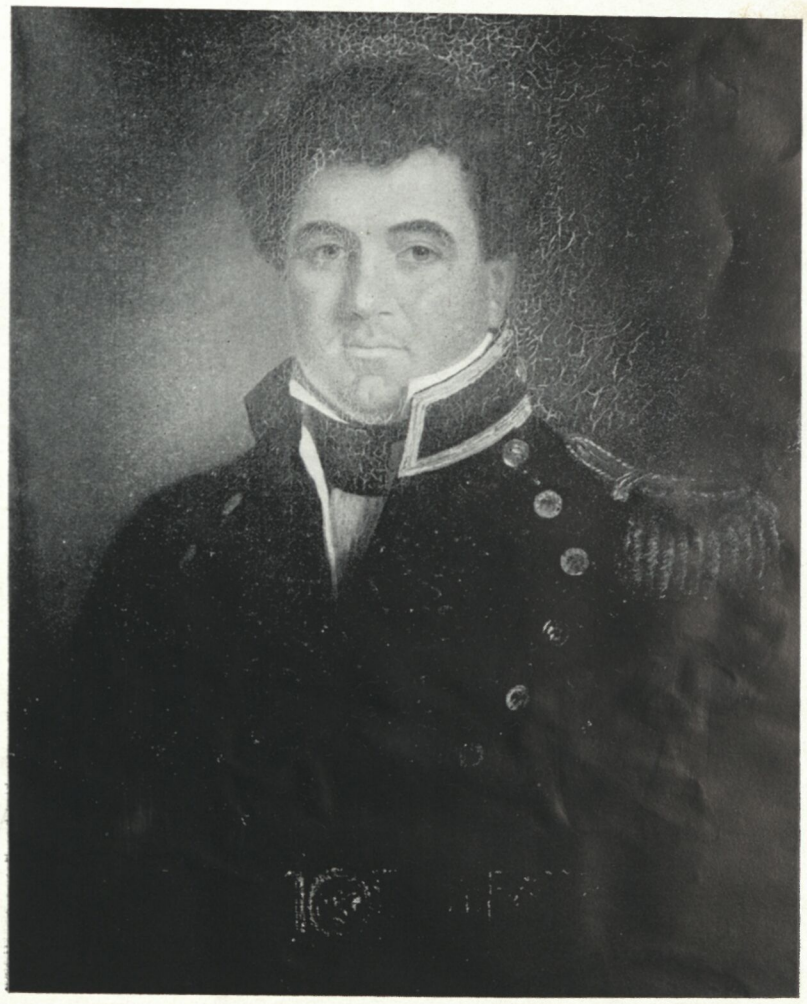
Though not dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw—
He took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw.
Woven with age and shattered head,
At last he stranded and grounded on his bed.

Then in distress careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expected every day.
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hole,
And left his body destitute of soul.

The stone was put in place of a Saturday and the next day many people visited the burying ground to read the queer inscription, the news of which had spread quckly in the little town of Nantucket. The family of Reuben were not at all pleased with it, and that Sunday night Reuben's son Obed and Joseph's son Edward removed the stone, and, if tradition is correct, it became the doorstep in front of some house with the writing face down.

Oct 8, 1921

RESTORER
of
John Paul Jones's Birthplace
Scotland



LIEUT. ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM.
From a portrait by William Swain painted in 1831.

VERSES
by Lieut. Pinkham

a.

An Unknown Naval Hero of Nantucket.

1792–

By EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

Alexander Bunker Pinkham was born in Nantucket on April 2, 1792, the son of Andrew and Deborah (Bunker) Pinkham. He was sixth in line from the redoubtable Richard from the Isle of Wight, and inherited a love of the sea from both sides of his house. More than that, he grew up in this seaport town at a time when the exploits of the islanders who served in the young U. S. Navy or on privateers were the subject for many an evening's discourse around the huge fireplaces of the sturdy houses. He might have heard at first hand the stories of the men who fought with John Paul Jones on the gallant *Ranger* and the rotting *Bon Homme Richard*. Certainly he came to venerate the memory of Captain Jones, and his admiration eventually led him to the accomplishment of a deed which stamps him as an unknown hero in the annuals of American marine history.

Alexander, like other Nantucket boys, went a-whaling at an early age. In 1807, at the age of 15, he sailed in the *Chili*, under Captain James Bunker, on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. In his second voyage in the same ship, he was promoted to boat-steerer, or harpooner, and it is recorded that he struck twenty-four whales in his boat alone every one of which was subsequently killed. In a letter written in the 45th year of his life, while residing in Clermont County, Ohio, he expressed himself to Captain Bunker as follows:

"In the course of a life somewhat checkered by adventures, I look back upon the four years I served under your command as the greenest spot; the only real oasis in the whole expanse. The lessons I learned from your own example and precept have been of daily advantage to me through life thus far."

Young Pinkham came from a Quaker family which had several militant figures. Paul Pinkham was active in the Continental cause during the Revolution, and was such an excellent pilot that his chart of the shoals in this vicinity was afterwards published by the State—the first of its kind. Uncle Reuben died in far-off Java in 1798, and Uncle David was one of the American sailors imprisoned at Dartmoor who never returned home after the 1812 war. Both Alexander and his brother Reuben joined the Navy and both arose to the rank of Lieutenant and both had unusual records. But for Reuben's untimely death in 1839, he might have attained a high rank in the service.

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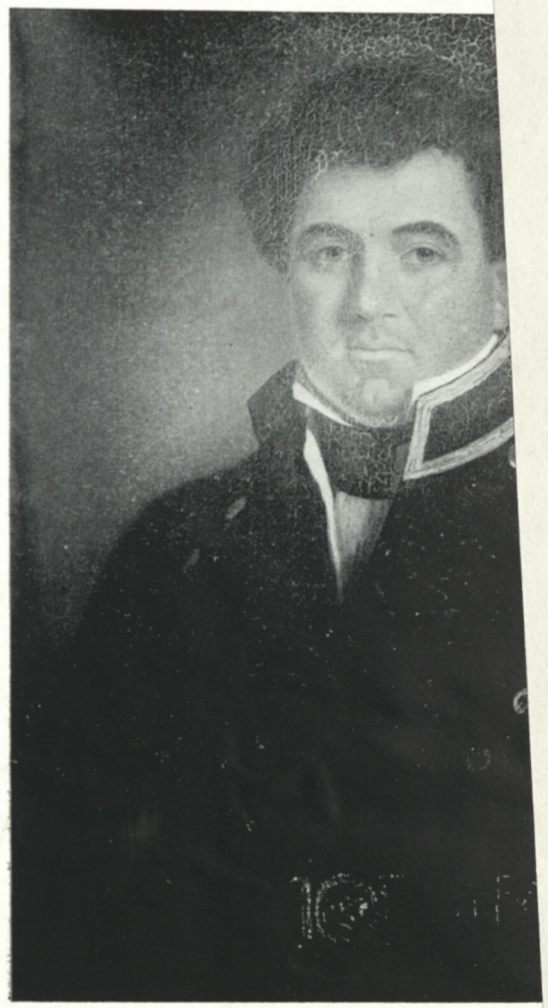
RESTORER of John Paul Jones's Birthplace Scotland



LIEUT. ALEXANDER B. P
From a portrait by William Swain

In 1836, Lieut. Pinkham married Lydia Davis, of Portsmouth, Va., a young lady then in her 25th year. He wrote in a letter to Nantucket that "on the day my wife was born (March 25, 1811) I was cruising off Valparaiso, in the Pacific Ocean on the ship *Chili*, and was sixteen years of age."

* * * * * *

In 1829, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, equipped the schoolship *Clio* as a floating auxiliary to his Coffin School—which he had established here in 1827. The *Clio* was commissioned on August 8, and Lieutenant Pinkham was appointed her commander. He sailed her to Quebec, with 21 Nantucket boys on board, ranging in age from 12 to 16—the youngest being Andrew Morton, who lived until the 1890's to tell of the experience. Another voyage was made to the Rio Grande, so that the boys learned of cold and warm latitudes.

Admiral Coffin had stipulated the kind of costumes these embryo Nantucket tars must wear. They had blue jackets and trousers, "of good cloth," blue knit stockings (of worsted in winter and cotton in summer.) On the right arm was sewn a red anchor. Great-coats were provided at the proper season, and were lined with baize made of No. 6 canvas, and painted. Leather caps with an anchor insignia completed the nautical costume. Besides the instruction in navigation and the sciences of "hydraulics, pneumatics, astronomy, natural philosophy, etc.," the boys had to learn caulking and joining, carpentry and blacksmithing, slaughtering, pickling and baking. Gunnery was included in the course, and the boys were taught wrestling, swimming, and the use of the broadsword. Lieutenant Pinkham was not only one of the versatile of men, ideally suited as a teacher, but he must have anticipated the modern "commando training!"

Following the last voyage of the *Clio*, Lieutenant Pinkham rejoined the Navy. Two years later, he was granted a long furlough, during which he intended to visit Ireland, Wales, England and Scotland. The young officer's hobby was English literature, especially poetry, and his ready imagination had been fired at an early age when his father, returning from a voyage to London, brought him a volume of Robert Burns' pithy verse. It was his ambition to visit not only the historic portions of the British Isles but the homes of the great poets and writers—as many as his wanderings would permit.

* * * * * *

On an evening late in August, in the year 1831, the editor of a Scottish newspaper—the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*—in southwestern Scotland, received a note from an American traveller, requesting an interview. The stranger was Lieut. Pinkham. After he

VERSES
by Lieut. Pinkham

had produced a printed furlough identifying himself, he informed the Scotchman of his purpose in exploring portions of the British Isles; he further stated that it was his chief desire to visit the land of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. It was also his great hope, he went on, to make a pilgrimage to the home of Captain John Paul Jones, who had been an idol since boyhood and whose exploits had never ceased to thrill him.

The traveller told something of his journey this far. The vessel in which he embarked had touched at Cork, and from that city he had wandered, mostly as a pedestrian, over a great part of Ireland, admiring the vale of Avoca, charmed by the Lakes of Killarney, and intrigued by the history so evident in Dublin. Crossing to Liverpool he had sailed from the Mersey to the Nith, the captain of the trading craft on which he had sailed refusing to accept any passage money upon learning that Lieut. Pinkham was a sailor.

Lieut. Pinkham expressed a fervant desire to obtain an interview with the relict of Robert Burns, and the editor, impressed by his sincerity and mental qualifications, promptly offered to provide such a letter. He spoke of his father, Captain Andrew Pinkham, trading with Britain, having brought home a copy of Burns' poems for him. The works of the Ayrshire Ploughman were perused first with curiosity and then with avidity, and Lieut. Pinkham confessed that they threw an unknown charm over his entire life.

It is to this Scottish editor that we owe an enduring debt for a valuable pen-picture of the Nantucket naval officer. After describing the traveller's faded blue uniform, and knapsack containing a change of linen, materials for writing, and a few books and mathematical instruments, he went on as follows:

"Lieut. Pinkham was a gentleman of probity, talent and taste, whose appearance, mind and manners I shall not speedily forget. He was not only prodigiously stout but beyond all comparison the most weather-beaten man I ever beheld. Indeed, I question whether Capt. Ross himself was a whit more so when he first arrived from the North Pole. Lieut. Pinkham's age might be thirty-two or a little beyond [he was actually 39]; his height five feet ten or eleven inches; and then such a chest, neck and shoulders! Limbs more muscular I have never seen. A single glance riveted attention and convinced you that the owner was indeed a Hercules whom it would be dangerous to tamper with in a dark night and on a lonely road.....Agile as well as powerful,..... he was one compact compound of bone and muscle, nerves of steel and sinews of iron and my impression is that Pinkham, had he chosen to turn his attention to a calling so disreputable, would have proven an over-match for all the prize-fighters in England..... From the description just given of Mr. Pinkham's outer man, it may be supposed by some .....that he bore some resemblance to the commander of the Black Prince in rudeness of manner

RESTORER of John Paul Jones's Birthplace Scotla

LIEUT. ALEXANDER B.
From a portrait by William Swai

and recklessness of character. But never was inference more unfounded. Gentler manners and a softer heart I have rarely, if ever, exemplified. During all my intercourse with him I never heard an oath escape his lips or the slightest boast as to the perils he had braved or the honours he had won. Indeed, so far as I could judge, the stranger was a man of much sensibility, and had not only a fine eye for natural scenery, but was alive to the sublime, the picturesque and the beautiful, whether as witnessed in the works of nature or reflected on canvass and through the medium of books. ....He was quite at home on British and American literature, quoted readily and aptly. ....He regretted that his education had been defective, however, and expressed so strong a desire to improve himself by every means..... that I have no doubt that he will figure as an author. During his sojourn in Dumfries, he led a most active life.....making pedestrian excursions to the country and carefully inspecting every spot venerable from antiquity or endeared by classic association."

* * * * * *

With such a description to guide us, we can in a measure, follow Lieutenant Pinkham as he visited Friars' Carse Hermitage, where Burns penned one of his finest poems, thence to Ellisland, where the poet lived as a farmer and composed "Tam O'Shanter" and "Mary in Heaven," and to Lincluden. On other occasions he visited Newabbey, Bruce's Castle at Lochmaden, and Cearlaverock on the Solway Frith:

"Cearlaverock! by the Solway's side,
Great were thy pristine power and pride—
When half the warriors of the land
Woke when a Maxwell gave command!"

Upon bidding adieu to Dumfries, Lieut. Pinkham bent his steps in the direction of Arbigland, a beautiful estate on the Galloway banks of the Solway, some fourteen miles from Dumfries. Here, from Criffel mount, with the sea in sight, he could see as far as the Island of Arran, the breadth of the Isle of Man, many distant places in England, and the coast of Cumberland in front, with its background of mountains casting great shadows before the rising sun. On the adjoining estate of D. H. Craik, Esq., called Arbigland, was located—so Lieut. Pinkham understood—the humble birthplace of his hero, Captain John Paul Jones. The father of John Paul had been the gardener on the estate, and from the little seaport of Carsethorn the young man of destiny often watched the ships and talked with the sailors and eventually embarked on his seafaring career.

The Nantucketer made himself known to one of the men living in the vicinity and was directed by him to the cottage where John Paul was born. His mind filled with emotions which were a mingling of his own youthful hero worship and his knowledge of the immortal character of Captain Jones' exploits, Lieut. Pinkham walked the lane

VERSES
by Lieut. Pinkham

to the site of the cottage. When it burst upon his view he was taken aback with consternation. The birthplace of the "father of the United States Navy" was roofless and a ruin!

Lieutenant Pinkham afterwards declared it was a spectacle which actually affected him so profoundly that he was almost in tears. Having seated himself, he cogitated, reviewing no doubt the circumstances of John Paul's stormy career. Among many Englishmen, this Scotch sailor was a pirate sailing under the flag of a swaggering Republic of men who dared defy His Majesty's Navy. The raid on Whitehaven, close by, was certainly never forgotten by the principals involved. There was reason enough for the neglect of this stone cottage from the point-of-view of an Englishman.

But the Nantucketer was thinking in terms of his own country. A nation whose very foundation was builded upon its maritime history, whose naval tradition was in a large measure established by Captain Jones, had apparently forgotten the fiery commander of the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. The politicians of Jones' time had seen to it that he would gain nothing from his naval career inasmuch as his adopted country was concerned.

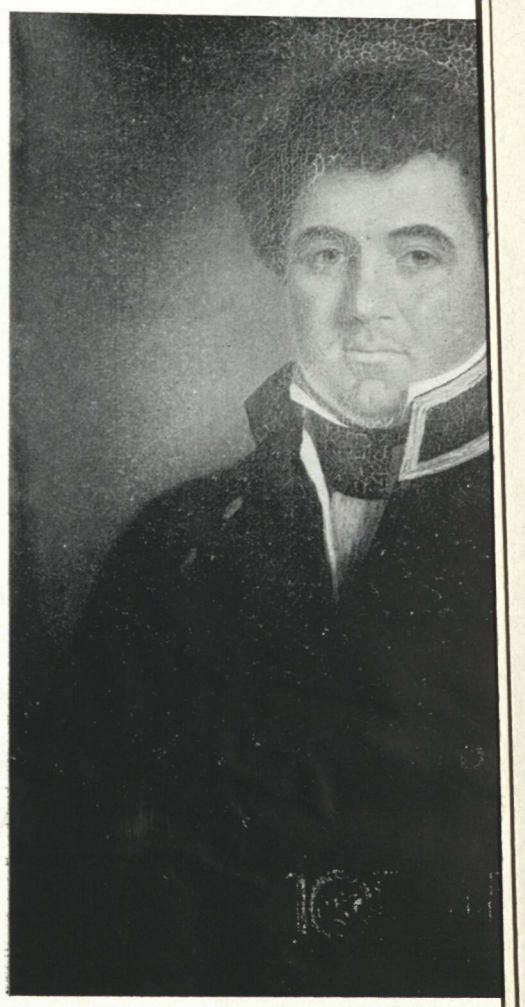
As was his custom in many instances, Lieut. Pinkham made a sketch of the ruined hut and then withdrew. While retracing his steps, some undefinable feeling shaped itself into a determination to repair, if permitted, at his own expense, the birthplace of this sea hero. But there were many difficulties in his way. Of the proprietor of the estate he knew nothing, and realizing full well the bigotted attitude of many Englishmen towards Jones, he considered it improbable that such a restoration would be permitted by Mr. Craik, coming as it did from an unknown stranger.

* * * * * *

Like many of his generous impulses, Lieut. Pinkham concluded the desire would gradually wear off during the time it took to continue his journey through Scotland. And so he wandered on, visiting the land of Burns, thence to Glasgow, Greenock, Loch Lomond, Lock Katrine and the western Highlands. From Stirling he embarked in a steamer for Edinburgh. Although he found much to admire in the "City of Palaces," his time was limited; he again bent his steps southward to walk the classic vales of the Tweed and the Yarrow. When he arrived at Abbotsford, he attempted an interview with Sir Walter Scott, but the great writer, then in ill-health, found it necessary to deny the request—as he did hundreds of others.

The Nantucketer then determined to go to Altrive Lake and gain an audience with Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. But when he arrived the day was well spent and, discovering there were no rooms

RESTORER of John Paul Jones's Birthplace Scotla



LIEUT. ALEXANDER B.
From a portrait by William Swai

to be obtained in the nearest habitation, he went into a grove of trees, selected the driest spot he could find, and made himself a rude bed where he spent the night. When he recounted this incident to the Scottish editor, some time later, the newspaperman was somewhat astounded, and remarked that the American was indeed like the hardy Sir Ewan Cameron who, Sir Walter Scott declared, had with his men slept on snow-covered ground on being caught in a storm. Upon the reference to Scott, Lieut. Pinkham rather bitterly told of his unsuccessful attempt to see the literary genius.

But when Pinkham described his visit with Mr. Hogg much of his characteristic good-nature returned. When the Ettrick Shepherd learned how his visitor had spent the night he had expressed regret again and again that the stranger had not come to him at once, in place "o' lying out-bye like the gypsy bodies, and with far fewer trappings than they carry in their creels." A fine Scottish breakfast followed, and then a day spent in happy conversation.

* * * * * *

All this the Dumfries editor learned upon Pinkham's return to this town—a surprise return. But the plan of restoring the birthplace of Captain Jones had refused to vanish with the weight of the accumulated memories of Pinkham's further wanderings. He confessed his idea to the editor and asked for an interview with Mr. Craik, the proprietor of Arbigland. This was soon arranged, and several days later the American was invited to spend a day with the land-owner.

Not only did Mr. Craik eventually grant permission for Lieut. Pinkham to carry out his burning desire, but he told him a number of interesting things about the youthful John Paul. The latter's father, as has been stated, was the gardener of the estate, and the present proprietor often accompanied the son of this gardener on rambles and when tired was carried on the future admiral's back. Even when young, Mr. Craik stated, John Paul had exhibited many proofs of that power of mind which a strong character exercises over his companions. His playmates were taught "to maneuver their cock-boats *secundum artem* and mimic the turmoil of naval battle while the future admiral sonorously gave the words of command."

When Mr. Craik at length declared that Lieut. Pinkham was welcome to do what he pleased with the cottage, the latter was "quite overjoyed," wrote the Dumfries editor, "and returned to town a happy man. The next morning he deposited with me twenty-five sovereigns to be employed in the repairing of the cot in which Paul Jones was born, so as to render it habitable. This, considering the mode in which he travelled, and the economy he found it necessary

VERSES
by Lieut. Pinkham

to practise, was unquestionably a great stretch of generosity—to say nothing of the hundred and odd Scottish miles he had traveled out of his way to give, if possible, a palpable form to his enthusiasm."

The winter was then somewhat advanced, and so work was delayed until the following spring, when the house was repaired in the most tasteful manner. Mr. Craik, his own memory thus awakened, gave generously from his own purse to complete the work.

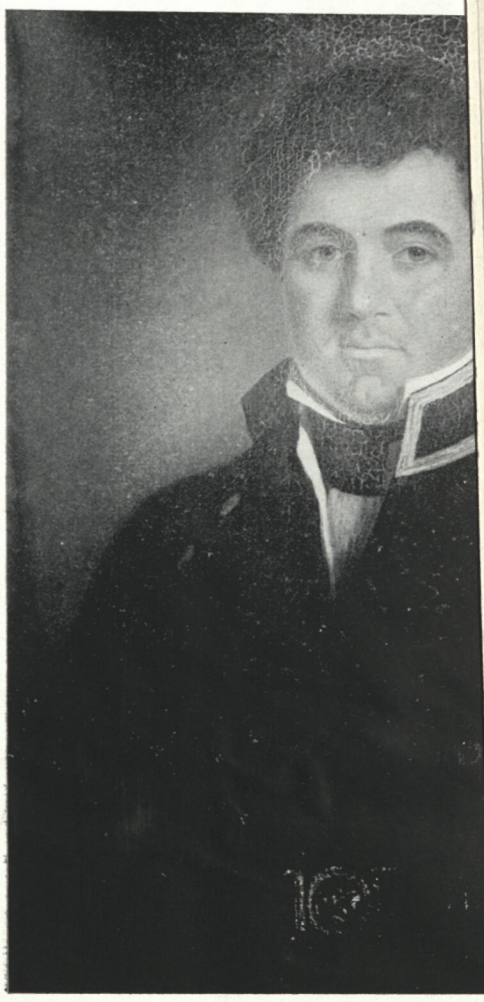
The site of the cottage is in a glade of woodland on the shores of the Solway, with a green in front, fancifully railed in, and tastefully ornamented with flowering shrubs. Inside and out it is a trim cottage, its walls of stone annually whitened. It has become a land-mark for ships entering the Solway. Its first tenant following its restoration was the widow of a fisherman who had lost his life under highly distressful circumstances—here she lived rent-free. During her lifetime, it is said, that sailors passing the spot would doff their bonnets in token of gratitude and some would murmur: "God bless the kind Lieutenant Pinkham."

* * * * * *

There is one glimpse into the character of this Nantucket man which reveals his love for poetry and poets. This is contained in a poem "To the Ettrick Shepherd," which Pinkham composed after his visit with the famous Scotch poet James Hogg. The verses may be found in a little volume called *Sea Weeds from the Shores of Nantucket*, a collection of Nantucket poets which appeared a century ago.

Family history has little to say about the later life of Alexander B. Pinkham. It is known, however, that some members of John Paul Jones' family presented the Nantucketer with a miniature of Captain Jones, and upon his death Lieut. Pinkham willed the same to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

RESTORER of John Paul Jones's Birthplace Scotla



LIEUT. ALEXANDER B
From a portrait by William Swa

The New "Archives" of The Nantu Historical Association.

By WILLIAM E. GARDNER.

(*This paper was read at the Annual Meeting.*)

[The Archives are located in the loft of the Whaling Mu and are under the direction of Dr. Gardner, a mem the Council and Chairman of Whaling Museum Comm

The word "archives" repels some of us.

When the word is used we are annoyed. Our i is tinged with adversion. Some of us see in our mind's eye of shelves and passageways leading off into dimness. C nose contracts because of a mouldy, musty odor that make for fresh air and clean water.

This impression of "archives" was radically changed fo ten years ago. We were in Liverpool, England. We were c to some of the famous museums and art galleries. Our sp est was the pictures of Madonnas. We gave no thought to th Museum until we read a paragraph in a local guide b stated that the Art Gallery of the Museum had a Madonna one of the priceless items of the Museum.

At the Museum, an inquiry brought the reply that th we sought was in the "archives." Immediately we went int sion! What right had a museum to advertise an item as priceless" and then keep in it "the Archives?"

In due course we learned that the Madonna was one unusual special collection which was only shown at ce each year and most of the time was preserved in the "arc if we wished to see the single Madonna it could be brou desk and we might study it if we came back in half an hou

This experience might be called my introduction to so methods, an interest that grew as our visits and studies proceeded. I came to realize that "Archives" is an essen the assembling and preserving of items for a museum. "Archives" something very interesting and very importa place. Here, as accessions come in, *special collections* are

VERSES
by Lieut. Pinkham

VERSES BY LIEUT. PINKHAM

Reply to some lines addressed to the author by the Ettrick shepherd.

Dear Bard, the sweet notes of the lyre thou hast sent me
Make the heart in my bosom leap free of control;
They have shed o'er my senses such spells as enchant me,
And have pierced to the inmost recess of my soul.

Oh, would that my fortune, whose treacherous gay feather
Oft fanned me in slumbers of childhood's sweet dream,
Had but made me a couch there among the green heather
That grows on the borders of Yarrow's pure stream!

For there, at the earliest peep of the morning,
The feet of the generous young shepherd had strayed;
And, ere evening's last rays were the hill-tops adorning,
My heart had rejoiced in the friend I had made.

Then slung o'er my shoulder his crook and his wallet,
I'd have trotted beside him o'er Ettrick's green braes;
Caught the fire of his song as with glee he'd carol it,
And learned to chant with him his musical lays.

And when penned was the fold, and at night when retiring,
To bear a kind word to the lass of his love,
As the last fleeting rays of the day were expiring,
I'd have flown o'er the mountain more fleet than the dove.

But, alas! I was doomed to the treacherous ocean,
And how long I must plough it, time only can tell;
But my heart will still glow with the warmest emotion,
When I think of thy kindness: dear Shepherd, farewell.

Scotland, 1832.

From "Seaweeds From the Shores of Nantucket", 1853.

JAMES H. CHRISTIAN

1876

A GALLANT RESCUE

RECEIVED A MEDAL.—Mr. James H. Christian, who rescued Miss Ada B. Robinson and Mr. Charles Pollard from drowning on the 5th of last July, has received the medal awarded him by the Massachusetts Humane Society, for his gallant efforts. The medal was accompanied by the following letter:

MILTON, Sept. 8, 1876.

Mr. James H. Christian, Nantucket:

DEAR SIR:—Herewith you have a bronze medal of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, for your gallant efforts, on the 5th of July, in rescuing Miss Robinson and Mr. Pollard from great peril at Nantucket.

I am, your servant,
R. B. FORBES,
Chairman of Committee.

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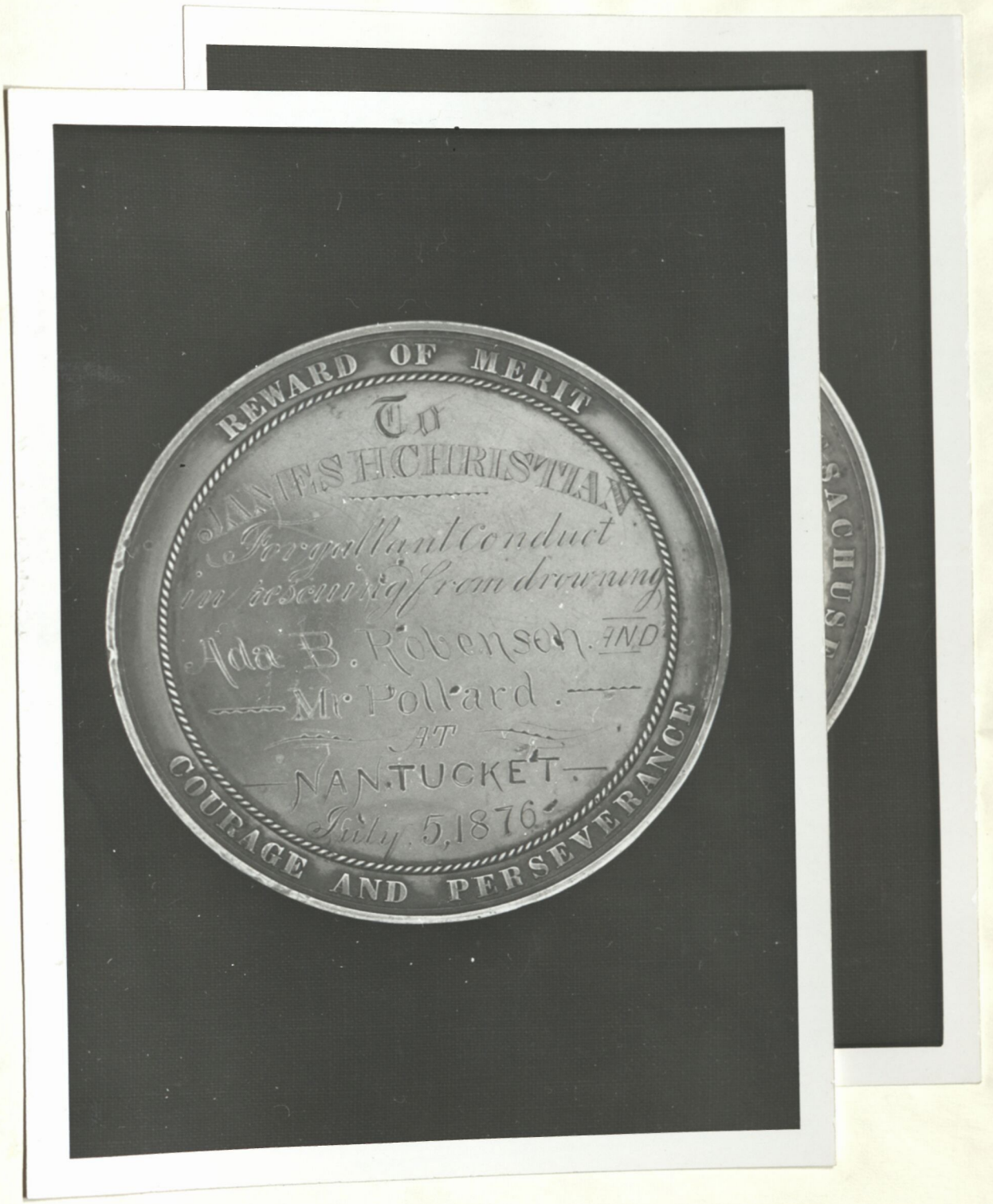
REWARD OF MERIT
To
JAN F. S. H. CHRISTIAN
For gallant Conduct
in rescuing from drowning
Ada B. Robensen. AND
Mr Pollard.
AT
NANTUCKET.
July. 5, 1876.
COURAGE AND PERSEVERANCE

A GALLANT

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I am, your serv
R. B.
Chairman o

1874

...ted to the Adamant, of Liverpool, and in executing the impress warrants directed to him, he encountered many conflicts with the seamen, who were furnished with arms by the merchants, and was seriously wounded on the head, his skull fractured, and many times roughly handled.

He afterwards convoyed the trade to New York, and was transferred to the London, 98 guns, commanded by Admiral Groves, from her to the Royal Oak, Admiral Arburthnot, and was signal Lieutenant in the action of March 16th, 1781, with the French fleet, off Cape Henry. In July, 1781, he was promoted to the rank of Commander; and was appointed to the Avenger sloop,

THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

REFUGE
HUMANE SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS
1791

GEORGE E. COFFIN

1853 - 1920

HE JUMPED

from Whaleboat to Rigging

OF THE WRECK

a.

From Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service - Year 1879 Pg 65 to 66

A gold medal was awarded to Captain James C. Sandsbury, and silver medals to Henry C. Coffin, Marcus W. Dunham, John B. Dunham, Andrew Brooks, Edwin R. Smith and George E. Coffin, of Nantucket, Mass., for life-saving efforts of marked nobility made by them upon the occasion of the great gale of March 31 and April 1, 1879.

The disasters to shipping during this storm were of extreme severity. On the morning of April 1 the lifting fog revealed no less than sixty-eight vessels, more or less disabled, in the waters around Nantucket. It was on this morning that Captain Sandsbury, hearing that a number of vessels were in distress near Tuckernuck Island, west of Nantucket, collected as a crew the men above named, hired a team, and drove over with a dory to Eel Point, which is distant six miles from the town. Here the dory was launched, and he and his men rowed out three miles through a heavy sea to Tuckernuck. At that place, a whale-boat was manned with double-banked oars, and rowed to the schooner John W. Hall, of Philadelphia, the crew of which was taken from the rigging and landed on the island. The schooner Emma was next visited, and her crew found to be in no immediate peril. Captain Sandsbury and his men then rowed out four miles to the schooner Emma J. Edwards, of Camden, N. J. The condition of this vessel was dreadful. She was capsized and full of water. Enormous seas continually poured over her, and at each one she would roll, thrashing the water with her topmasts, which would rise again fifteen or twenty feet, and flail the water anew, so that is was almost impossible to get near her. A man, feebly motioning with his hand, was lashed to the upper horns of the cross-trees. Underneath him were two dead bodies lashed to the rigging. After some maneuvering, Captain Sandsbury, aware that his boat was in momentary danger of being smashed to pieces by a blow from the lifting and falling masts, contrived to get into a position to enable one of his men, George E. Coffin, to jump from the boat to the cross-trees, a line being fast to him for his security. Once on the cross-trees, George Coffin cast loose the living man and lowered him by the line into the sea, whence he was hauled into

the boat; after some time, got the dead bodies free and lowered them also to the care of his companions; then jumped into the sea and was himself taken in. The sea and wind were so heavy that is was found the boat could not live if pulled against them, and at the first fair chance it was quickly got before the wind, and rowed for Nantucket, eleven miles distant, where it arrived with its burden by noon. A whale boat was then procured at that place, teamed to Eel Point and launched and rowed to Muskegit Island, which, like Tuckernuck, is west of Nantucket. The pull was long and hard, the brave crew only arriving by midnight. Sea and land were then wrapped in intense darkness, and the men drew up their boat and waited on Muskegit beach until break of day, or four' o'clock. A launch was then made and two vessels were visited in succession, neither proving to require assistance. The boat next visited the schooner Emma, and took off her crew, proceeded to Tuckernuck and received on board the crew of the schooner J. W. Hall, and then headed for Nantucket, where she arrived with the rescued men about three o'clock in the afternoon. The entire effort occupied thirty two consecutive hours. It is needless to remark that is shows throughout, in both the active and passive form, the traits of a generous heroism. Disinterestedness, active compassion, endurance of hardship, cool bravery in the jaws of danger, persistence to the last measure of the need, are all there.

See G B G. Marine Scrapbook No 1

Also
See Nerrs ~~April 17, 1886~~ (Hist of medal) Shef name Emma J Edwards
" " ~~May 2 1885~~
" " April 16 1879 (Hathwing Cellis)

THIS MEDAL STOLEN

THE STORY

This medal was stolen from George Coffin while he was in New London , Conn.

Later it appeared in the handsof a drunken sailor in Providence R.I. where a barman boughtit from a sailor.

The next appearance was when Isaac Folger was a guest of the Postmaster of Providence, Mr.Nicholas Hathaway, Viewing Mr.Hathaway's coin collection Isaac was surprised to see the missing medal of his friend George Coffin ,among the coins.

Mr.Hathaway told Isaac that he had bought it with some coinsfrom a saloon keeper.

After hearing the story of George Coffin's daring rescue, Mr.Hathaway made a trip to the Island and returned the medal to its owner, refusing to accept any reimbursement.

THE HISTORY OF A MEDAL—*How it was Lost and Recovered.*—In the year 1879 Mr. George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, was awarded a silver medal by the Government of the United States for heroic acts of life-saving in the cases of disaster to schooners Emma G. Edwards and John W. Hall, April 1st, 1879. In 1880 he shipped for a voyage to the north in schooner Era, of New London, and while in that city previous to sailing, the medal was stolen from his boarding place, and the medal was given up as lost. The facts of its loss were known to Capt. Isaac H. Folger, of this town, and strange as it may appear, he has been the means of recovering the lost reward of merit. It appears that the stolen medal was taken to Providence, R. I., where it was sold to the keeper of a liquor saloon by a drunken and penniless sailor. The saloon keeper afterwards sold it to Hon. Nicholas Hathaway, Postmaster of Fall River, who has a large and valuable collection of coins. While visiting Mr. Hathaway recently, Capt. Folger was shown the collection, and recognized the medal of Mr. Coffin's in the lot. He stated the facts to Mr. Hathaway, who has since returned the medal to Capt. Folger to be delivered to Mr. Coffin without charge, and he expressed his gratification at being able to make the restitution, as will be seen from a perusal of his letter, which we are permitted to copy:

FALL RIVER, April 9th, 1886.

FRIEND FOLGER:—As promised you when in Fall River, I herewith transmit to you registered package No. 100, containing Capt. Coffin's medal, to be delivered by you to him. Its history, as shown by my son's record, is as follows: Bought of George Allen, January 22, 1881, whose statement to me at the time was as follows: "While keeping a liquor saloon in Providence, in 1880, a drunken sailor sold it to me, he being without money at the time." George Allen formerly resided in Fall River; moved to Providence, and engaged in saloon keeping; subsequently sold out his business, and returned to Fall River; and knowing that I purchased coins and medals, offered it to me for $10, which I paid him January 22, 1881, as before stated. The medal has been in my possession over five years, and is in as good condition as when received. Please present my compliments to Capt. Coffin, and say to him, that I hope he will receive as much happiness in obtaining it, as it affords me pleasure to restore it to him, and that if he is not already a Democrat, I hope it may be the means of making him one, as it was restored to him by a *true Democrat* and under a Democratic National Administration. Please answer on receipt, and oblige.

Your Old Friend,
N. HATHAWAY.

April 17, 1886

HEROIC DEEDS IN SAVING LIFE FROM THE PERILS OF THE SEA
IN TESTIMONY OF
To
George E. Coffin
Wrecks of Schr.
Emma G. Edwards,
and Schr.
John W. Hall,
April 1st 1879.

THIS MEDAL STOLEN

THE STORY

This medal was stolen from George Coffin while he was in New London , Conn.

Later it appeared in the handsof a drunken sailor

THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

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Your Old Friend,
N. HATHAWAY.

April 17, 1886

LIFE SAVING MEDAL OF THE SECOND CLASS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MARCUS DUNHAM'S ACCOUNT

The gale came out of the northwest with startling suddenness on Monday morning, April 1, around 9 o'clock. A torrential downpour accompanied the wind, with squalls of hail at intervals. During the entire day it raged, with the temperature dropping rapidly to freezing, and snow fell at dusk.

Storms of such violence are practically unknown at this season, and many schooners were in the sound and passing through Round Shoal channel. As soon as the gale began these craft were blotted from view, and it was realized by those on shore that many of these vessels would never be seen again.

The three-masted schooner *Emma G. Edwards*, Capt. Robert Byrant, loaded with coal for Boston, took the storm off Chatham. All that day she made a brave fight for life, beating around in the narrow confines of the sound. At nightfall, driven dangerously near the shoals around Muskeget, she anchored off Tuckernuck shoal. But her cable parted early in the evening and in the blinding snow and terrific wind she went onto the shoal, going over on her beam ends at the impact.

The seas now washed clean across her decks and the crew took refuge in the rigging, where they lashed themselves. The seas swept over the craft continuously. One by one the crew lost their grips in the icy darkness and were washed away, until only four remained—the steward, the mate, a son of the captain, and Thomas Brown, a German sailor. When morning dawned on the 2nd, only young Bryant and Brown remained alive, the steward having died from exposure and the mate having been swept to his death.

Capt. Thomas F. Sandsbury was informed by "Billy" Clark in the tower that four vessels were in distress off the west end. Together with a company, Capt. Sandsbury left town on Tuesday morning for Madaket. There they got a dory and rowed over to Tuckernuck Island.

Capt. Sandsbury immediately proposed manning the boat, and the following volunteered to go with him: Marcus W. Dunham, James C. Sandsbury, Henry C. Coffin, George S. Coffin, Andrew Brooks, Edwin Smith and John B. Dunham.

Mr. Dunham, who will be eighty on his next birthday, now resides with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Elwyn Francis, on Pearl street. He has a vivid recollection of the entire affair, and proudly exhibits a silver medal, suitably inscribed, awarded him by the United States Government. He also received an award of $25 for the exploit, each member of the boat's crew being presented similar sums by the Massachusetts Humane Society.

"It blew a living gale on that day," said Mr. Dunham. "We had a dory in town and Billy Smith's black horses, hitched to a dray, carted it out to Eel point for us. We rowed across to the east side of Tuckernuck, anchored the craft to the shore, and then walked around the beach to the north end, where a 30-foot whaleboat was kept in a house, ready for wrecking at a minute's notice."

"Well, sir," he continued, "we put her into the water and started. We had two men on a thwart and one man to an oar, and we had to pull into the wind. The wind blew the tops off the seas, coming right over us into the boat. Tom Sandsbury was at the steering oar, holding it with one hand and bailing away with the other."

There were four schooners in sight, all in distress. Heading to windward, first, they took off the crew of the wrecked *J. W. Hall*, a coal schooner, which was a total loss. The rescuers then rowed down to the schooner *Emma*, but she proved to be in a less dangerous predicament, and so the boat headed off-shore, where a vessel could be seen lying on her beam ends.

This craft was the *Emma G. Edwards*, loaded with coal. Through the crested seas, the craft danced, until she was pulled alongside the wreck. Brown, the sailor, was the only man alive. Bryant had passed away from the exposure and his body had been lashed to the mast by the survivor. The sailor was taken off, and the two remaining bodies also hauled into the boat.

Mr. Dunham described this as the most exhausting row of all.

"The seas kept breaking over us all the time we headed her into the wind," he said. "It was cold and the water was like ice. We couldn't get anywhere near the schooner at first. She was lying on her side, her masts lifting to every sea and, as she had all sail set, every time she come down she'd sent the spray twenty feet into the air. Finally, we got near enough to her for George Coffin to make a try getting aboard. George was a good swimmer and he volunteered to jump into the water and make his way to the men in the rigging.

"He did it, but I tell you it was a job. After he got on board he discovered that two of the three men were dead and the other nearly so. We hauled the bodies into the boat, and George came off with the living man. We got them in after a while."

* * * * *

Capt. Sandsbury found it impossible to put back to Tuckernuck, and so he headed for town, arriving safely after a row of eleven miles. Dr. J. B. King, medical examiner, took charge of the bodies, which were placed in the house of the Humane Society on South Water street.

Brown narrated his dreadful experience in broken English, It was similar to that of Charles Killeen, who was wrecked in this locality in October, 1878, on the schooner *Etta A. Simpson*. All through the terrible ordeal, he had abandoned himself to death, but with the tenacity of desperation fought to live.

Capt. Sandsbury and his men did not tarry in town. He had a whaleboat teamed out to Madaket, launched, and went over to Tuckernuck. Here, with his same crew, he launched again and went over to Muskeget. Huddled in the shelter of the boat until dawn, they launched again at daybreak and proceeded out to two more schooners, both of which were found in less danger, their crews remaining aboard.

Returning to Tuckernuck, they took the crews of the *J. W. Hall* and the *Emma* and brought them to Madaket, arriving at three o'clock that afternoon (Wednesday, April 3.) The entire stretch of rescue work had consumed thirty-two hours of storm, darkness, hunger, and hard work at the oars. The skill of the men and the boat's commander can well be imagined. It is one of the most remarkable examples of native daring on record.

The bodies of the crew of the *Emma G. Edwards* came ashore at various times during the next week, being found at the Cliff beach, Eel point and the Chord of the Bay.

* * * * *

This was not the only rescue in which Mr. Dunham took part. He also received awards from the Humane Society for being one of the crew rowing out to a man-of-war in distress in Muskeget channel and piloting her to safety. This was in 1876, when he was only seventeen years old. Again in 1878, he was one of the crew rescuing the survivors of the wrecked schooner *John Farnum*, off Tuckernuck. Five of this crew were among the seven taking part in the rescue of 1879.

* * * * *

Marcus Dunham Only Survivor of Famous Rescue Crew.

MARCH 6, 1937.

FREDERICK W. RAMSDELL

1865

HE SAVED THE CAPTAIN'S LIFE

SCHOONER EVELINE TREAT WRECKED ON MIACOMET RIP. RESCUE OF THE CAPTAIN.

(See page 76)

THE STORY

October 21st, at 1 o'clock in the morning, schooner "Eveline Treat," Capt. Job Philbrook, from Philadelphia to Gloucester, with a cargo of coal, struck on Miacomet Rip. At daybreak she was discovered from the tower, some 300 feet off shore, with five men, two of whom were the captain's sons, lashed in the rigging. The sea carried away her house on deck soon after. The wind had blown fiercely through the night and the waves swept her decks continually. The mortar and apparatus of the Humane Society were conveyed to the beach and a small line thrown over the vessel, which was secured by one of the captain's sons, who, though cold and stiff from exposure, succeeded in hauling a hawser attached to it across and making it fast to the mast-head. A sling was attached to the hawser and the captain's sons endeavored to prevail upon their father to get into it and be drawn ashore. He made the attempt, but his courage failing, he resumed his former place in the shrouds and refused to move. The mate then fastened himself into the sling and was slowly drawn towards the shore. When half way over and again when near the beach, a snarl in the rope rendered it impossible to pull him in. A line was thrown him which he caught, fastened round his waist and leaped into the sea. By the joint efforts of those on shore, he was rescued and carried quickly to town, where he was kindly cared for. The second man, one of the captain's sons, came ashore in a similar manner. Three men yet remained in the rigging. While the two younger ones seemed active, it was the universal desire to save the life of the captain. A life-car was adjusted to the hawser and Daniel W. Folger, of this town, volunteered to go off to the vessel and, if possible, persuade the captain to get in; but this failed to work and the sling was their only resort. Finally the young sailors on board succeeded in helping the old man into the sling and when they had firmly bound him, he was slowly drawn landward. When midway between the vessel and the beach, the line became entangled and for about an hour and a half the captain hung swinging over a yawning surge in his stocking feet, bare-headed and cramped from the nature of his position, with the drifting sea foam beating in his face and drenching him to the skin, and occasionally partly submerged by the rising waves. The men in the shrouds still worked upon the snarl, but it would not give way. Night was coming on and something must be done soon, as the man could not survive much longer. At this juncture, a young man named Frederick W. Ramsdell fastened a light rope around his waist, sprang upon the hawser and made his way out. With a knife, which he carried in his teeth, he detached the line fastened to either side of the seat, made fast the ends and flung it into the sea. He then took the rope from his waist, secured it to the sling and worked his way back to the shore. It was a daring feat, but well performed. Nothing then remained but to haul the old man in. Eager hands bore him to a carriage in waiting and he was soon under a friendly roof. The line reaching from the shore to the vessel was then cut, again attached to the running block and the sling was hauled off. It was not long before the last two men were landed and the large concourse of citizens who had thronged the beach, with lightened hearts wended their devious ways homeward. Mr. Ramsdell was afterwards present-

DAVID G. PATTERSON

1850's

HE DESERVED a Medal
HE DESIRED a Medal

— BUT

HE WAS DEPRIVED OF A MEDAL

Proceedings July 1908

The Redoubtable Captain Patterson.

Through the interest and kindness of Mr. Ezra Farnham, of 4 Clinton Street, Taunton, Mass., the Association has come into the possession of certain historical items from the estate of his grandfather, Captain David G. Patterson. These accessions have been noted in the report of the Curator pro tem in these Proceedings. Among the gifts were a number of documents written by Captain Patterson, containing his first-hand accounts of rescues and salvage operations in which he participated about the shores of Nantucket. These are of considerable historic value.

Captain David G. Patterson was one of the most daring and skillful mariners of whom Nantucket may boast. He had an extensive knowledge of the waters in this vicinity and was many times called upon for rescue work. Among the crews saved by his resourcefulness were those of the "Forest Prince," rescued in December, 1842; the "Susan and Mary" and the "Sarah," in March, 1859, and the "May Queen," in December, 1861. He was one of the two schooner-masters who rescued 226 Irish immigrants from the ship "British Queen," wrecked off Muskeget in December, 1851, while bound for New York from Dublin. Captain Patterson received numerous awards for his bravery from the Massachusetts Humane Society.

One of Captain Patterson's accounts of his rescue work has to do with saving the captain and crew of the brig "May Queen." This craft was bound from New Orleans to Boston, with a cargo of sugar, molasses and honey, in command of Captain E. C. Giles, of Portland, and having a crew of six men. On the morning of Monday, December 2, 1861, watchers in the South Tower discovered the brig, wrecked on the south shore, a mile from the farm of Joseph Vincent.

Captain Patterson's account follows:

"Being in the Tower as usual early in the morning, I saw a brig ashore at the South Shore. I immediately left for the wreck with a team and crew about five miles from town.

"On my arrival at the wreck I found her full of water and had the appearance of coming to pieces very soon, the crew being in the

rigging and the sea going over her hull. Being the agent for the Massachusetts Humane Society's boats and other property on the island, I sent a team to town for the howitzer and life car, and another team for the life boat which was in a house on the shore near the wreck.

"By the time the boat arrived we had got a line ashore from the wreck which was about sixty fathoms from the shore. We soon had the boat ready, the current running with such velocity between the brig and shore that we had to haul off and on by the line, and keep three (men fast) to it to keep the boat from going out by the brig's bow. We passed three times from the shore to the brig, filling the boat each time in landing.

"The last trip to the brig she (the boat) was nearly filled alongside of her when all the crew had to use their hats to bail her out, having but one bucket in the boat, having lost the other, always having two in all the life-boats, made fast to the boats.

"We got the last man in and left for the shore as soon as the boat was bailed out. For the third time the boat filled but we all got safe on the beach, just as the howitzer and life car arrived on the spot.

"The vessel went to pieces soon after. Very little was saved from her.

"In this case, as in eight others where I have rescued shipwrecked mariners from wrecks, in a life-boat or other boats, the Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded us money in the room of medals. In all the cases the crew has preferred the money, so I had to take the money. I should have had mine gold medals, had my crew not preferred the money, which compelled me to take the money, also."

** ** ** ** **

In its brief account of the marine disaster, *The Mirror* of December, 1861, stated: "After several fruitless efforts to send a line from the vessel to the shore, a bluefish line was thrown from the shore to the vessel by William J. Ellis, and to this a larger cord was attached; by this a larger line was drawn from the vessel to the shore and made fast. By this time a life boat, which had been sent for by Captain David G. Patterson, arrived and, under his command, went near enough to the vessel to rescue the captain and crew, seven in all, who were conveyed to shore very much exhausted by the exposure and toil of the wearisome night."

A writer in the next issue of *The Mirror* declared: "Captain Patterson ..... needs no defense in a community whose citizens

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Mirror declared: "Captain
community whose citizens

have so often shuddered at witnessing his daring and coolness when lives were to be saved." In this same issue Captain Giles of the *May Queen* extended his "warmest thanks to Captain Patterson and the boat's crew under his command who rescued him and his crew from their perilous position on the morning of the 2nd inst."

** ** ** ** ** **

Captain Patterson's most famous exploit, perhaps, was his search and discovery of the ship *Jacob A. Westvelt*, of New York, bound to that port with a thousand emigrants on board, and which struck on a shoal south of the "Old South Shoal." He directed the operations which got the ship safely into deep water and then piloted her out of the dangerous reaches of Nantucket Shoals, thence to New York.

This redoubtable master mariner was the first man to accurately chart that particular shoal now called "Davis' South Shoal," and although he lost the honor of having it named for himself, he never ceased to stoutly claim its prior right of discovery.

The "Captain Patterson" documents are in the Whaling Museum where also has been placed his rosewood "chronometer box" from the King of Prussia, and his sextant, which he brought around Cape Horn with him on board the tiny schooner *Mary & Emma* during the gold rush days of the 49'ers to California.

E. A. S.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

LIFE COUNCILLORS.

Folger, Miss Annie Alden, 16 Gardner St., Nantucket.
Lang, Florence Osgood (Rand), Nantucket.
Sanderson, Edward F., Quidnet, Nantucket, Mass.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Adams, Harry B., 4 Ashmore Road, Worcester.
Adams, Karl, 36 Beacon St., Boston.
Adams, Mrs. Nancy S. (Grant), Fair St., Nantucket.
Anderson, Mrs. Clara C., 102 Main St., Nantucket.
Anderson, Lee, 102 Main St., Nantucket.
Appleton, William Sumner, 141 Cambridge St., Boston.

Barnard, Prof. Charles, 139 East 39th St., New York City.
Barrett, William Wilson, 411 Montross Ave., Rutherford, N. J.
Beebe, Miss Alice Geissler, 181 Appleton St., Arlington Heights, Mass.
Blackburn, Miss Elizabeth M., Orange St., Nantucket.
Boyd, Dr. Walter William, River Road at Wilson Lane, Bethesda, Md.
Boynton, Frederick P., 204 Sheridan Road North, Highland Park, Ill.
Brewer, Mrs. Mary Augusta, 728 Fairfield Rd., Burlingame, Cal.
Bruen, Edward F. L., Box 366, Nantucket.
Burt, Wellington R., "White Gates," R. No. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.
Burt, Mrs. Wellington R., "White Gates," R. No. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.

Capp, Seth Bunker, Box 2054, Philadelphia, Penn.
Carlisle, G. Lister, Jr., Norfolk, Conn.
Cassidy, Rt. Rev. James E., Fall River, Mass.
Cathcart, Wallace Hugh, President Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio.
Clapp, Mrs. George A, 48 Cliff Road, Nantucket.
Coffin, Maurice P., 47 Union Park Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
Colket, G. Crawford, Villa Nova, Pa.
Colket, Miss Susan, Villa Nova, Pa.
Colket, Tristram Coffin, 2nd., Villa Nova, Pa.
Colket, Mrs. Tristram Coffin, 2d, Villa Nova, Pa.
Colket, Tristram Coffin, 3rd, Villa Nova, Pa.
Craig, Mrs. Margaret Minshall, 140 Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.
Crane, Mrs. Herbert R., 5 Chester St., Nantucket.

Davis, Charles Henry, 18 Old Slip, New York City.
Davis, Mrs. Margaret (Underwood), 100 Common St., Belmont, Mass.
Dickinson, Walter F., Wheatley Cross Roads, Wheatley, Long Island.

BERS.

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Capt. Patterson TELLS A STORY

From the Boston Globe, May 1.

WRECKING AT NANTUCKET.

"Yes, sir, the life of a wrecker is full of danger and hardship," said Capt. David G. Patterson reflectively, as he settled himself in his chair, preparatory to relating a few of his many adventures.

"Most of my adventures in that line," he continued, "happened off Nantucket, where I made a business of wrecking and piloting for many years. On December 18, 1851, I remember the ship British Queen was discovered ashore on Muskeget shoals. The steamboat and two small schooners were got ready; but the wind blowing fresh from the northwest, and it being very rough on the bar, it was not considered safe to attempt to reach her. The latter part of the night, it having moderated some, the two schooners, the Game Cock and the Hamilton, the latter under my direction, started out to her. The steamboat followed early in the morning; and, when she got over the bar, the two schooners were about half way to the ship, which lay, perhaps, twelve miles from Nantucket harbor. They did not dare to go to the ship, because her pilot said there was shoal water between them, and anchored about half a mile away.

"I went aboard of her from the Hamilton and passed my papers to the captain, showing that I was agent of the board of underwriters. The captain had already received a letter from Captain Gardner, in charge of the Game Cock, and said if his vessel was insured, or had a cargo, I would be just the man for him, but, as it was, all he wanted was a steamer to take his passengers out of the ship, as the water had been over the lower deck to leeward all night, and they were in a horrible condition. By this time Gardner had got aboard and was coming along the main deck singing out: 'Captain, I am the man you want. I have charge of the steamer. I can render you all the assistance you want.' The Game Cock was then alongside the ship, and Captain Gardner said he would take all the passengers—about 300 of 'em—to the steamer. I knew that the Game Cock could not take half of 'em, but they commenced piling aboard of her. Before half were out of the ship, the captain of the schooner sung out: 'We can't take any more, we are striking bottom.' I told the captain that I would take his passengers ashore on condition that he would divide the salvage between the two schooners—for we got nothing for saving life. He agreed, and the Hamilton was brought alongside the Game Cock and the passengers taken aboard. The tide slacking we were soon under way, with a fair wind, for Nantucket. I had provisions on board for the winter's wrecking, and, appointing two extra cooks, gave orders to keep everything full as long as they lasted. The people on shore were prepared for them, and gave them a cordial reception. The ship went to pieces soon afterwards, and there was but little of value saved."

"Then you did not make much by it?"

"Nothing to speak of. I remember another rather strange case, where a good many lives were at stake. I think it was in 1847, before the lightship was put on the new south shoal. The steamboat company's agent, and the agent of the board of underwriters, called on me and asked if I could find the new south shoal in the night. I told him I thought I could. The agent of the steamboat company then told me there was a ship ashore there, and that the man in the tower could only see down to her topsail yards, her topgallant sails and royals being set. She had been there all day, and must be ashore. The steamer was soon got ready, and we set out for the ship, taking another pilot, so that if necessary one could board her.

"We went around the east end of the island and steered so as to go to the westward of Colesworthy shoal. When we were past it we kept the boat off to the southeast to strike the shoal water that makes from the outer shoal around to the Fishing rip. We soon made it, hauled the boat up to the southwest, and soon afterwards some one sung out: 'There she is!' She proved to be a ship of 1400 tons, with one thousand emigrants aboard. Her captain hailed us, saying: 'What English steamer is that?' Our captain says: "We're no English steamer. We are from Nantucket; come to give you assistance, if you need any.' 'How did you know we were here?" he asked; 'we have seen no land to-day.' Our captain told him, but refused to go alongside the ship, in spite of all the other pilot and I could say or do.

"I got into the small boat with a crew, and going under the ship's bows found that it was afloat, but her stern being ashore, it had swung before the tide (which was running full three or four knots) and was heading about south. The first time the steamer came to us she came heading as the ship headed, and before she could stop and make the three or four knots astern she was quarter of a mile on the ship's starboard bow. As they could not steer her stem first, I begged the captain to come up head first, but he would not do so. He used up about an hour and a half, coming down every time heading as the ship did and trying to back up to her. At the end of that time, to make a long story short, the ship came off afloat. The steamer was undoubtedly the salvation of the ship, for, when she was trying to back up to her the passengers rushed forward to watch operations, and must have tipped her two or three feet. The tipping did the business. I went aboard as pilot and gave orders to steer southeast and keep the lead going. In about two hours we had deepened the water, and I told the captain that we were all clear of the shoals, and he could haul up for New York as soon as he pleased. The steamboat agent afterwards went to New York, and was paid $1250 for our night's work. If we had not gone to her she would have probably been lost with all on board, for the next morning the wind blowed up strong to the south, and would have blown the ship on to the shoal, where she would have gone to pieces.

"That reminds me of the narrow escape of a couple of men that boarded the British Queen I was telling you about, after the wrecking crew left her. The captain of the smack went aboard of her in his jolly boat, with three of his men, and after loading his boat, sent her to the smack with two of his men, telling them to return as soon as they had unloaded. Before they were ready to return the tide had changed, and they could not get back to the ship. They got the smack under way and tried to beat up to her, but failed in that also. Night coming on and the wind blowing up strong they kept away and went down under the lee of the land, leaving Captain M. and one man on board the wrecked ship. They were in a bad fix, for it was very cold and the ship was likely to go to pieces before morning, being then full of water. She had a boat on her house aft, and they concluded their only chance was to try to reach the land in it. After several attempts they succeeded in getting it into the water. Charley, the man, got into it, and it was lowered down by Captain M.; but as it entered the water it fetched up on some broken spars. Charley sings out: 'She is stove! Get in, cap'n, as soon you can, or she'll stave all to pieces on the spars.' Captain M. got in as best he could, injuring his leg very badly in doing so. They then found themselves in such a dangerous position that they were obliged to cut the ropes, and drifted away from the ship without sail or oar, and the boat leaking from a hole stove in her bow! If they had had a single oar to steer by they could have landed on Muskeget Island, half a mile away, as the current took them within 200 yards of it. Next morning they found themselves in Nantucket bay, in the ice, twelve miles or more from the ship and fully six miles from the town. Some gunners at Great Point, about two miles away, tried to reach them, but had to give it up.

"That afternoon a messenger came to town from the Point with the news, and a gentleman in town consenting to take half the risk of damage to my schooner, the Hamilton, of which I only owned one-half, I told my brother William to pick up volunteers. I also sent a couple of men around to the head of the harbor, with instructions to find out, if possible, where the boat was, and build two fires—one near the water and the other up on the beach—so that I could get the two fires in range, and run at the boat. When we started, in the early evening, the fires were plainly seen, and we had enough on board to man every rope.

"In my twenty-two years' residence at Nantucket. et that was the roughest time I ever [illegible] a sailing vessel pass out over Nantucket bar, and that, too, in the night. After passing the bar all sail was taken in, and the vessel kept before the wind. We pushed in through the ice, directly on to a lee shore; and, first thing you knew, she was broadside on to the beach, in what is called the Chord of the Bay. Leaving Captain Allen and two men in charge of her, we started on our march south. It was moonlight, and when we were about a mile south of the schooner, the boat came in view, about a quarter of a mile from the shore in the ice. After shouting awhile, two heads appeared above the gunnel of the boat, and we felt better. The ice between the boat and the shore was not, however, strong enough to bear a man. Leaving one man there to keep them awake, the rest of us went off to bring a skiff in an ox team. When we returned no one was in sight, but, after howling awhile, we heard a low hoot up among the bushes, and, going up there, found the two men more dead than alive. They had torn two narrow strips of board out of the rising of the boat, and on them had worked themselves near enough to the shore so that the man we had left there could reach them by wading. They were pretty far gone, but came round all right in a few weeks.

"I remember, too, when the brig Brazilian was wrecked on Muskeget rips. As soon as it was known in town, I left with a crew, in teams, for Smith's Point, the west end of the island, where we got the life-boat and started for the wreck about five miles away. We arrived at Muskeget in the evening, and found that some gunners had boarded the wreck in the afternoon and taken off four men, leaving three aboard, among the latter the captain's son, about 14 years old. The captain was feeling very badly when we saw him, for the brig was full of water, and likely to go to pieces any time. Another life-boat arrived from Tuckernuck during the evening, and when the tide slacked, about 2 o'clock, we left for the wreck a mile away, the captain of the brig going with us. When we got near the wreck we hailed the men and told them to drop a rope from the end of the jib-boom, and come down on it when the boat came under, as we could not lay there. The answer came back that the boy had got his arm hurt, and could not go down a rope. I then made up my mind that I would board the wreck. I concluded it could be done by passing down through a breaker ahead of the wreck, when we would soon get into deep water, without breakers, then watch our chance and dash alongside of her, on the off-shore side. The other boat was to lay by inside of the breakers, and if anything happened to us, come to our rescue.

"When all was ready we dashed down through the breakers and made the deep water all right. Then we hailed the men on the wreck and told them to stand by to jump in as we came alongside. We watched some time for a chance, and when I thought it had come, I gave the order to pull. The boat dashed alongside all right, the men jumped in, and going stern off, as we could not turn round, we were soon in deep water again. We then had to pass in through the breakers, against the strong current; but, after resting a while, succeeded in making the passage in safety, and reaching town all right. The brig soon went to pieces, and there was little of value saved. The Massachusetts Humane Society awarded medals to the crews of both boats, but the others concluding to take money instead I had to do the same.

"I will tell you just one more of my experiences. As you will find by the records, on the 13th of January, 1857, the schooner Lizzie W. Dyer got under weigh from Low Beach for Chatham, with Captains Francis B. Folger, George H. Brock and myself as passengers. I will tell you how it happened. Captain Brock had been to the East Indies, mate of the clipper ship Noonday. The captain died there, and he brought the ship home as master, and engaged with the owners to go out as master again. He told the owners he would stay in Boston, as the ship was advertised to sail in about two weeks, and if he went home he might not be able to get back in time. They insisted, however, on his going home, and he did so, taking the last boat that went to or from Nantucket for twenty-nine days. Captain Folger arrived at Nantucket at the same time from California, and was expecting the arrival of his ship in New York. The cargo was consigned to him and no one else knew anything about it. He had already heard of the arrival of his ship in New York, and there were both captains, blockaded with ice.

"I was looking out of the tower with my glass one day, and saw a schooner worrying her way through the ice in towards the east end of the island. The two captains had often called on me to get them off in some way, but until then I had seen no chance of doing so. The whole island was covered with deep snow, but I succeeded in getting a man to take me to Siasconset. The schooner, in the meantime, had worked her way through the ice, to within a few miles of the east end of the island, and come to anchor. A man put me aboard the schooner for $30, and I arranged with the captain to take the two captains to some part of America for $100, provided I would go as pilot, and pay for our provisions. Well, the captains paid me $300 for their passage, and were landed at Chatham. Captain Brock was taken from there to Hyannis in a sleigh by Captain Harding, and there received an answer to a telegram, sent from Chatham to his owners, saying that they had shipped another captain on conditions which would be revoked, and the ship retained for him. Wasn't he delighted! He was afterwards captain of the 2000-ton clipper ship Midnight, made for him by the same owners. I think he had her in his eye at the time I took him in. A very slight delay would have altered his whole life.

"I afterwards went to Monomoy Point and assisted in running the abandoned bark Chester into Hull, opposite Boston light. We left enough men there to take care of her, and the rest of us walked to Boston on the ice. That was the winter they had to cut out an English steamer in Boston harbor. We received $8000 salvage in Boston and I reached home again after an absence of thirty-five days."

[Mirror June 6, 1885]

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REUBEN COFFIN

REGARDLESS OF WARNINGS OF LOSS
REUBEN COFFIN, CAPTAIN OF STR. SETH LOW,
TOWED THE NEWLY BUILT MONITOR
THROUGH FOG AND GALE

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HE "SAVED MANY VALUABLE LIVES AND MILLIONS OF MONEY"

Capt. Reuben Coffin, of Athens, N.Y., was in command of steamer Seth Low, during the war of the Rebellion, chartered to tow from New York to James River the Monitor, with orders to proceed with all possible dispatch. When running down the coast with the Monitor in tow, a heavy fog set in with a heavy sea. The United States officers on board in command of the Monitor wanted Captain Coffin, of the Low, to cast anchor, as the lead showed they were shoaling their water and might get ashore. Captain Coffin told the officers he would run off shore and that would give more water, that his orders were to proceed with all possible dispatch, and he was not going to stop unless compelled to, and kept on his course, and reached his destination during the night previous to the famous fight between the Monitor and Merrimack. Never had any arrival proved more fortunate. The Monitor saved the balance of the United States fleet not already destroyed. This act of Captain Coffin in keeping on his course against the protests of the United States officers saved many valuable lives, and the government millions of money.

From "The Life of Tristram Coffin", by Allen Coffin
(Pamphlet, 1881)

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(Pamphlet, 1881)

OVER DANGEROUS ICE
Five Men Rescued

A SILVER MEDAL AND $10.00 TO EACH RESCUER

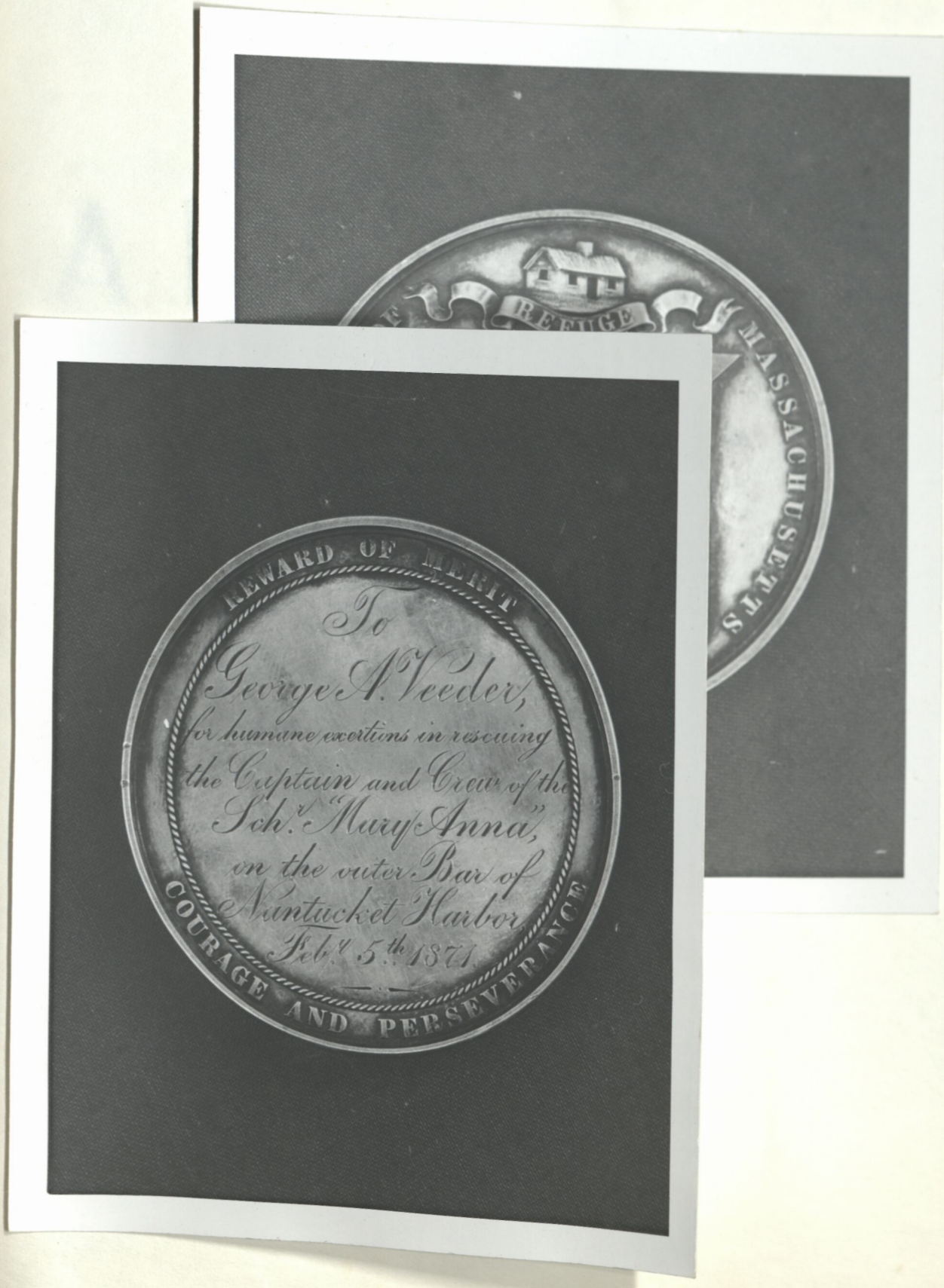
1871

February 4th, schooner "Mary Anna," Capt. F. G. Lennan, of Hampden, Me., from South Amboy to Portland, with a cargo of coal, having broken from her moorings near Chatham the previous day and become so iced up as to be in danger of sinking, was stranded near the Inner Bar, where she was discovered next morning (Sunday) firmly bedded in the ice, with a signal of distress flying. Steam was at once gotten up on the "Island Home" and she was started to the rescue. She succeeded in forcing her way around Brant Point, but a short distance beyond she came to a stand. The ice quickly closed in behind her and she was unable to proceed or even return, remaining there until Tuesday afternoon, completely docked as it were. Various attempts were made to reach the vessel during the day, but it was found impossible, as the ice was in that treacherous condition which forbade the possibility of travelling upon it, while it was equally impossible to work a boat through it. About 10 o'clock that night, a party of eight men, provided with two dories and several long boards, pushed out from the Cliff shore, feeling their way cautiously towards the distressed vessel. The night was clear, but the air was stinging cold and the ice in some places unfit to bear the weight of the dories. At such places the boards came into play and in two instances they were obliged to take to their boats and pull. Thus altering the different means of locomotion to suit the circumstances, they toiled on some two hours and a half in passing a distance of about two miles. They reached the wreck all safe and found the crew, five in number, nearly worn out with cold and exhaustion. The vessel lay well over on her beam ends in ten feet of water, with her deck partly out and every part of her cumbered with ice to such an extent that only the general form of the hull could be distinguished. But a short stay was made at the vessel and the return was effected in the same manner as the passage out, the whole party landing about 3 o'clock Monday morning, safe and sound, saving a few frost-bites, but nearly worn out with cold and exhaustion. The men who succeeded in reaching the vessel and rescuing the crew were Isaac Hamblen, George A. Veeder, Alexander Fanning, James A. Holmes, Joseph P. Gardner, William E. Bates, Stephen Keyes and Henry C. Coffin. Had relief been delayed but a short time longer, two out of the five must have perished. The steward, who had both feet frozen, had given himself up to die, actually bidding good-bye to his shipmates, who covered him up the best they could and left him to his fate. A silver medal was awarded to each of the rescuing party by the Massachusetts Humane Society and quite a sum of money was raised by subscription and distributed among them. A portion of the cargo was afterwards saved and the vessel stripped and broken up.

August 20th, schooner "Matilda M.," of Parrsboro, N. S., with

[FROM "WRECKS AROUND NANTUCKET"
ALSO PAGE 141.

CAPT. VEEDER'S MEDAL



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vessel stripped...
August 20t...

[FROM "WI...
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CAPT. VEEDER'S MEDAL

A RESCUING CREW

They saved life

One gave life

CLIPPED FROM

"Wrecks around Nantucket"

~Arthur H. Gardner~

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October 15th, brig "Mariner," Staples, from Bangor to Providence, with a cargo of lumber, struck on Tuckernuck Shoal, beat over and stranded on the Bar. The crew, six in number, were rescued with great difficulty by a party of twelve men, to whom the Massachusetts Humane Society awarded medals, the two leaders of the expedition receiving gold and the others silver ones. One of the rescuing party, Capt. Meltiah Fisher, met an untimely death before the arrival of the medals. He was on his way to render assistance to a vessel in want of a pilot, when his boat foundered and he met a watery grave. The "Mariner" was an old vessel and being water-logged by leaking, went to pieces.

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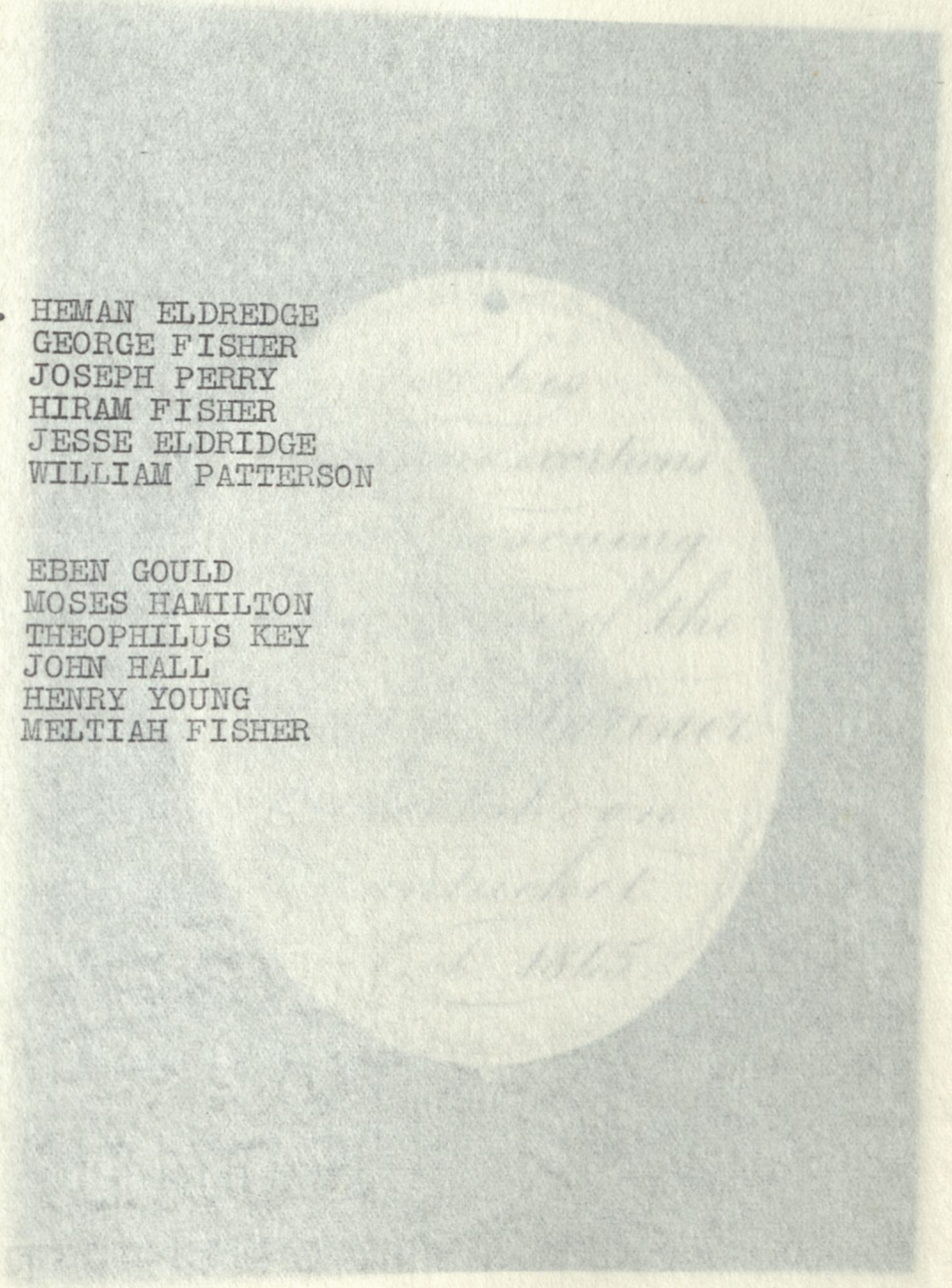
The "Party" of 12 Men

CAPT. HEMAN ELDREDGE
GEORGE FISHER
JOSEPH PERRY
HIRAM FISHER
JESSE ELDRIDGE
WILLIAM PATTERSON

CAPT. EBEN GOULD
MOSES HAMILTON
THEOPHILUS KEY
JOHN HALL
HENRY YOUNG
MELTIAH FISHER



The "Party" of 12 Men

CLIPPED FROM

"Wrecks around Nantucket"

~ Arthur H. Gardner ~

October 15th, brig "Marmot," [illegible] dence, with a cargo of lumber, struck [illegible] beat over and stranded on the Bar. The crew [illegible] rescued with great difficulty by a party of [illegible] Massachusetts Humane Society awarded [illegible] the expedition receiving gold and the [illegible] the rescuing party, Capt. Meltiah Fisher [illegible] before the arrival of the medals. He was on his way to render assistance to a vessel in want of a pilot, when his boat foundered and he met a watery grave. The "Marmot" was an old vessel and being water-logged by leaking, went to pieces.

CAPT. HEMAN ELDREDGE
GEORGE FISHER
JOSEPH PERRY
HIRAM FISHER
JESSE ELDRIDGE
WILLIAM PATTERSON

CAPT. EBEN GOULD
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HENRY YOUNG
MELTIAH FISHER

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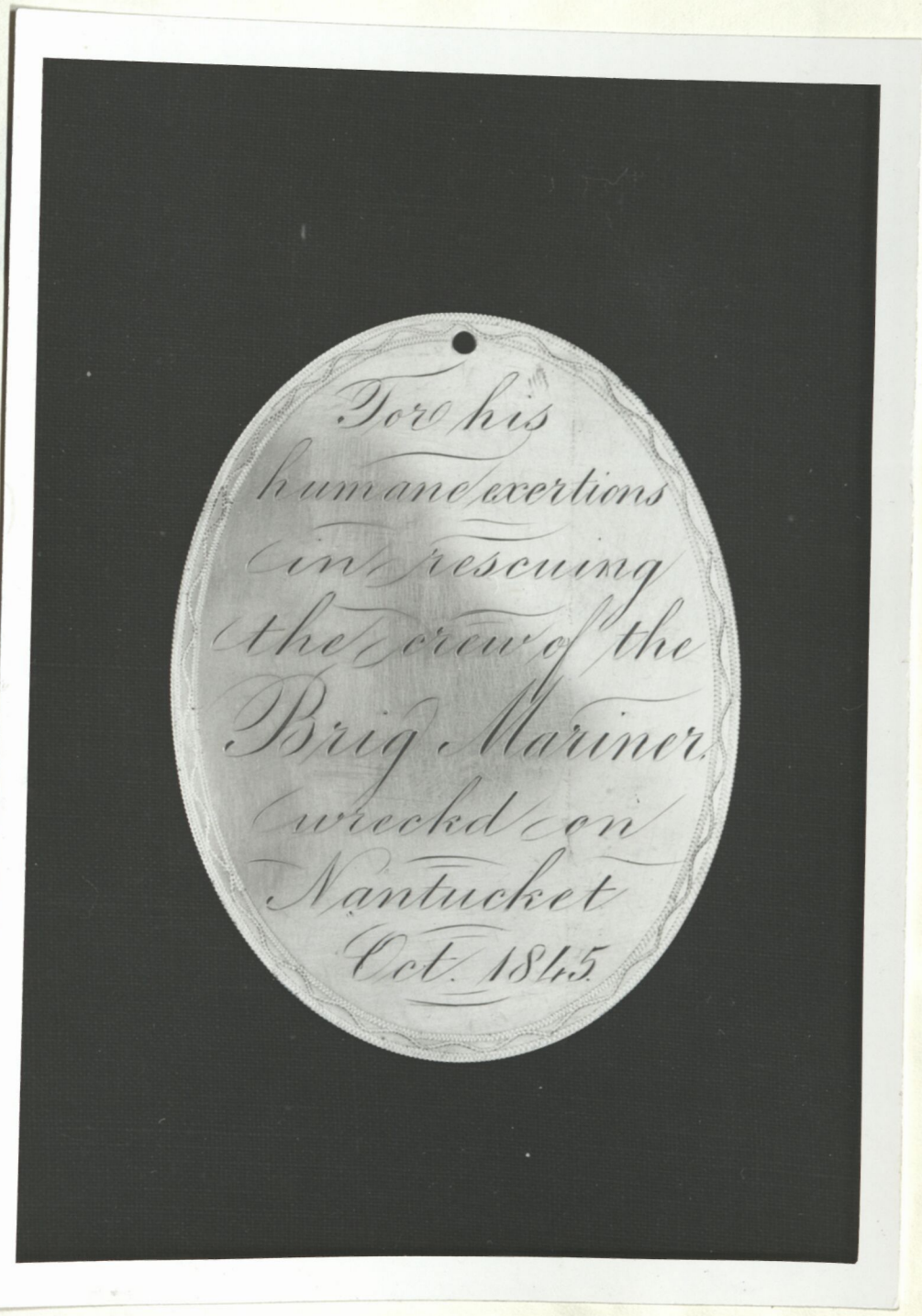
MEDAL of HEMAN ELDREDGE



JOSEPH PALMER NYE

1866

HONORED

by the

BRITISH GOVERNMENT

FROM HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT

- C O P Y *

Washington
September 14, 1866

Sir:

Her Majesty's Government are desirous of testifying their sense of the services rendered by Captain J. P. Nye, the Master of the American Whaling Barque "Alto" and Captain E. B. Handy the Master of the American Whaling barque "Wave" to the crew of the British Ship "Wigtonshire" of St. Johns New Brunswick, which was destroyed by fire on the 27th of April last in South latitude 36.30 and West longitude 42 whilst on her voyage from Liverpool to Panama.

The American Ship "Reunion" and Charlotte White" rescued the crew 25 in number from the burning vessel and transferred a portion of them to the "Alto" and the "wave".

Her Majesty's Government are awaiting the receipt of further reports with regard to the services performed by the "Reunion" and "Charlotte White" and in the meantime I am instructed to transmit to you two sextants, with the request that you will cause them to be conveyed to Captain Nye and Captain Handy as a mark of the appreciation which Her Majesty's Government have for the services they rendered.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant

(Signed) Frederick W. A. Bruce

Honorable William H. Seward

FROM MRS. NYE'S JOURNAL

1035 3

Excerpts from Journal of Mrs. Joseph P. Nye on board Barque Alto
on a Whaling voyage in Atlantic Ocean, Joseph P. Nye, Master

. . . . . .

Friday April 27, 1866

Moderated thro the night, wind to the W.N.W. At 8:00 a.m. saw 3 merchantmen close together. Run for them, I found one of them from Liverpool, loaded with coal was on fire. Captain Nye went on board and got some sails and little running gear. Bark Wave, on hand and Captain Handy came on board and spent the evening. Ship Wigtonshire all on fire at 5 o'clock and burned all night. Captain Sully had his wife with him. Merchantmen Reunion of Bath, Maine and Charlotte White of Belfast, Maine there also, taking off stores and men.

Saturday, April 28, 1866

Light airs from the N. steering E. N. E. at 9 A.m. Captain Sully and wife came on board from the Reunion to go with us up to Barbadoes At 7 A.M. the Wigtownshire went down, stern first, under water. We have besides the Captain & wife, the 2nd Mate, Sailmaker, Boatswain & Carpenter.

Lat by Obs. 30-16 S. Long by Chro. 42-55 W.

. . . . . .

Wednesday, May 30th, 1866

Strong trades & fine weather. At 5½ A.M. made the Island of Barbadoes bearing W. by N. 20 miles. At 10 A.M. dropped anchor, Mr. Glosson, the Harbor Master, came on Board and afterwards send us a nice large pineapple. At 11 A.M. Captains Mye & Sully went on shore and at 12 got letters from home. All well & happy. glad in my heart to hear it. Bark Wave, Captain Handy, came in 3 hours after us. Eight Whalers in port. Captain Briggs of Bark Willis called a few moments in the morning & came again in the evening had a sing etc. Captain Handy came on board a few moments in the evening. Had Pork steaks & sweet potatoes for supper.

FROM MRS. NYE'S JOURNAL

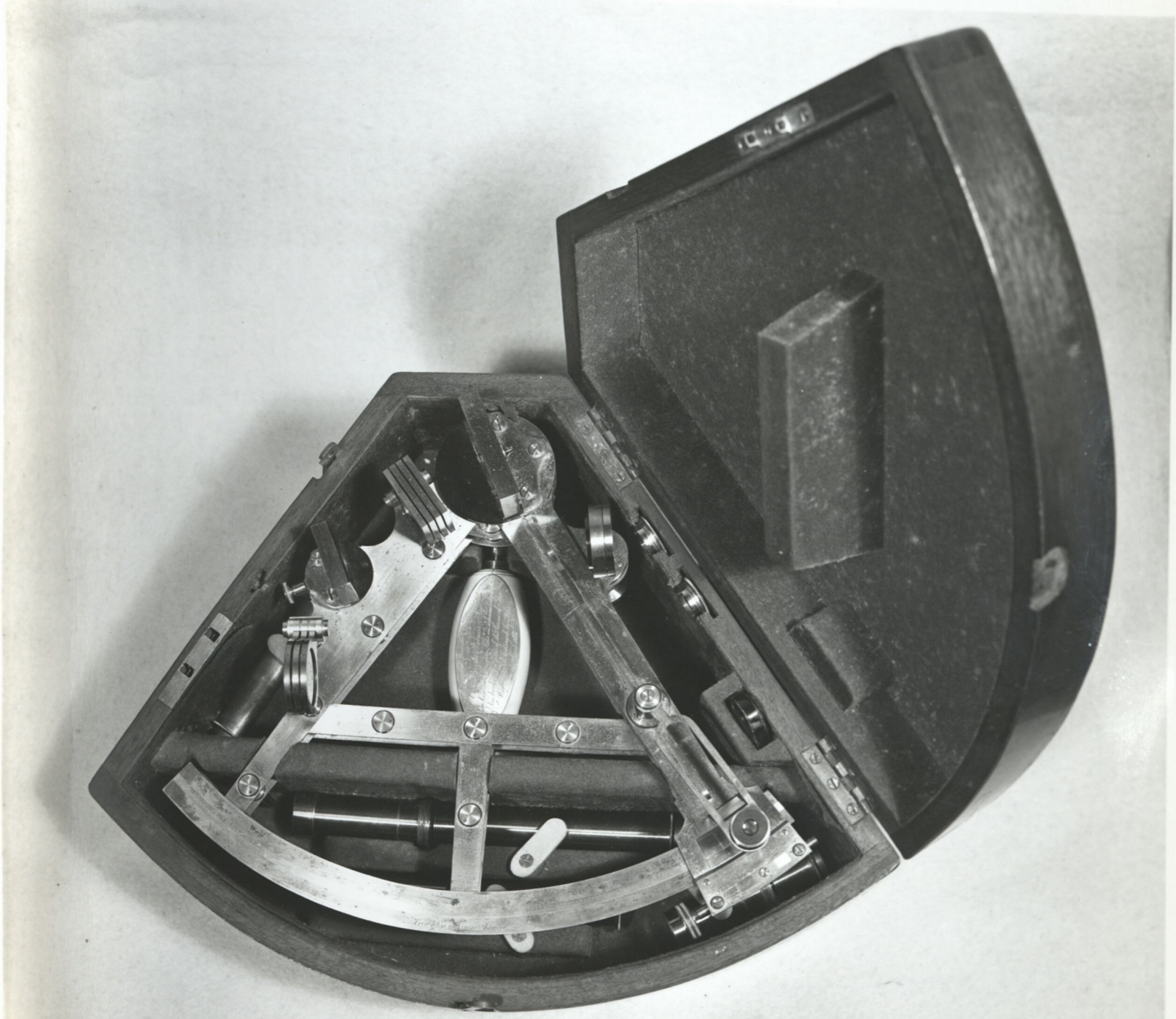
unday, May 11th 1866

eautiful weather. at 6 A.M. Captain Sully & wife came on board to get their

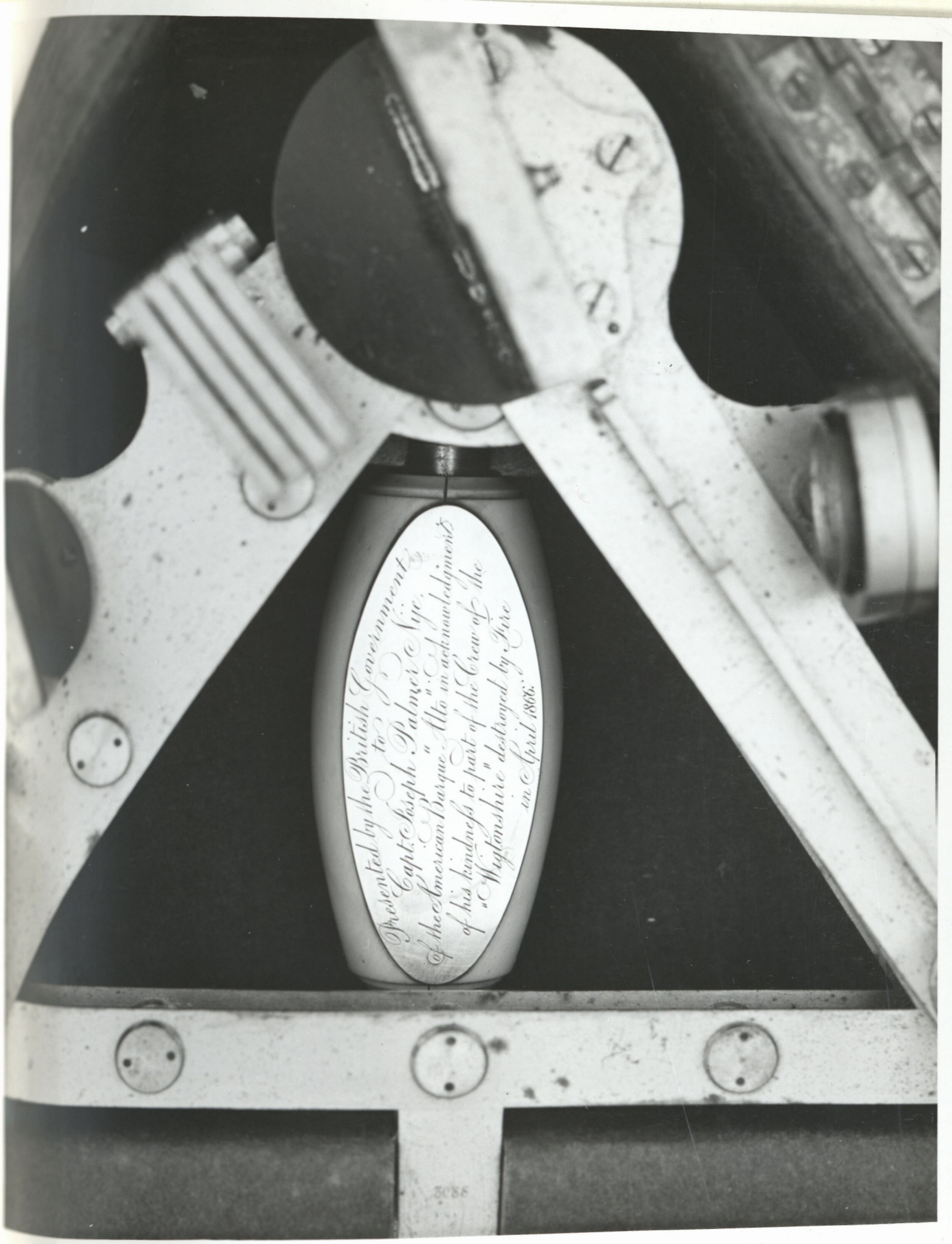
hings, preparatory to leaving. At 1/4 past 7 Palmer and self went on board

he mail steamer & saw them off for England.

The Sextant



THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.


Presented by the British Government
to
Capt.t Joseph D. Nye,
of the American Barque "Adelaide"
in acknowledgment
of his kindness to part of the Crew of the
"Westonshire" destroyed by Fire
on April 1866.

THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

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THE SNAP SHOP
Middle Pearl Street
Nantucket, Mass.

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WHALING MUSEUM
NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
NANTUCKET, MASS.

B. Chester Pease

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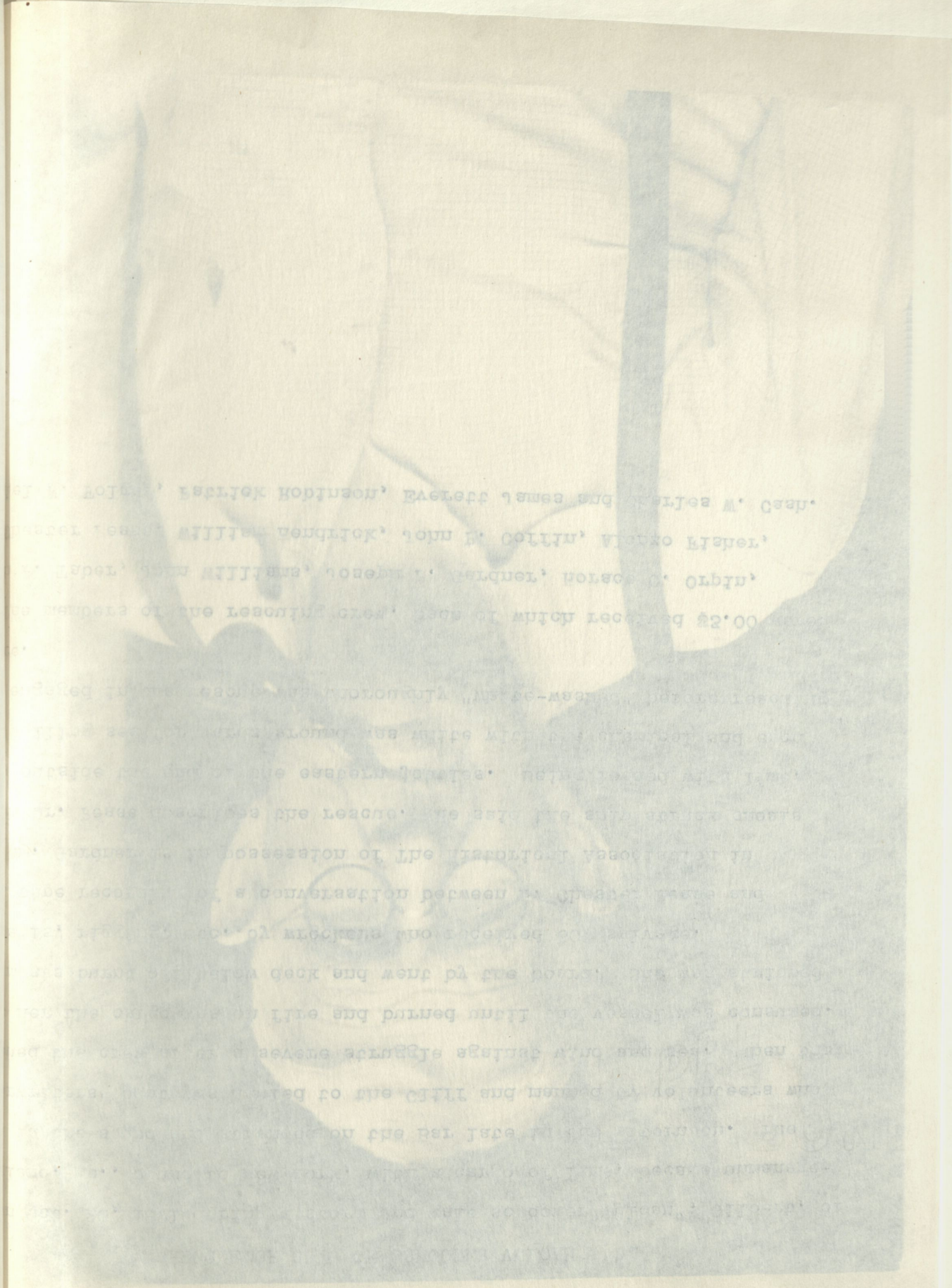
RESCUE OF CREW OF SCHOONER VULCAN

On Oct. 23, 1891 during a storm and gale schooner"Vulcan", Gilbert, of Rockland, Me., bound to New York, with a cargo of lime, became unmanageable in the sound and stranded on the Bar late in the afternoon. The Underwriters' boat was hauled to the Cliff and manned by volunteers who rescued the crew after a severe struggle against wind and sea. When they left her the cargo was on fire and burned until the vessel was consumed. Her masts burnt off below deck and went by the board. She was stripped of sails, rigging, etc.,by wreckers who received 60% salvage.

A tape recording of a conversation between B. Chester Pease and Dr. Wm. Gardner is in possession of The Historical Association in which Mr. Pease describes the rescue. He said the ship struck shoals just outside the end of the eastern jetties. Being loaded with lime, the boiling sea for yards around was white with the chemical and each man engaged in the rescue was thoroughly "white-washed" before reaching shore.

The members of the rescuing crew, each of which received $3.00 were: John P. Taber, John Williams, Joseph P. Gardner, Horace C. Orpin, B. Chester Pease, William Hendrick, John P. Coffin, Alonzo Fisher, Daniel W. Folger, Patrick Robinson, Everett James and Charles W. Cash.



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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THOSE WHO HELPED MAKE THIS MEMORIAL

Mrs. Samuel Snelling

Mrs. Nancy S. Adams

Miss Grace Brown Gardner

Mrs. Charlotte Giffin King

Miss Marjorie Barrett

Miss Helen L. Winslow

Mrs. Georgie Walling

Miss Thelma Coffin

Edouard A Stackpole

Chester Pease

David Grey